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Rev. G. H. Davenport,
Foxley.
HEREFORD



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NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETRY.

VOL. II.

Whittingham's Edition.

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LEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS.

PART III.
Descriptive.



With tenderest care the pitying dame
Supports the dying matron's frame. 7 113

Chiswick :

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM :

CHARLES S. ARNOLD, TAVISTOCK STREET,
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1823.



NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

A

UNIQUE SELECTION,

MORAL, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

British Poets, and Poetical Translators.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, ESQ.

EDITOR OF WHITTINGHAM'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS.

PART III.

Descriptive.

	Page
NEEDWOOD Forest.....	<i>Mundy.</i> 1
Llangollen.....	<i>Sotheby.</i> 29
Coombe Ellen.....	<i>Rev. W. L. Bowles.</i> 37
Lewesdon Hill.....	<i>Rev. W. Crowe.</i> 43
The Vale of Towey.....	<i>Milman.</i> 45
A Descriptive Ode.....	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> 46
A Scene near Nether Stowey, Somerset..	<i>Coleridge.</i> 49
Scarborough Castle.....	<i>Rev. F. Wrangham.</i> 50
London at the Break of Morning.....	<i>Hodgson.</i> 58
Verses on a Tour through Warwickshire..	<i>Hodgson.</i> 59
Alpine Scenery.....	<i>Anna Seward.</i> 63
The Passage of the Mountain of St. Gothard.	<i>Duchess of Devonshire.</i> 79
Mount Etna.....	<i>Anna Seward.</i> 84
Cornica.....	<i>Mrs. Barbauld.</i> 88
An African Night Scene.....	<i>Rev. T. Gisborne.</i> 90
Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath..	<i>Coleridge.</i> 91
To a River.....	<i>Anna Seward.</i> 92
Apostrophe to Britain.....	<i>Milman.</i> 94
A Landscape.....	<i>Cunningham.</i> 95
A Fragment.....	<i>Mallet.</i> 98
Apostrophe to Spring.....	<i>Milman.</i> 101
Reflections on having left a Place, &c..	<i>Coleridge.</i> 102
The Shepherd's Cottage Garden.....	<i>C. Smith.</i> 104
Returning from an Evening Visit.....	<i>Hurdis.</i> 105

	Page
Domestic Comfort on a stormy Night.....	<i>Hurdis.</i> 106
The Seasons. In Imitation of Spenser...	<i>Mendez.</i> 107
Birds in Spring.....	<i>Gisborne.</i> 118
Birds building their Nests.....	<i>Hurdis.</i> 119
Birds in Winter.....	<i>Hurdis.</i> 122
The angry Bull.....	<i>Hurdis.</i> 125
A frosty Morning.....	<i>Cowper.</i> 126
Morning.....	<i>Milman.</i> 129
A foggy Morning.....	<i>Hurdis.</i> 130
Signs of a coming Storm.....	<i>Hurdis.</i> 131
A Fall of Snow.....	<i>Hurdis.</i> 132
Fall of Snow in the Evening.....	<i>Cowper.</i> 134
A Horseman in a Snow Storm....	<i>Rev. T. Gisborne.</i> 136
The Fern Burner.....	<i>Rev. T. Gisborne.</i> 139
Gipsies.....	<i>Cowper.</i> 140
Lines, on seeing a Picture by Berghem....	<i>J. Wilson.</i> 141
Rural Pleasures.....	<i>Cowper.</i> 144
The Country Parson.....	<i>Dr. Bidlake.</i> 146
A Farewell Hymne to the Country..	<i>Rev. R. Potter.</i> 160
Crazy Kate.....	<i>Cowper.</i> 171
The Hermit of Beachy Head....	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> 172
The Smugglers.....	<i>Rev. W. Crowe.</i> 174
The Loss of the Halsewell.....	<i>Rev. W. Crowe.</i> 175
The Bard.....	<i>Milman.</i> 176
Parents deserted by their Child.....	<i>Milman.</i> 177
Stern Resolution.....	<i>Milman.</i> 178
Description of Rowena.....	<i>Milman.</i> 179
Haughty Beauty.....	<i>Milman.</i> 181
Description of a secluded Beauty.....	<i>Milman.</i> 182
The Picture.....	<i>Theo. Swift.</i> 186
On his Mistress the Queen of Bohemia...	<i>Wotton.</i> 188
To the Honourable Miss Carteret.....	<i>A. Philips.</i> 189
The brown Beauty.....	<i>Dermody.</i> 192

PART IV.

Descriptive, Pastoral, and Narrative.

	Page
THE Extravaganza.....	<i>Dermody.</i> 193
Flora.....	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> 201
To a Lady with a Rose	<i>Theo. Swift.</i> 208
The Belvidere Apollo	<i>Milman.</i> 210
The Temple of Astarte	<i>Sotheby</i> 212
Description of a Sculpture on the Temple of Mars.	
	<i>Milman.</i> 216
The Vision of the Angel of Destruction...	<i>Milman.</i> 217
The Palace of Disease.....	<i>W. Thompson.</i> 219
The Descent of Hygeia.....	<i>W. Thompson.</i> 225
The Invisible Girl.....	<i>T. Moore.</i> 231
The Abstract of Melancholy	<i>Burton.</i> 233
Invocation to Sleep.....	<i>W. Thompson.</i> 236
Delirious Dreams.....	<i>W. Thompson.</i> 238
Dreams	<i>Elton.</i> 241
The Fairy Temple ; or, Oberon's Chapel ..	<i>Herrick.</i> 244
Oberon's Feast.....	<i>Herrick.</i> 249
Old Time's Holiday	<i>Bowles.</i> 251
The Winds	<i>Bowles.</i> 256
The Hag	<i>Herrick.</i> 260
Thursday ; or, the Spell.....	<i>Gay.</i> 261
The Cottage Girl.....	<i>Rev. R. Polwhele.</i> 265
Lobbin. A Pastoral	<i>A. Philips.</i> 269
A Country Life.....	<i>Herrick.</i> 273
Ode to Mr. Anthony Stafford.....	<i>Randolph.</i> 278
Corinna's going a Maying.....	<i>Herrick.</i> 280
The Hay Field. A Morning Scene...	<i>Anna Seward.</i> 283
The Hock Cart ; or, Harvest Home	<i>Herrick.</i> 286
The Gamekeeper's Return at Night.....	<i>Brydges.</i> 288

	Page
Shooter's Hill.....	<i>R. Bloomfield.</i> 290
A First View of the Sea.....	<i>R. Bloomfield.</i> 293
On going to Oxford	<i>F. Laurence.</i> 295
Pastoral Ballad.....	<i>Anna Seward.</i> 297
His Content in the Country	<i>Herrick.</i> 299
The Country Maid.....	<i>Anna Seward.</i> 299
To Phillis.....	<i>Herrick.</i> 301
A pastoral Remonstrance	<i>Anonymous.</i> 303
Pastoral Ode.....	<i>Shaw.</i> 304
The Maypole.....	<i>Herrick.</i> 307
The Country Life.	<i>Herrick.</i> 308
Love.....	<i>Coleridge.</i> 310
Lines from a Window.....	<i>Anonymous.</i> 314
Cupid and Psyche.....	<i>Gurney.</i> 315
The Hampshire Cottagers.....	<i>Miss Mitford.</i> 343
The Harp. A legendary Tale	<i>Macneil.</i> 351
Lucy.....	<i>Hodgson.</i> 358
An Epistle to a Friend.....	<i>Rogers.</i> 361
Epistle to Christopher Anstey, Esq. ...	<i>Dr. Roberts.</i> 368
The devoted Legions.....	<i>Day.</i> 375
The Kiss	<i>T. Swift.</i> 379

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART III.

Descriptive.

NEEDWOOD FOREST.

PART I.

NEEEDWOOD! if e'er my early voice
Hath taught thy echoes to rejoice;
If e'er my hounds in opening cry
Have fill'd thy banks with ecstasy;
If e'er array'd in cheerful green
Our train hath deck'd thy wintry scene;
Ere yet thy wood-wild walks I leave,
My tributary verse receive:
With thy own wreath my brows adorn,
And to thy praises tune my horn!

What green robed nymph, all loose her hair,
With buskin'd leg and bosom bare,
Steps lightly down the turfy glades,
And beckons toward yon opening shades?—
No harlot form, dissembling guile
With wanton air and painted smile,

Lures to enchanted halls or bowers,
Where festive Vice consumes his hours.
Her mild and modest looks dispense
The simple charm of innocence ;
And a sweet wildness in her eye
Sparkles with young sincerity.—
Lead on, fair guide, ere wakes the dawn,
With thee I'll climb the steepy lawn,
With thee the leafy labyrinths trace,
Where dwells the Genius of the place.—
His large limbs press a primrose bed,
A moss-grown root sustains his head,
And, listening to a Druid's rhymes,
He bends his eye on distant times :
While troops of silvan vassals meet
To cast their garlands at his feet,
And pipe and frisk in rings about,
Or parley with the hunter's shout.
And now a fragrant shower he throws
Of blossoms from his curled brows,
And rising waves his oaken wand, -
And bids yon magic scenes expand !—

First blush the hills with orient light,
And pierce the sable veil of night,
Green bends the waving shade above,
And glistening dewdrops gem the grove :
Next shine the shelving lawns around,
Bright threads of silver net the ground ;
And down, the entangled brakes among,
The white rill sparkling winds along ;
Then, as the pausing zephyrs breathe,
The billowy mist recedes beneath ;
Slow as it rolls away unfold
The vale's fresh glories green and gold ;

Dove * laughs, and shakes his tresses bright,
And trails afar a line of light.

Now glows the illumined landscape round !
Ye vulgar, hence !—'tis sacred ground !
Hence to the flimsy walks of art,
That lull, but not transport, the heart.
Nature, O Muse, here sits alone,
And marks these regions for thy own ;
Here her variety of joys
Nor season bounds nor change destroys :
Be mine the pride, though weak my strains,
That first I woo'd thee to these plains ;
Where Spring, in all her beauty dress'd,
But promises a brighter guest :
Where Summer yields her greens and flowers
To Autumn's variegated bowers :
Smiles Winter, as their honours fall,
And bids his hollies shame them all †.

Ye sage professors of design,
Whom system's stubborn rules confine,
Can science here one blemish show ?
Or one deficient grace bestow ?
Emes ‡, who yon desert wild explored,
And to its name the scene restored ;
Whose art is Nature's law maintain'd,
Whose order negligence restrain'd,

* The river Dove.

† The numerous groves and clumps of hollies give uncommon beauty to the winter scenes of Needwood Forest.

‡ Mr. Emes, who ornamented Beaudesart, the seat of Lord Paget, which is seen from the Forest, and who has obtained great reputation for his taste in ornamental gardening, has frequently assured the author that he took his best hints from the scenes of Needwood.

Here, fired by native beauty, traced
The footsteps of the goddess Taste :
Won from her coy retreats she came,
And led him up these paths to fame.

Here every flower improves the gale,
From the meek violet of the vale
To her who flaunts in air sublime,
The woodbine, queen of Summer's prime :
While each delicious shade may vie
With those of boasted Arcady.

There sweet varieties appear
Of thickets shaped by nibbling deer,
Of hills that swell with gradual ease,
Wood-skirted lawns, and scatter'd trees ;
Of valleys seen down distant glades,
That break the mass of mingling shades ;
While Nature's attribute, extent,
Crowns each inferior ornament!—

On this green unambitious brow,
Fair mistress of the vale below,
With sloping hills enclosed around,
Their heads with oaks and hollies crown'd,
With lucky choice, by happy hands,
Placed in good hour, my dwelling stands,
And draws the distant traveller's eye,
Enamour'd of its scenery ;

Where all things give, what all express,
Content and rural happiness.

Where far retired from life's dull form
Comes no intruder but the storm ;
The storm that with contrasted lour
Endears the fair the silent hour.

Thus their wise days our fathers led,
Fleet ran their hounds, their arrows sped,

And jocund Health with rosy smile
Look'd on, companion of their toil :
Till tyrant Law usurped the land,
Stretch'd o'er the woods his iron hand,
Forbad the echoing horn to blow,
Maim'd the staunch bound*, and snapp'd the bow.

Here with fair peace and modest fame †
They dwelt, who boasted Bagot's name,—
Go, Bagot, plead your country's cause,
While senates listen with applause,
With fearless truth and manly sense
Detecting specious eloquence :
Great talents to the world are due,
Retirement were a crime in you.
Go, and receive your oaken crown !
Here, with no title to renown,
Leave me to loiter at my door
Beneath the spreading sycamore,
That canopies the sloping lawn ;
And view the deer at early dawn
In troops come winding down the hill
To taste fresh herbage near the rill ;
Or count at noon their slumbering heaps ;
At evening watch their playful leaps ;
Or hear the quiring of the grove
Give breath to harmony and love ;
Or listen to the hum profound,
In the still air that floats around ;

* Alludes to the order for lawing, or cutting off a claw of all dogs kept within the parliens of the royal forests, to prevent their destroying the deer.

† The author rents his house, upon the verge of the forest, of Sir Wm. Bagot. It was built and inhabited by two gentlemen of the Bagot family.

Or mark yon hill's extended side,
Where turf and shade the space divide ;—
Here the wood straggles toward the plain,
The pasture there prevails again ;
The heifer grazes on its brow ;
Clamours the rook on trees below ;
Gay golden furze and purple ling
Around their mix'd embroidery fling,
O'er all, irregularly join'd,
The' according outline waves behind.

No dusky Cares o'erhang the bower,
No Passions wreck the halcyon hour ;
Nursed in the shade Reflection springs,
Smooths her white plumes, and tries her wings.
No leaf of autumn falls in vain,
No flower-bell droops beneath the rain,
No bubble down the current flows,
But life's uncertain tenure shows.
Those thorns protect the forest's hopes ;
That tree the slender ivy props :
Thus rise the mighty on the mean !
Thus on the strong the feeble lean !
In yonder holly—blush, mankind !—
A rare fidelity I find ;
Like yours, though summer's flatteries end,
My winter here hath found a friend.—
Hail, faithful favourite tree ! to you
The Muse shall pay observance due :
Whether in horrent files you stand
Round sapling oaks a guardian band ;
Or form aloft a sheltering bower
Impervious to the sun or shower ;
Whether to yon hillside you throng,
Ranging in various groups along ;

Or on the plain, maturely grown,
You boldly brave the storm alone ;
Or tapering high, with woodbines hid,
Rise in a fragrant pyramid ;
Your vigorous youth with upright shoots,
Your verdant age, your glowing fruits,
Your glossy leaves, and columns gray
Shall live the favourites of my lay !

Alas ! in vain with warmth and food
You cheer the songsters of the wood,
The barbarous boy from you prepares
On treacherous twigs his viscous snares.
Yes, the poor bird you nursed shall find
Destruction in your rifled rind.
Thus good and ill too often meet,
And bitter mingles with the sweet !
—Ye pedagogues ! let truant youth
Imbibe from you this generous truth—
That one humane, one tender thought
Is worth the whole that schools have taught.

PART II.

With what fond gaze my eye pursues,
Needwood, thy sweetly varying views !
Satyr or nymph or silvan god
A fairer circuit never trod !
Charm'd, as I turn, thy pictures seem
The golden fabrics of a dream,
Where Fiction stands with prism bright,
Rays forth her many-colour'd light,
Dyes the green herb and purple flower,
Gives glittering lustres to the shower ;

Then gilds with livelier tints the sky,
Or bends her radiant bow on high.

To scenes so elegantly wild,
Fancy, of old, her darling child
From Avon's flowery margin brought,
And Arden boasts * what Needwood taught.

Such shades by ~~mazy~~ paths perplex'd,
Where strays the traveller inly vex'd,
Inspired the Muse of Spenser's pen;
The wandering wood †, and Error's den,
Dwarfs, palfreys, dames, and giants rise
Full on Imagination's eyes !
See, see the Sarazin advance !
The redcross knight hath couch'd his lance !
They meet, the Christian wins the field,
And bears away ‡ the faithless shield !

With such companions fond to rove,
I venerate each hill and grove,
To Phoebus as to Dian dear,
And find a new Parnassus here.
Here might the sacred sisters dwell
By pebbly brook or gushing well :
O, let me listen, as they sing,
In some close vale beside a spring,
Whose stream the intruding alder chides,
Where the wild bee her treasure hides !—
Or sit in high embowering shade
With Contemplation, heaven-eyed maid,
Where the scant sun through branches thin
Chequers the dark green floor within ;

* See Shakspeare's ' As you like it.'—Scene, Forest of Arden.

† Fairy Queen, book i. chap. i. stanza 13.

' This is the wandering wood, this Error's den.'

‡ Book i. c. ii. The shield inscribed *Sans Fay*.

Where every leaf is wisdom's page,
And each gray trunk a hoary sage.
Nor motion, human form, or noise
This solemn pause of life destroys;
Save where the playful squirrel bounds,
Or ringdove pours her plaintive sounds,
Or lurking peasant lops an oak
Restraining half his pilfering stroke,
Or with his faggot stoops to rest
Both by his years and burden press'd.

Here, seen of old, the elfin race
With sprightly vigils mark'd the place;
Their gay processions charm'd the sight,
Gilding the lucid noon of night;
Or, when obscure the midnight hour,
With glowworm lanterns hung the bower.
—Hark!—the soft late! along the green
Moves with majestic step the queen!
Attendant fays around her throng,
And trace the dance or raise the song;
Or touch the shrill reed, as they trip,
With finger light and ruby lip.

High on her brow sublime is borne
One scarlet woodbine's tremulous horn;
A gaudy bee-bird's* triple plume
Sheds on her neck its waving gloom;
With silvery gossamer intertwined
Stream the luxuriant locks behind.
Thin folds of tangled network break
In airy waves adown her neck:
Warp'd in his loom, the spider spread
The far diverging rays of thread,

* The humming bird.

Then round and round with shuttle fine
Inwrought the undulating line.
One rose-leaf forms her crimson vest,
The loose edge crosses o'er her breast :
And one translucent fold, which fell
From the tall lily's ample bell,
Forms with sweet grace her snowy train,
Flows as she steps, and sweeps the plain.
Silence and Night enchanted gaze,
And Hesper hides his vanquish'd rays!—

Now the waked reed-birds swell their throats,
And nightlarks trill their mingled notes :
Yet hush'd in moss with writhed neck
The blackbird hides his golden beak :
Charm'd from his dream of love he wakes,
Opes his gay eye, his plumage shakes,
And stretching wide each ebon wing,
First in low whispers tries to sing ;
Then sounds his clarion loud, and thrills
The moonbright lawns and shadowy hills.
Silent the choral fays attend,
And then their silver voices blend,
Each shining thread of sound prolong,
And weave the magic woof of song.
Pleased Philomela takes her stand
On high, and leads the fairy band,
Pours sweet at intervals her strain,
And guides with beating wing the train :
Whilst interrupted zephyrs bear
Hoarse murmurs from the distant weir ;
And at each pause is heard the swell
Of Echo's soft symphonious shell.

Nor the dread night my mind alarms,
Night and her horrors have their charms :

O'er the wide forest oft I roam,
What time the traveller far from home,
Bewilder'd in the pathless brakes,
There his cold bed despairing makes;
And hear the fox with savage bark
Pay distant courtship through the dark;
The owl with faltering voice unfold
Her tale like one who shakes with cold:
And then the alarmed woods resound
The' upbraidings of the well train'd hound,
Who with tremendous tongue arraigns
And haunts the plunderer of his plains.
So cries from earth the life-blood spilt,
So waking furies harass guilt!

Oft have I through this solemn glade
Of old dismember'd hollies stray'd,
Whose bold bare rugged brows are seen
Thrust through the mantling evergreen;
Tall clustering columns here ascend,
And there in gothic arches bend *;
Whilst, as the silver moonbeams rise,
Imagined temples strike my eyes,
With tottering spire, and mouldering wall,
And high roof nodding to its fall.—
His lantern gleaming down the glade,
One, like a sexton† with his spade,
Comes from their caverns to exclude
The midnight prowlers of the wood.—
Through fields of air, while pausing slow,
Yon deathbell tells the village woe!

* Dr. Warbarton observes the gothic architecture originally imitated the groves, which were in earlier times consecrated to religious worship.

Divine Legation.

† Earth-stopper.

Borne on her clouds when Darkness flings
O'er the still air her raven wings,
Ere yet the watery freight descends,
While Heaven its purposes suspends,
Night, let me stand in silent trance,
And watch the lightning's kindling glance :
While, stiffening at the imagined stroke,
Appears behind a brighten'd oak,
From justice fled to this wild place,
A conscious robber's ghastly face !—
Or Fancy views with fear-fix'd eye
A mangled spectre gliding by,
Quick with the flash, who seems to wave
His pale hand, beckoning to a grave !—
And, as the fleeting vision dies,
Loud thunders shake the closing skies.

Night, when rude blasts thy scenes deform,
O, place me in the perilous storm !
While the moon labouring through the clouds
By turns her light reveals and shrouds ;
Torn from its trunk, when whirlwinds bear
The twisted ash aloft in air :
And some vast elm's uprooted spoil
Ploughs in its headlong fall the soil.
While, as he stalks through groaning oaks,
At intervals the old deer croaks :
And the lean sow with paps drawn dry
O'er rustling leaves trots whining by.—

Then posts across the blasted plain,
Borne on the wild storm, Witchcraft's train,
Aghast with guilt, and shrunk with age,
And yelling with demoniac rage !—
With eyes turn'd back, malign, and wide,
See blood-stain'd Murder silent stride ;

A moonbeam's sudden light expands,
He starts, and hides his crimson hands!—
And now the caldron gleams afar,
Fired by a baneful meteor's glare,
Around they dance, they pause, and pour
The mischiefs of the midnight hour;
While trembling sends with wonder gaze,
Stretch their black wings, and fan the blaze!—

PART III.

ERE Night withdraws her starry train,
I print long traces o'er the plain,
And bend my eyes to yon bright east
To meet the Morning's radiant guest,
As o'er the hill his golden rays
Burst through the thicket in a blaze.
Now from my foot the startled fawn
Bounds to its parent on the lawn:
And the waked lark exulting springs,
Hangs high in air on quivering wings,
Chants his loud transports o'er the heath,
And eyes his listening loves beneath.

Oft shall my Talbot hither stray,
And friendship give new joys to day;
On him his blooming bride attend,
Hither her graceful footsteps bend,
Fresh life her brighter beauties fling
O'er the young dawn and blossom'd spring.

They come! their eddying wheels resound,
The harness'd coursers proudly bound,
The light-hung chariot floats in air,
And laughing Hymen wreaths the pair!

As o'er the daisied lawns they move
By glittering rill or dusky grove,
Old Needwood calls his softest gale,
Bids all his fragrant buds exhale :
His gazing herds around them throng,
His plighted birds suspend their song,
Each on her urn his Naiads lean,
And woodnymphs peep from allies green.

Where this gay mount* o'erlooks the wood,
Charm'd with the scene a monarch stood,
Call'd these fair plains the richest gem
That deck'd his triple diadem,
Awhile the cares of state forgot,
And with its name adorn'd the spot.

Down yon meridian fields afar,
When Mercia led her chiefs to war,
Fell in one hour three monarchs brave,
And Lichfield's bower† protects their grave :
Her stately spires amidst the skies
Tinged by the orient sun arise,
With golden vanes invite the gale,—
Triumphant ladies of the vale !

Down yon mid vale the British Nile‡,
Fair Dove, comes winding many a mile ;
And from his copious urn distils
The fatness of a thousand hills.
Swell, generous river, leave thy banks,
The thirsty soil shall give thee thanks !—

* A beautiful eminence called King's Standing.

† Lichfield bower is supposed to be the tumulus of three Saxon kings slain in battle near that spot.

‡ Dr. Plott calls the Dove the Nile of England, and attributes the fertility of its floods to the sheep-dung washed from the hills in the moorlands.

The generous river swells, and leads
His waters o'er impoverish'd meads,
And lays his ample treasure down,
Rich emblem of thy bounty, Brown*!

Pleased on yon high abode I gaze,
Whence C'andish† foaming Dove surveys:
And where those humbler vales extend
Of thine, Fitzherbert‡, cheerful friend.
Or mark upon yon round ascent
The social flag§ and open tent,
Where life's smooth paths with sweets are strown,
And mirth makes every hour its own.

Where spreads this grove its umbrage wide,
Late the bold outlaw¶ fought and died.
Oft in its dark recess the oak
Had fallen beneath his secret stroke;
Full many a deer the night's dim ray
Beheld his silent arrow slay;
Deep furze conceal'd the fawns in vain,
And lust of lucre thinn'd the plain.
Here, by no power before controll'd,
He met a forester as bold;
O'er their fierce conflict frown'd the wood,
And drank with thirsty roots his blood.

* Hawkins Brown, Esq. of Foston-upon-Dove.

† Doveridge, the seat of ——— C'andish, Esq.

‡ Richard Fitzherbert, Esq. of Sommershall.

§ Messrs. Adderly and Scott have pitched a tent upon a fine hill above Coton, from whence a flag flies when they are at home, as a signal to their friends.

¶ A deer stealer, refusing to surrender, was here slain by a keeper.

Yon bank demands a pitying look,
Where life a gentler breast * forsook ;
Sole comfort of an aged pair !
The truelove of a damsel fair !—
At prime of dawn he stepp'd away ;
Long was the journey, short the day ;
The wintry blast blew loud and chill :
Night caught him on the unshelter'd hill ;
Fatigued he fell ; no help came nigh ;
His faithful dog alone was by ;
Who, as he fondly lick'd his cheek,
Heard his expiring master speak.
' Heap not for me thy cottage fire ;
Cold grows my heart, unhappy sire !
But turn to my unfinish'd loom,
And weave the web and bear it home !
Prepare not, dame, my evening meal ;
But bid them ring my passing peal !
Deck not thyself, dear maid, to meet
Thy love ; but bring his windingsheet !
I come not to your festive cheer ;
Ye comrades, place me on my bier !'—
—The morrow found him stiff and pale :
Mournful the Muse recounts his tale.

Her stately tower there Hanbury rears,
Which proudly looks o'er distant shires ;
Down the chill slope and darken'd glade
Projects afar its length of shade ;

* This unfortunate young man being sent on an errand the Author of this Poem, died on his return ; he was found morning in the forest within a mile of his home, his mother standing by him. He was a weaver, supported his father ; and was engaged on the night of his death to his sweetheart at a Christmas feast in the neighbourhood.

Assails the skies with giant force,
 And checks the whirlwind in its course;
 Or, when black clouds involve the pole,
 Disarms the thunders as they roll!—
 Beneath how Nature throws around
 Grand inequalities of ground,
 While down the dells and o'er the steeps
 The wavy line of Paphos creeps!—

With awful sorrow I behold
 Yon cliff*, that frowns with ruins old;
 Stout Ferrers† there kept faithless ward,
 And Gaunt perform'd his castle-guard‡.
 There captive Mary§ look'd in vain
 For Norfolk and her nuptial train;
 Enrich'd with royal tears the Dove,
 But sigh'd for freedom, not from love.
 'Twas once the seat of festive state,
 Where highborn dames and nobles sat;
 While minstrels||, each in order heard,
 Their venerable songs preferr'd.
 False memory of its state remains
 In the rude sport ¶ of brutal swains.

* Tutbury Castle.

† Robert de Ferrers joining a rebellion against Henry III. forfeited the possession of Tutbury.

‡ A service imposed upon those to whom castles and estates adjoining were granted.

§ Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner in Tutbury Castle at the time of the Duke of Norfolk's intrigues: she listened to his proposals of marriage, as the only means of obtaining her liberty, declaring herself otherwise averse to farther matrimonial connexions.

|| The minstrels formerly crowded to Tutbury Castle in such numbers as to require regulations of order and presidence amongst them, the person appointed for this purpose was called King of the Minstrels.

¶ The annual bull-running.

Now serpents hiss and foxes dwell
Amidst the mouldering citadel ;
And time but spares those broken towers
In mockery of human powers.

Yon hill* that glows with southern rays,
All conscious of superior praise,
Swells her smooth top and pastures green,
And of her sisters seems the queen ;
Proud from her ancient seats to trace
The lineage of a generous race.
' That generous race,' fair Sudbury cries,
' Is mine,' and bids her turrets rise,
Lifts from the lap of Peace her dome,
Where finds Munificence a home ;
Then wide her shining lake she leads
Through blossom'd groves and emerald meads,
Clothes with dark woods the distant scene,
And pours her dappled herds between.
—Ah me ! what sudden sadness lours
O'er her fair front and vernal bowers !
There sinks to her untimely tomb
A virgin flower in beauty's bloom !
O, thou wast all that youth admires,
A parent loves, or friend desires !
I knew thee well ! my sorrowing heart
Bears in thy loss a bitter part !—
Whilst the sad Muse in plaintive verse
Strews all her flowers around thy hearse,
Let Pity quit thy grave, and go
A mourner to yon house of woe.
There from thy father's bosom break
Sighs which too eloquently speak :

* Hound Hill, the ancient seat of the Vernons.

Thy mother weeps, but weeps resign'd,
In all things noble, most in mind :
Pale griefs thy sisters' cheeks invade ;
And one, alas, too tender maid !
Holds a long melancholy strife
Betwixt her sorrows and her life :
Thy manly brothers strive to cure,
In vain, the pangs themselves endure.
Fair saint ! a happier lot is thine,
Reposed beneath the silent shrine !

Now let me seek in pensive mood
The rude recesses of the wood ;
And, where congenial gloom extends,
Think of lost hopes and distant friends ;
Of scenes whose pleasures fled too fast,
And hours most valued now they're pass'd !

Beside me * lies a dingle deep,
With shaggy banks abrupt and steep ;
Through vistas wild my course I bend,
Till daylight opens at the end :
Where from intoxicating height
Bursts the wide prospect on my sight.
The terrace bold on which I stand
Steps broad and forward on the land ;
Rude hills compose the sidelong scene,
With crofts and cottages between :
The various landscape onward spreads
O'er cultured plains and verdant meads ;
And seats and towns and hamlets rise
Where yon smoke curls into the skies,

* The situation of Needwood is high, and its banks, descending from the plain of the forest to the country below, are in many places a mile deep ; they consist of alternate cliffs and dingles, and are entirely covered with trees and rough copses.

And spires that pierce through tufted trees ;
Till, faintly fading by degrees,
Beyond, in wild confusion toss'd,
The hills' blue tops in clouds are lost.

Yes, Eaton Banks*, in vain I strive
To hide the grief your oaks revive.—
Bow thy tall branches, grateful wood !
Afford me blossom, leaf, and bud !
He for whose memory these I blend,
Thy late lost master, was my friend !—
Fall, gentle dews ! fresh zephyrs, breathe !
Spread, cooling shades ! preserve my wreath !—
Alas, it withers ere its time !—
So faded he in manly prime !—
But Virtue, scorning Friendship's aid,
Rears her own palms which never fade !

PART IV.

HENRY †, O, leave whilst youth is ours,
And health leads on the fleeting hours,
O, leave awhile the court you grace,
And urge with me the silvan chase !

Oft as I bathe in morning's breath,
Ere wakes the plover on the heath,
Ere the sun robs the woodbine's smell,
Or dries the foxglove's purple bell,
I hear the deep-mouth'd thunder rise :
The monarch of the woodland flies,

* Eaton Wood, seen from the forest, was the property of the late Godfrey Bagnell Clarke, Esq.

† The Hon. Henry Vernon.

Whilst the loud triumphs of the horn
On breezy wings* are backward borne.
His subject mates no succour lend;
What tyrant ever found a friend?
He dies!—the satiate echoes cease;
The forest reassumes its peace.

Now sunburnt Autumn with his spoils
Diana's bleeding altar piles:
Again the slaughtering gun is heard,
And wildly screams the parent bird;
All night she mourns her lessen'd brood,
Still views them fluttering in their blood;
With timorous call the rest collects,
And with quick wing their flight directs.
Now the strong buck his rival drives,
And awes with jealous threats his wives:
Slow move the kine to fresher fields,
The hawthorn to the holly yields:
No twittering swallow skims the plain,
No shrute-cock† tunes his echoing strain:
Dumb are the full plumed songsters all,
Save the lone redbreast on my wall;
Thy tender lay, sweet bird, prolong,
And soothe old Winter with thy song!

When wintry mists obscure the skies,
His busy nose the spaniel plies,
Where mossy glades and thickets brown
Tempt the far wandering woodcock down:
Stretch thy strong wing, thy flight retake,
Nor trust the' inhospitable brake!—

* A deer when hunted runs against the wind.

† The shrute cock, or missel thrush.

Ah, forced from the luxuriant ground,
He mounts and feels the sudden wound.
So transmeridian Zealand views
Adventurous Europe's wandering crews:
Fierce hunger eyes the stranger guest,
And fraud secures the barbarous feast;
Stain'd are the rocks with human gore,
And white with scatter'd bones the shore.

The leveret—but I spare the rest,
I see compassion touch thy breast—
Come then, and whilst the murderous crew
In harmless blood their hands imbrue,
Roused to revenge by ravaged flocks,
Haste we to find the kennel'd fox.
Hark! those preluding cries he hears;
Thick beats his heart with conscious fears.
Some tyrant thus, in luckless hour,
Whom fraud or force has raised to power,
With throbbing heart and pale eye stands,
And spreads to heaven his harpy hands,
When Freedom's voice alarms the morn,
And Vengeance winds her echoing horn.
See, with the wind he scours away
Sleek, and in crimes grown old and gray!
Oft has he foil'd our angry pack,
I know his customary track.
Talk not of pity to such foes!
Stern justice claims the life he owes.
No storms arise to screen his flight;
'Tis long till interrupting night;
The breathing South his sentence gives,
And not an hour the caitiff lives!
Through woods and hills and vales and brakes
Needwood with general transport shakes.

Mark how the pack diffusely spread,
And show me, if you can, their head !
'Tis here—'tis there—now onward far
Streams down the vales irregular.
As through the furzy brakes they drive,
The trembling coverts seem alive.
Thus by the winds o'er bending corn
Loose waves of light and shade are borne.
Now winding up yon steep they strain ;
Now wheel in silence on the plain :
Again they catch the tainted wind ;
No hound disgraceful lurks behind :
All striving with confederate aim,
Their size, their power, their speed the same,
With eager eye and clamorous tongue
In broad career they press along,
Fierce on their victim gathering round—
—He suffers by no single wound !
Thus o'er the azure fields of night
Shoot the quick rays of northern light,
To one bright point converged they flow,
And round the silver zenith glow.
So when a lake surcharged by rain
Bursts, and o'erwhelms the sloping plain,
The wondering rustic flies, nor knows
Which of its currents fastest flows ;
Now here the rattling eddies lead,
Now there they foam along the mead,
Till in a silent pool they stand,
Collected on the hollow land.

Go, languid fops ; go, pedants, waste
Your sneers on joys you cannot taste ;
And cloak with many a vain pretence
Cold-blooded fear and indolence !

Warm to each elegant delight,
Ingenious, sensible, polite,
Known to the world you knew so well,
Loved e'en by those whom you excel,
Meynell, my leader and my friend,
Stand forth! the manly chase defend!
O, raise your animating voice,
And cheer the Dian of your choice!
Not her whose foul Circean draught
Squires of preceding ages quaff'd,
Unletter'd reveller, whose joys
Were rudeness, turbulence, and noise;
But her, no less of British kind,
Well bred, intelligent, refined,
Of younger years and purer mould,
Chaste as the Huntress Queen of old.

Yes, I am thine, enchanting maid!
Come, in thy decent robes array'd!
O, bring thy blithe companion Health,
Who smiles and mocks the sluggish Wealth;
And Hope, who spleen and care destroys;
And Rapture scorning tamer joys;
Young Eagerness with kindling eyes;
And Triumph mingling jocund cries!

Come, as thy cheerful train is seen,
Where Foremarke waves his woodlands green;
When hears his vale thy matin song,
And Trent exulting shouts along:
While wait, thy gay return to greet,
Convivial Mirth and Welcome sweet.—
On me, thy humbler votary, shower
The balmy dews of every flower,
Which oft thy curious hand has twined
Thy Burdett's favour'd brows to bind!

PART V.

WHENCE, Needwood, that tremendous sound?—
—Low dying murmurs run around,
A deeper gloom the wood receives,
And horror shivers on the leaves,
Loud shrieks the hern, the raven croaks—
Destruction's arm * arrests thy oaks!
Onward with giant strides he towers,
Dooms with dread voice thy withering bowers,
High o'er his head the broad axe wields,
Stamps with his iron foot and shakes the fields!

When from her lawless rocks and sands
Arabia pours her ruffian bands,
The village hinds in wild distress
Around some holy hermit press
Orb within orb, their wrongs declare,
And ask his counsel and his prayer;
All white with age, inspired he stands,
And lifts to heaven his wrinkled hands!
So seems the affrighted forest drawn
In crowds around this lonely lawn:
High in the midst with many a frown
Huge Swilcar † shakes his tresses brown,
Outspreads his bare arms to the skies,
The ruins of six centuries,

* By order from the Duchy Court of Lancaster, to which the forest of Needwood belongs, the timber is now felling under the direction of an officer of that Court.

† Swilcar oak stands singly upon a beautiful small lawn surrounded with extensive woods, measures thirteen yards round

Deep groans pervade his rifted rind—
 —He speaks his bitterness of mind.
 ‘ Your impious hands, barbarians, hold !
 Ye pause ! but, fired with lust of gold,
 Your leader lifts his axe, and, like
 Accursed Julius *, bids you strike.
 Deaf are the ruthless ears of gain,
 And youth and beauty plead in vain.
 Loud groans the wood with thickening strokes !
 Yes, ye must perish, filial oaks !

at its base, and is supposed to be six hundred years old. The following address to this remarkable tree is by Dr. Darwin:

— ADDRESS TO THE SWILCAR OAK.

Gigantic Oak ! whose wrinkled form hath stood
 Age after age the patriarch of the wood !
 Thou who hast seen a thousand springs unfold
 Their ravel'd buds, and dip their flowers in gold ;
 Ten thousand times yon moon relight her horn,
 And that bright star of evening gild the morn !
 Erst, when the Druid bards, with silver hair,
 Pour'd round thy trunk the melody of prayer ;
 When chiefs and heroes join'd the kneeling throng,
 And choral virgins trill'd the adoring song ;
 While harps responsive rung amid the glade,
 And holy echoes thrill'd thy vaulted shade,
 Say, did such dulcet notes arrest thy gales
 As Mundy pours along the listening vales ?
 ‘ Gigantic Oak !—thy hoary head sublime
 Ere while must perish in the wrecks of time ;
 Should round thy brow innocuous lightnings shoot,
 And no fierce whirlwinds shake thy steadfast root ;
 Yet shalt thou fall !—thy leafy tresses fade,
 And those bare shatter'd antlers strew the glade ;
 Arm after arm shall leave the mouldering bust,
 And thy firm fibres crumble into dust !
 But Mundy's verse shall consecrate thy name,
 And rising forests envy Swilcar's fame ;
 Green shall thy gems expand, thy branches play,
 And bloom for ever in the immortal lay.

* Caesar cuts down a consecrated grove. *Lucan*, lib. 3.

In heaps your wither'd trunks be laid,
And wound the lawns ye used to shade ;
Whilst Avarice on the naked pile,
Exulting, casts a hideous smile.
Strike here ! on me exhaust your rage,
Nor let false pity spare my age !
No pity dwells with sordid slaves ;
'Tis want of worth alone that saves. .
Yes, ye will leave me with disdain
A mouldering landmark on the plain,
Where many a reign my trunk hath stood
Proud father of the circling wood.
In freedom's dearest days * I grew,
And Henry's jealous nobles knew ;
I saw them pierce the bounding game,
And heard their horn announce the claim.
No more, beneath my favourite shade,
The forest youth and village maid
Shall meet to plight their troth and mark
Their love's memorial on my bark.
' Yet, yet, fond Hope †, thy distant light
Beams unexpected on my sight ;
Lo, Vernon hastes, the common friend !
The affrighted forest to defend ;
Bids the keen axe the saplings spare,
And makes posterity his care.

* The charter of Henry III. confirms the privilege to lords of parliament of killing a deer or two in any of the royal forests in their way to or from parliament, in the presence of the keeper, or on blowing a horn in his absence.

† Upon the above order from the Duchy Court, Lord Vernon proposed an enclosure of some parts of the forest, for the preservation of the young timber and the beauty of the place.

Yes, Joy shall see these scenes renew'd,
 Shall wake his sister Gratitude,
 Shall call on lawns and hills and dells
 The silent echoes from their cells,
 Long trains of golden years proclaim,
 And Needwood ring with Vernon's name.*

He ceased, and shook his hoary brow:
 Glad murmurs fill the vale below,
 The deer in gambols bound along,
 The plighted birds resume their song.

Thrice venerable Druid, hail!
 O, may thy sacred words prevail,
 May Needwood's oaks successive stand
 The lasting wonder of the land!—
 And may some powerful bard arise,
 Though heaven to me that power denies,
 The Pope or Denham of his days,
 Whose lofty verse shall match their praise.

MUNDY*.

* This elegant writer, whose poem of 'Needwood Forest' has received the warm praise of Dr. Warton, Dr. Darwin, Miss Seward, and other literary characters, was descended from an ancient family of the county of Derby, in which county he possessed a considerable estate. One of his ancestors was Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. His education was begun at Winchester, and completed at Oxford. It was, I believe, while he was at the University that he published his first work, a quarto volume of poems; and he is said to have been so disgusted by some illiberal criticisms that he resolved never again to appear in public in the character of an author. His 'Needwood Forest,' which was written in 1776, was accordingly printed only for the perusal of his friends. Mr. Mundy passed his life chiefly in his native county, was an active and intelligent magistrate, and generally presided at the quarter sessions. His death took place in 1816; and the grand jury of Derby recommended that a monument to his memory should be erected by subscription.

Ed.

LLANGOLLEN.

THOU that embosom'd in the dark retreat
Veil'st from profaner gaze thy hallow'd seat,
Genius of wild Llangollen! once again
I turn to thy rude haunts and savage reign :
Mid the gray cliffs that o'er yon heights impend,
O'ershadowing mountains that the vale defend,
Woods whose free growth the gloom of midnight
spreads,

And torrents foaming down their flinty beds,
Within thy shelter'd solitudes confined,
At distance from the murmur of mankind,
I soothe to peace the cares of life awhile,
And woo lone Nature's long-forgotten smile.

Loved vale! when o'er thee beam'd the spring-
tide ray,

And from thy heights slow sunk the summer day,
From thy delightful scenery restrain'd,
Far off by fond solicitude detain'd,
I watch'd where pain's wan eye sad vigils kept,
Or hung upon the couch where languor slept :
Bright Autumn fading, ere my footstep came,
On the illumined forest ceased to flame,
But now, while waning to his mournful end,
He sinks from sight like a departing friend,
Swift let me trace the varied views around,
Spread o'er the range of thy enchanted ground ;
While yet upon the leaf pale hues appear,
And the last tint yet lingers on the year ;
That, like the flush of the faint hectic, strays,
Wan-gleaming as the bloom of life decays.

While the retreating shadows of the night
 Sail from yon mountain's * dim-discover'd height,
 As up the steep my restless footsteps climb,
 And from the pathway brush the silver rime,
 Mute are the melodies that wake the morn,
 And silence reigns around the way forlorn.
 Vain my fond wish to gaze in magic trance
 O'er the unfolding valley's wide expanse;
 And from the breezes on the brow inhale
 The freshness of the spirit-stirring gale.
 Where late, by eve's pale radiance silver'd o'er,
 Dee wound her mazy wave from shore to shore;
 And the brown fallow, and the verdant field,
 And hill and dale, immingling, shone reveal'd;
 O'er the dank vale the vapour, streaming wide,
 Rolls onward like the ocean's foamy tide:
 Thick darkness lours around, save where a beam
 Touches the village spire with transient gleam;
 Or, like a promontory's chalky brow,
 The tower's hoar crest o'erhangs the flood below.
 Dinas! † more beauteous thus, in late decay,
 Thy castle, clothed with pensive colours gray;

* Dinas Bran.

† 'The remains of Dinas Bran, one of the primitive Welsh castles, nearly cover the summit of a vast conoid hill, steeply sloped on every side. The founder is unknown. In the reign of Henry III. it was the retreat of Gryffyd ap Madog, who, traitorously confederating with the English against his countrymen, was obliged to secure himself from their vengeance in his aerial fastness. On the death of Gryffyd, Edward I. ungratefully bestowed on John, Earl Warren, the wardship of the eldest son of his old ally; as he did that of the second on Roger Mortimer. These lords caused their wards to be drowned under Holt Bridge, and took possession of their estate. An obscure tradition of their murder was current in the country, under the fable of two young fairies, who had been destroyed in that manner.' *Pennant's Tour in Wales.*

Bleak mountain! yet more beauteous thus thy head,
Untraced but by the stranger's lonely tread,
Than in thy gorgeous day, when tyrant power
With trophies hung thy far resplendent tower:
The British bard, at thy unhonour'd name,
Points to the wreck, a monument of shame!
' So fall the towers, by vengeful time defaced,
That stood when rebel arms their strength disgraced ;

Moulder the walls that hid the traitor's head,
When Freedom to the field her Britons led!
Wretch! that expiredst within yon rocky mound,
By solitude and terror circled round,
Vain was thy hope on Edward that reposed ;
Vain the last wish thy dying breath that closed.
Yet, ere the requiem bade thee peaceful rest,
Scarce cold the lip that utter'd the request,
A stranger's hand usurp'd thy ancient power,
A stranger's banner glitter'd on thy tower.
Lo! the defenders grateful Edward gave
To soothe thy spirit hovering o'er thy grave.
Stern Avarice and Murder stalk around,
Sole guardians thy forsaken infants found.
No parent on their death bed drops the tear,
No parent strews with flowers their honour'd bier:
But the rude hinds their fate obscure bewail,
Traced in the strange traditionary tale ;
And village girls point weeping to the wave
Where fairies floated o'er their watery grave.'

So fly the dreams deluded youth recalls,
So fade the glories of the Gothic halls!
Where'er the castle rear'd its stately head,
Oppression prowld around, by murder fed.
Above the banquet foam'd, and unrestrain'd
Riot's swoln lip the' o'erflowing goblet drain'd;

While in the dungeon's gloomy cave beneath
Lurk'd Famine, listening to the cry of Death.
Stern age! at distance fair thy glories gleam,
And soft the lustre of thy setting beam.
Thus when the storm, that hid the golden day,
Has sunk into the west and fades away;
While on the furthest hill dark shadows lour,
The sunbeams strike on the receding shower,
From the illumined cloud gay colours shine,
And a new radiance gilds its swift decline.

The cataract, that from yon Alpine vale
Hoarse thunders on the wide-resounding gale,
Lures me to darksome paths, where Deva roars
And sweeps with torrent flood the sounding shores
Clear are the mountain streams that Cambria lave
Beauteous the wooded banks that shade the wave
Fair blooming on their glades the vernal flower
And sweet the birds that haunt their summer
bowers:

Yet nor the wooded bank, their stream that shades
Their silver currents, or their flowery glades
Charm like the Dee's wild course, that varyin
leads [meads

To rocks, dark groves, deep glens, and sunn
Beauties that, interchanged with new delight,
Shift like a scene of magic on the sight.

As bending o'er the bank, in pensive mood,
I gaze upon the swift descending flood;
Torrents from crag to crag that ceaseless throw
Wear the rough rocks and smooth the polish'
stone;

Then, whirl'd in eddies round the echoing cave,
Silver with fleecy foam the distant wave;

*Visions of ancient glory swarm around,
And the dark glen becomes enchanted ground;*

Warm inspiration views the wizards hoar
 That listen'd to the flood's prophetic roar;
 And, as the wave its changeful * current roll'd,
 The fate of nations, fall of kings foretold.
 Bold lour at intervals the heights around,
 Orb within orb, by Druid temples crown'd;
 Half hid beneath the earth huge cromlechs bend,
 And the tall carnedd's lessening piles ascend.
 Dark on the mountain's tempest-beaten head
 Rude British forts their massy bulwarks spread;
 And oft when time has batter'd down the piles,
 And peace on the forgotten station smiles,
 Though long the summer sun and winter snow
 Have mellow'd the deep soil that turfs their brow,
 The rich grass spiring o'er the sheep-fed heath
 Points out the level'd turrets sunk beneath.
 Thus where of old the lightning's dreaded stroke
 On the wide plain in curving flashes broke,
 Year after year the verdant circles spring,
 And shepherd boys retrace the fairy ring.

Pure Dee! swift welling forth from Raran hoar,
 Where Arthur† listen'd to the wizard's lore;
 Regions, where Fancy wanders unconfined,
 And visionary day-dreams soothe the mind;
 From your loved haunts, triumphant Cambria leads
 Along Eidernion's fairy-footed meads,
 To point the mound that Gwynedd's camp enclosed,
 And bless the soil where liberty reposed.
 Fresh fall the dews on Corwen's‡ fertile head,
 And genial gales eternal verdure spread;

* Drayton's Poly. Song x.

† Faery Queen, book i. canto ix.

‡ Corwen is celebrated in the Welsh annals for the victory gained by Owen Gwynedd, in 1165, over the forces of Henry II.

There down the steep the watchful warrior bold
 In fated hour the storm of battle roll'd;
 And, while the mountain deluges afar
 Flooded the vales and swept the ranks of war,
 Before pale Henry's van rush'd flight and fear,
 And pestilence and famine dogg'd his rear.

Onward, with frequent pause, with fond delay
 To Corwen's height oft bending back my way,
 Along the mazes of the neighbouring glades*,
 Through deserts rude, and unfrequented shades
 I trace the caves and deep recesses hoar
 That roof'd the war worn head of wild Glendor
 Mid yon dark cliffs, whose woods romantic wreathe
 Athwart the wave that winds their roots beneath
 When War's keen bloodhounds prest their wearied
 Couch'd in his lair awhile the chieftain lay; [pre
 Alone the mountain berry gave him food,
 And his sole drink chill Deva's troubled flood.

Warrior! I trace thee not by victory crown'd
 When regal honours beam'd thy brows around;
 The songs of other days thy fame record,
 And British minstrels dwell on Cambria's lord.
 Touch'd by the strain, at twilight's haunted hour
 Oft as I stray'd beneath thy ruin'd tower,
 Methought the Druid harp, the haunts among,
 To many a note of echoing triumph rung,
 While, from the slumber of their long repose,
 Forms of old kings and British warriors rose.
 Lo! where her phantoms wizard Fancy led,
 Untrodden heaths and silent deserts spread.

* Glyn dwrddwy, or the Valley of the Dee, the patrimony of the famous Owen Glendore. Not a vestige of his mansion remains. In the latter part of his life, it is related that he was forced to shelter himself in caves and desert places from the fury of his enemies.

In vain I seek where luxury's festal pyre
Flash'd on the rocks around a gleaming fire;
When the lost wanderer, mid the storms of night,
Look'd up, and bless'd the hospitable light.
No scatter'd ruins o'er the waste extend,
O'er their rent base no tumbling turrets bend;
No broken bastion lies with moss o'ergrown;
No fragment of a gray and mouldering stone.

Sorrowing I turn, and through the birchen shades,
That sweep o'er Llandysilio's shelter'd glades,
Seek the deserted fane, when daylight smiles
Through the rent roof and dim-discover'd aisles.
Vale of the cross*! let other bards explore
Thy silvan scenes, green heights, and mountains
hoar;

The rill's soft lapse thy sloping turf that laves,
The wood's wild growth that o'er thy abbey waves:
Let others gaze upon the solemn hues
Time's mellowing touches on the stone diffuse,
And unsunn'd damps that, mouldering where they
fall,

Stream in rich stains, and picture o'er the wall.
I pause—to voluntary woes resign'd,
And lenient grief that leaves a balm behind.

Half of the destined days of life are o'er,
Gone like a dream of night, to rise no more!
Like a lone pilgrim, by sad penance led,
From Po's green banks or Arno's flowery bed,
Far off, o'er northern solitudes to roam,
Who, midway, musing on the toils to come,
Upon the Alpine boundary's lofty crest
Lingers awhile his wearied limbs to rest;

* The abbey of *Valle Crucis* was a house of Cistercians, founded in the year 1200.

of delight, where rapt illusion wrought
 an age, more fair than poets taught;
 I bid your fleeting charms farewell,
 breathe a sigh o'er the dissolving spell.
 youth, at times, not unchastised by woe,
 under'd in the gloomy vale below;
 when returning still, its journey lay
 on life's illumined path and flowery way.
 on each year the sun of Hope arose,
 and Content smiled peaceful at its close.
 while I pause upon the awful doom
 awaits me, bending downward to the tomb,
 I be the thought, that, not without a crime,
 I o'er boded misery ere its time.
 firm faith and meek submission mine,
 the lot of man at life's decline :
 I not, when Nature claims her debt,
 o'er past youth with vain and weak regret;
 wish my unprofitable birth,
 fleet shadow passing o'er the earth.

SOTHEY.

COOMBE ELLEN*.

melancholy, on the pale crags laid,
 muse herself to sleep ; or Fancy come,
 beguiling the mind with tender cozenage,
 saying *things that are not* ; here all day
 meditation listen to the lapse
 of white waters, flashing through the cleft,
 ringing on the many shadowing trees,
 a pensive moral as she gazed.

Coombe Ellen (in Welsh, Cwm Elan) is situated among
 the romantic mountains of Radnorshire, about five miles
 from

High o'er thy head, amidst the shiver'd slat
Behold, a sapling yet, the wild ash bend,
Its dark red berries clustering, as it wish'd
In the clear liquid mirror, ere it fell,
To trace its beauties : O'er the prone cascade,
Airy and light and elegant, the birch
Displays its glossy stem, amidst the gloom
Of alders and jagged fern, and evermore
Waves her light pensile foliage, as she woo'd
The passing gale to whisper flatteries.
Upon the adverse bank, wither'd, and stripp'd
Of all its pleasant leaves, a scathed oak
Hangs desolate—once sovereign of the scene,
Perhaps, proud of its beauty and its strength,
And branching its broad arms along the glen :
O, speaks it no remonstrance to the heart?
It seems to say, ' So shall the spoiler come,
The season that shall shatter your fair leaves,
Gay children of the summer ! yet enjoy
Your pleasant prime, and lift your green heads high
Exulting ; but the storm will come at last,
That shall lay low your strength, and give you
pride

To the swift-hurrying stream of age, like mine
And so severe Experience oft reproves
The gay and careless children of the world ;
They hear the cold rebuke, and then again
Turn to their sport, as likes them, and dance
And let them dance ; so all their golden prime
They give not up to vanity, but learn
That wisdom and that virtue which shall best
Bestead them, when the evil days draw nigh,
And the brief blossoms of their spring-time fade

Now wind we up the glen, and hear below
The dashing torrent, in deep woods conceal'd

And now again, white-flashing on the view,
O'er the huge craggy fragments. Ancient stream,
That murmur'st through the mountain solitudes,
The time has been when no eye mark'd thy course,
Save His who made the world! Fancy might dream
She saw thee thus bound on from age to age
Unseen of man, whilst awful Nature sat
On the rent rocks, and said, 'These haunts be mine.'
Now Taste has mark'd thy features; here and there
Touching with tender hand, but injuring not
Thy beauties—whilst along thy woody verge
Ascends the winding pathway, and the eye
Catches at intervals thy varied falls.

But loftier scenes invite us; pass the hill,
And through the woody hanging, at whose feet
The tinkling Ellen winds, pursue thy way.
Yon bleak and weather whiten'd rock, immense,
Upshoots amidst the scene, craggy and steep,
And like some high-embattled citadel,
That awes the low plain shadowing. Half way up
The purple heath is seen, but bare its brow,
And deep-intrench'd, and all beneath it spread
With massy fragments riven from its top.

Amidst the crags, and scarce discern'd so high,
Hangs here and there a sheep, by its faint bleat
Discover'd, whilst the astonish'd eye looks up
And marks it on the precipice's brink
Pick its scant food secure:—And fares it not.
E'en so with you, poor orphans! ye who climb
The rugged path of life without a friend;
And over broken crags bear hardly on
With pale imploring looks, that seem to say,
'My mother!' she is buried, and at rest,
Laid in her grave clothes; and the heart is still,

The only heart that throughout all the world
Beat anxiously for you! Oh, yet bear on;
He who sustains the bleating lamb shall feed
And comfort you : meantime the heaven's pure beam
That breaks above the sable mountain's brow
Lighting, one after one, the sunless crags,
Awakes the blissful confidence, that here,
Or in a world where sorrow never comes,
All shall be well.

Now through the whispering wood
We steal, and mark the old and mossy oaks
Emboss the mountain slope ; or the wild ash,
With rich red clusters mantling ; or the birch
In lonely glens light-wavering ; till behold
The rapid river shooting through the gloom
Its lucid line along ; and on its side
The bordering pastures green, where the swink'd ox
Lies dreaming, heedless of the numerous flies
That, in the transitory sunshine, hum
Round his broad breast ; and further up the cot,
With blue light smoke ascending : Images
Of peace and comfort ! the wild rocks around
Endear your smile the more, and the full mind,
Sliding from scenes of dread magnificence,
Sinks on your charms reposing : Such repose
The sage may feel, when, fill'd and half oppress'd
With vast conceptions, smiling he returns
To life's consoling sympathies, and hears,
With heartfelt tenderness, the bells ring out,
Or pipe upon the mountains, or the low
Of herds slow winding down the cottaged vale,
Where day's last sunshine lingers : Such repose
He feels who, following where his Shakspeare leads,
As in a dream, through an enchanted land,

Here, with Macbeth, in the dread cavern hails
The weird sisters, and the dismal deed
Without a name ; there sees the charmed isle,
The lone domain of Prospero, and, hark !
Wild music, such as earth scarce seems to own,
And Ariel o'er the slow-subsiding surge
Singing her smooth air quaintly : Such repose
Steals o'er her spirits, when, through storms at sea,
Fancy has follow'd some nigh-founder'd bark,
Full many a league, in ocean's solitude
Toss'd, far beyond the Cape of utmost Horne,
That stems the roaring deep ; her dreary tract
Still Fancy follows, and at dead of night
Hears, with strange thunder, the huge fragments
fall

Crashing, from mountains of high-drifting ice
That o'er her bows gleam fearful ; till at last
She hails the gallant ship in some still bay
Safe moor'd, or of delightful Tinian
(Smiling, like fairy isle, amid the waste),
Or of New Zealand, where from sheltering rocks
The clear cascades gush beautiful, and high
The woodland scenery towers above the mast,
Whose long and wavy ensigns stream beneath.
Far inland, clad in snow, the mountains lift
Their spiry summits, and endear the more
The silvan scene around ; the healing air
Breathes o'er green myrtles, and the Poe-bird flits,
Amid the shade of aromatic shrubs,
With silver neck and bluey-burnish'd wing.

Now cross the stream, and up the narrow track
That winds along the mountain's edge, behold
The peasant lass ascend : cheerful her look
Beneath the umbrage of her broad black hat,

And loose her dark brown hair; the plodding
That bears her, panting climbs, and with sure
Avoids the jutting fragments; she meantime
Sits unconcern'd, till lessening from the view
She gains the summit, and is seen no more.

All day, along that mountain's heathy waste
Booted and strapp'd, and in rough coat succi
His shrill small whistle pendent at his breast,
With dogs and gun, untired the sportsman roa
Nor quits his wildly devious range till eve,
Upon the woods, the rocks, and mazy rills
Descending, warns him home: then he rejoins
The social circle, just as the clear moon,
Emerging o'er the sable mountain, sails
Silent and calm and beautiful, and sheds
Its solemn grandeur on the shadowy scene.
To music then; and let some chosen strain
Of Handel gently recreate the sense,
And give the silent heart to tender joy.

Pass on to the hoar cataract*, that foams
Through the dark fissures of the riven rock;
Prone-rushing it descends, and with white whi
Save where some silent shady pool receives
Its dash; thence bursting with collected swee
And hollow sound, it hurries, till it falls
Foaming in the wild stream that winds below.
Dark trees, that to the mountain's height asce
O'ershade with pendent boughs its mossy coun
And, looking up, the eye beholds it flash
Beneath the incumbent gloom, from ledge to led
Shooting its silvery foam, and far within
Wreathing its curve fantastic.

REV. W. L. BOWLES.

* Nant Vola.

LEWESDON HILL.

Up to thy summit, Lewesdon, to the brow
Of yon proud rising, where the lonely thorn
Bends from the rude south-east with top cut sheer
By his keen breath, along the narrow track,
By which the scanty-pastured sheep ascend
Up to thy furze-clad summit, let me climb,—
My morning exercise,—and thence look round
Upon the variegated scene, of hills
And woods and fruitful vales and villages
Half hid in tufted orchards, and the sea
Boundless, and studded thick with many a sail.

Ye dew-fed vapours, nightly balm, exhaled
From earth, young herbs and flowers, that in the
Ascend as incense to the lord of day, [morn
I come to breathe your odours; while they float
Yet near this surface, let me walk embathed
In your invisible perfumes, to health
So friendly; nor less grateful to the mind,
Administering sweet peace and cheerfulness.

How changed is thy appearance, beauteous hill!
Thou hast put off thy wintry garb, brown heath
And russet fern, thy seemly colour'd cloak
To bide the hoary frosts and dripping rains
Of chill December, and art gaily robed
In livery of the spring: upon thy brow
A cap of flowery hawthorn, and thy neck
Mantled with new-sprung furze and spangles thick
Of golden bloom: nor lack thee tufted woods
Adown thy sides: tall oaks of lusty green,
The darker fir, light ash, and the nesh tops
Of the young hazel join to form thy skirts
In many a wavy fold of verdant wreath:—
So gorgeously hath Nature dress'd thee up

Against the birth of May : and, vested so,
Thou dost appear more gracefully array'd
Than fashion-mongering fops, whose gaudy shows,
Fantastical as are a sick man's dreams,
From vanity to costly vanity
Change oftener than the moon. Thy comely dress,
From sad to gay returning with the year,
Shall grace thee still till Nature's self shall change.

These are the beauties of thy woodland scene
At each return of spring : yet some delight
Rather to view the change, and fondly gaze
On fading colours, and the thousand tints
Which Autumn lays upon the varying leaf :
I like them not, for all their boasted hues
Are kin to sickliness ; mortal decay
Is drinking up their vital juice ; that gone,
They turn to sear and yellow. Should I praise
Such false complexions, and for beauty take
A look consumption-bred ? As soon, if gray
Were mix'd in young Louisa's tresses brown,
I'd call it beautiful variety,
And therefore dote on her. Yet I can spy
A beauty in that fruitful change, when comes
The yellow Autumn and the hopes of the year
Brings on to golden ripeness ; nor dispraise
The pure and spotless form of that sharp time,
When January spreads a pall of snow
O'er the dead face of the' undistinguish'd earth.
Then stand I in the hollow comb beneath,
And bless this friendly mount, that weather-fends
My reed-roof'd cottage, while the wintry blast
From the thick north comes howling : till the Spring
Return, who leads my devious steps abroad,
To climb, as now, to Lewesdon's airy top.

REV. W. CROWE.

THE VALE OF TOWEY.

—————Now his path
Through Towey's vale winds velvet soft and green.
The year is in its waning autumn glow,
But the warm sun with all his summer love
Hangs o'er this gentle valley, loath to part
From the blue stream that to his amorous beams
Now her cool bosom spreads, now coyer slides
Under her alder shade, whose umbrage green,
Glancing and breaking the fantastic rays,
The deep dark mirror frets with mazy light.
A day that seems in its rich noon to blend
All seasons' choice deliciousness, high hung
On Dinevaur and Carreg Cannon rude,
And on bold Drusslyn gleam'd the woods their hues,
Changeful and brilliant, as their leaves had drunk
The sun's empyreal fountains; not more bright
The groves of those Atlantic isles, where rove
(Dream'd elder poesy such fancies sweet)
The spirits of the brave, stern Peleus' son,
And Diomedes, through bowers that the blue air
Arch'd with immortal spring of fragrant gold.
The merry birds, as though they had o'erdream'd
The churlish winter, spring tide virelays
Carolling, pruned their all-forgotten plumes.
Upon the sunny shallow lay the trout,
Kindling the soft gems of its skin; the snake
As fresh and wanton in its green attire
Wound its gay rings along the flowery sward.

MILMAN.

A DESCRIPTIVE ODE.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN UNDER THE
RUINS OF RUFUS'S CASTLE, AMONG THE REMAINS
OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH ON THE ISLE OF POR-
TLAND.

CHAOTIC pile of barren stone,
That Nature's hurrying hand has thrown,
Half finish'd, from the troubled waves ;
On whose rude brow the rifted tower
Has frown'd through many a stormy hour,
On this drear site of tempest-beaten graves ;

Sure Desolation loves to shroud
His giant form within the cloud
That hovers round thy rugged head ;
And as through broken vaults beneath,
The future storms, low-muttering, breathe,
Hears the complaining voices of the dead.

Here marks the fiend with eager eyes,
Far out at sea the fogs arise
That dimly shade the beacon'd strand,
And listens the portentous roar
Of sullen waves as on the shore [han
Monotonous they burst, and tell the storm

Northward the Demon's eyes are cast
O'er yonder bare and sterile waste,
Where, born to hew and heave the block,
Man, lost in ignorance and toil,
Becomes associate to the soil,
And his heart hardens like his native rock.

On the bleak hills, with flint o'erspread,
No blossoms rear the purple head ;
No shrub perfumes the zephyr's breath ;
But o'er the cold and cheerless down
Grim Desolation seems to frown,
Blasting the ungrateful soil with partial death.

Here the scathed trees, with leaves half-dress'd,
Shade no soft songster's secret nest,
Whose spring-notes soothe the pensive ear ;
But high the croaking cormorant flies,
And mews and hawks with clamorous cries
Tire the lone echoes of these caverns drear.

Perchance among the ruins gray
Some widow'd mourner loves to stray,
Marking the melancholy main
Where once afar she could discern
O'er the white waves *his* sail return,
Who never, never now returns again !

On these lone tombs, by storms up-torn,
The hopeless wretch may lingering mourn,
Till from the ocean, rising red,
The misty Moon with lurid ray
Lights her, reluctant, on her way,
To steep in tears her solitary bed.

Hence the dire spirit oft surveys
The ship that to the western bays
With favouring gales pursues its course ;
Then calls the vapour dark that blinds
The pilot—calls the felon winds
That heave the billows with resistless force.

Commixing with the blotted skies,
High and more high the wild waves rise,
Till, as impetuous torrents urge,
Driven on yon fatal bank accursed,
The vessel's massy timbers burst,
And the crew sinks beneath the infuriate surge.

There finds the weak an early grave,
While youthful strength the whelming wave
Repels; and, labouring for the land
With shorten'd breath and upturn'd eyes,
Sees the rough shore above him rise,
Nor dreams that rapine meets him on the strand.

And are there then in human form
Monsters more savage than the storm,
Who from the gasping sufferer tear
The dripping weed?—who dare to reap
The inhuman harvest of the deep,
From half-drown'd victims whom the tempests
spare?

Ah! yes, by avarice once possess'd
No pity moves the rustic breast;
Callous he proves—as those who haply wait
Till I (a pilgrim weary worn)
To my own native land return,
With legal toils to drag me to my fate!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

A SCENE NEAR NETHER STOWEY,
SOMERSET.

A GREEN and silent spot amid the hills!
A small and silent dell!—O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself!
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn field, or the unripe flax,
When through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
O, tis a quiet spirit-healing nook,
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who in his youthful years
Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise:
Here he might lie on fern or wither'd heath,
While from the singing lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy which solitude loves best)
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapp'd
In a half-sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing lark!
That singest like an angel in the clouds.

COLERIDGE.

SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.

HIGH on yon foreland's rugged brow,
Which beetles o'er the surge below,
Of yore in military show

A stately fortress stood :
Seven centuries have roll'd away
Since first those towers with lichens gray
Reflected bright the western ray
Upon the foaming flood.

Since first by Albemarle* its crest
In war's accoutrements was dress'd,
How many a gallant corse unbless'd
Has bleach'd its walls around !
For stormy have its fortunes been,
And, oft of battle-broils the scene,
It bears upon its time-worn mien
The deep-indented wound.

Nor from the stroke of civil rage,
When hosts with kindred hosts engage,
And sire and son sad conflict wage,
Has Scarbro' singly bled :
Oft too the Scot, with onset rude,
Fierce issuing from his solitude,
His hand in borderer's gore imbrued,
The bolt of death has sped.

* This castle was built about the year 1136 by William Le Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Holderness; a nobleman described by an early chronicler, as *Juvenis strenuissimus, in armis multum exercitatus*.
Hinderwell's History of Scarborough.

And lo ! through fields of flame and blood,
Remorseless, pouring like a flood,
They rush o'er moss and wold and wood !

'Tis Scotia's grim array.

By baby's scream and matron's shriek
Unsoften'd, southron spoil they seek :—
But, O foul forayers, this your freak
Full dearly shall ye pay.

On Cuton-Moor to your pale gaze
His standard Albemarle* displays !
Hallow'd by many a mystic phrase,
Its silken foldings flow :
For there, as erst to Constantine,
The Cross's silver splendours shine,
And broider'd characters divine
In rich effulgence glow.

And venerable bishops there
Lift high their feeble arms in air,
With pious rite and fervent prayer
Invoking Heaven to bless :
Nor shrink they from the banner'd field,
To plumed casques where mitres yield,
Nor shun the patriot blade to wield,
The flying foe to press.

* In 1138 was fought on Cuton-Moor, near Northallerton, between the Earl of Albemarle and David King of Scotland, the battle of 'the Standard;' so called from a mast borne upon a wheel-carriage, surmounted by a silver cross, under which were suspended three banners dedicated to St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfrid of Ripon. With this standard in their van the English accounted themselves invincible. Ralph, Bishop of the Orkneys, harangued, absolved, and blessed them before the engagement; and infirmity alone prevented Roger, Archbishop of York, from accompanying them to the field. Of the Scottish infantry above 10,000 were left dead upon the spot.

But not, with Scottish blood-drops wet,
That sword could charm Plantagenet,
Or guard the princely coronet

On Albemarle's* red brow :

Not zeal for England's honour shown
From royal wrath could shield his own,
Nor all his laurel-wreathed renown
Avert the lightning blow.

His vassal hind and yellow strand
Obey another chief's command ;
And, echoing o'er the orphan'd land,
The stranger's horn is heard :
'Tis Ebor's crosier'd lord, I ween,
Whose standard flouts the drooping scene ;
Where yon proud tower o'erhangs the green,
In pomp prelatie rear'd.

Boots not young Bardolph's† fate to tell,
Who by his monarch's mandate fell,
When back from Acre's citadel,
Besmear'd with paynim gore,
And treacherous Austria's dungeon cave,
Bounding across the ocean-wave,
Great Cœur-de-Lion, wildly brave,
Retrod his native shore.

* On the accession of Henry II. Albemarle was deprived of his government, rebelled, and only upon the intercession of Archbishop Roger obtained his sovereign's pardon.

† The younger son of Lord Bardolph, appointed in 1191 to the command of Scarborough Castle by Richard I. with whom he was a great favourite ; during his prince's absence in the Holy Land he was guilty of various misdemeanours which cost him his office.

William de Dacre ' of the North ' was appointed by Henry III. and John and William de Vesci (brothers) successively by Edward I. to the same splendid station.

O, blame not thou the red-cross zeal,
 Which sharpen'd Europe's pious steel,
 To win the tomb, when myriads fell,
 Of Him who died for all :
 Though Famine perch'd upon their board,
 And many a noble heart was gored
 By Saladin's heroic sword
 Beneath the holy wall !

Yet blessed they who 'mid the storm,
 Where Death display'd his grisliest form,
 Their breasts with generous passion warm,
 Bore from the field of strife
 Arts which, with flowers of Eden, dress'd
 The wildernesses of the west,
 And giving social hours their zest,
 The courtesies of life !—

Great names it next was thine to boast,
 Dread empress of Brigantia's coast ;
 Nor may they, in oblivion lost,
 Escape the Muse's eye :
 She notes where, flaunting in the beam
 Of noonday suns, with golden gleam
 The northern Dacre's banners stream
 Athwart the azure sky.

And there with rival radiance glows
 De Vesci's helm, whose sovereign* chose
 To give his mailed limbs repose
 Within thy pleasant halls ;
 Ere thundering o'er the Scottish strand,
 He twangs the bow and hurls the brand,
 And his by battle-right the land
 Triumphantly he calls.

* *Edward I. resided for some time in Scarborough Castle.
 Hinderwell.*

Nor leave we Gaveston* unsung,
Carnarvon's minion, stout in wrong,
Supple and stiff by turns; whose tongue,
 With insolent disdain,
Braved England's barons to the joust—
Whose sinewy arm's resistless thrust
O'erthrew her mightiest in the dust,
 On Berkshire's tourney'd plain.

Yet for his prince's dear-bought choice,
The Gascon's manly air, and voice
Which made the listener's heart rejoice,
 Some frail excuse might lend :
No vulgar sycophant was he,
Bending for wealth the sordid knee,
But train'd to feats of chivalry—
 A great though guilty friend.

Witness, ye fields of Munster green,
And Thomond of his toils the scene ;
When Ireland, shrinking at his mien,
 Fled from the mortal shock.—
But nought avail his gallant deeds ;
In vain the foe's pledged faith he pleads :
By vengeful Pembroke's axe he bleeds
 Upon the patriot block !

* This noble Gascon was ' a goodly personage, of a tall and undaunted spirit, brave and hardy in arms; ' as he himself in the tournament he held at Wallingford, w
challenged and foiled the flower of the English nobility
more inflamed their malice toward him. In Mun
Thomond likewise, as Lieutenant of Ireland, he pe
every where great service with much valour and we
When he at last, in 1312, surrendered Scarborough (
which he was governor) to the Earl of Pembroke, th
of capitulation were totally disregarded, and he was
Hi

Now Mowbray*, Beauchamp, court my quill,
 And well my swelling verse might fill
 Percy, De Burgh, and Somerville
 With acts of bold emprise :
 Nor will I not transmit to fame
 Fitzwilliam, ever honour'd name !
 Which Yorkshire still with loud acclaim
 Reechos to the skies.

And he on whom no parent smiled,
 Gloster†—by many a crime defiled,
 With her his glozing tongue beguiled,
 These gilded cushions press'd—
 Happy, ere Bosworth's fatal fight
 Gave Richmond to his anxious sight,
 Within the tomb's protecting night
 Here had he sunk to rest !

But my faint step denies to trace
 Through years remote each noble race ‡
 To whom this ancient pile to grace
 By favouring fate was given :
 Yet, ere from its loved towers I turn,
 Befits to clasp the tear-stain'd urn
 Of beauteous Cholmley §, changeless borne
 To bloom a saint in heaven.

* These are all found in the list of governors of Scarborough Castle.

† ——— 'Cui non risère parentes,' &c.
 Richard III. after his coronation in 1483 visited Scarborough with Anne his queen, and resided for some time in the Castle.
Hinderwell.

‡ Such as St. Quintin, Lamley, Evers (or Evre), Boynton, Robinson, &c.

§ The wife of Sir Hugh Cholmley, who latterly held the castle for Charles I. with great bravery. See *Hinderwell*, p. 79; and for his lady's heroic fortitude, surpassing beauty, and great benevolence, p. 85—87.

Chomley! oh, could I breathe that name,
Nor tingled at the sound my frame,
Nor glow'd afresh thy hallow'd flame,
Pure Friendship, in my mind—
Remembering many a letter'd hour,
In Bransby's sweet sequester'd bower,
Dead were I to each generous power
Which thrills and melts our kind!

Backward I bend my sad regard
Where Stuart with his country warr'd,
And Falkland here, there Hampden bared
His breast to civil rage:—
Alas! that natures form'd for love,
Whom all the loftier passions move,
Such stern antipathies should prove,
Such deadly feuds should wage!

Even in that spirit-stirring hour,
When o'er the crest of despot power
War's crimson cloud was seen to lour,
In gloom disastrous spread;
'Twas thine, with erring ardour warm,
Proud fort (though shatter'd was thy form),
For faithless Charles to brave the storm
Which burst on Cholmley's head.

And see! his angel consort, calm
While furious hosts dispute the palm,
With healing drugs, religion's balm,
The anguish'd pillow tends;
Nor, to her bosom feelings true,
Inquires with party's narrow view,
Whose brow she steeps in pity's dew—
A foeman's or a friend's.

Such feelings thou, of wedded love
Chaste model! Hutchinson*, didst prove,
When legions round thee madly strove
 In dire fraternal fray;
Though in a different cause, o'erplied
For liberty, thy soldier died:—
Virtue, nor bound to rank nor side,
 Holds on her steadfast way.

But hark! as from yon holy fane
The bell proclaims the hour, in vain
I clasp it—ghostlike from my brain
 The light illusion flies!
No more around that foreland's brow
Imagination's phantoms glow:
Where, Dacre—Cholmley, where art thou?
 —All melted in the skies.

And now of all the pageant sheen,
Quick flitting o'er the trophied scene,
Memorial of what once hath been
 No glittering wrecks remain!
Before my eye uncharm'd is spread
Of vulgar roofs the crescent red,
And, heaving on its pebbled bed,
 The blue and billowy main.

REV. F. WRANGHAM.

* See *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, by his widow Lucy.

LONDON

AT THE BREAK OF MORNING IN THE SEASON.

THROUGH the strange scenes of town, at early day,
Sad as I took my solitary way,
What motley groups presented to my eye,
Vice in its varied ranks of low and high!

Forced from his pallet, with unwilling feet
Here crept the labourer down the silent street;
Stopp'd at his favourite house, where purl and gin
The day of toil and drunkenness begin;
Or temperate sipp'd, at Nancy's noted stand,
His black tea breakfast from her lily hand.
Here, reeling homeward from the tavern drunk,
Or filthier sojourn of his faithless punk,
Beneath a vast cock'd hat a little beau
At Brooks's call'd, to lose his last rouleau.
Here the proud gambler in his silken chair,
With purse replenish'd, quaff'd the morning air;
Return'd from ruining some easy tool,
And mock'd the madness of the beggar'd fool.
Where yon late torch emits a dying fire,
See slinking dominos to bed retire:
Hide from the sun their man-degrading dress,
Blush if they could, and feel a feign'd distress.
While masks more impudent all shame forswear,
And ape the character they ill can bear.

See, dashing brightly from yon western street,
With lamps that laughingly the morning meet,
The paint broad glaring in each hackney'd face,
The sole unmarried daughter and her grace.

But lo! surrounding thick the water's side,
And gazing anxious on the gloomy tide,

rwd is seen with earnest air to stand,
 s, dreadful sight! dragg'd breathless to the
 man's corse, a lovely woman's lies : [land
 he cold limbs, and fix'd the glazing eyes.
 ose limbs are yet in soft proportion fair,
 that dead eye, and beauty yet is there.
 ge and afflicting contrast! mirth around,
 fashion shines, the streets with revel sound,
 e in yon dark canal the wretch has sought
 g forgetfulness of guilty thought.

REV. F. HODGSON.

VERSES

ITEN ON A TOUR THROUGH WARWICKSHIRE.

rough Warwickshire valleys I ramble along,
 amuse the lone hour with unmetrical song,
 sacred does Addison's dwelling* appear
 ime eye, Recollection, through Gratitude's
 tear !
 walks the Spectator, and scatters around
 ration and awe o'er the classical ground :
 still I behold in his favourite grove
 genius of Wisdom and Piety rove :
 is path blooming virgins in silence attend,
 receive the mild laws of their father and friend.
 rest their fair bosoms with learning refined,
 added to beauty the charms of the mind.
 cred for ever be Addison's name,
 his statue unmoved from the temple of fame !
 o him his own England confesses a debt
 h her honour is lost when her children forget.

* At Bilton, near Rugby.

Now sadly to Kenilworth onward I roam,
And survey the fallen grandeur of Leycester's
proud home;

Here peerless Elizabeth deign'd to retreat,
And majesty slumber'd in Luxury's seat.
Still, still on the lake the bright galleys are row'd,
And the lady still reigns in her fairy abode.
Groups of nymphs through the trees to light mea-
sure advance,

And forms more than mortal unite in the dance.
Hark! hark! the full chorus swells high in the hall,
And echo awakes on the turreted wall. [band,
' Bold knights and fair dames,' in a glittering
Bow low to the queen of their fortunate land;
While, perchance, the fond soldier, retiring apart,
Pays homage more true to the queen of his heart.
Through the court love and honour alternately
sway,

And Glory looks pleased at the chivalrous day.
Ah no! it is pass'd—and a dark shadow lours
(The dark shadow of time) on these mouldering
towers.

All is silent—Oh Kenilworth! well may thy doom
Remind haughty man of his path to the tomb:
Thou too hast been young, and sublime in thy pride
Hast the loud-rattling storm of the winter defied;
But gone is thy vigour, and scarce canst thou save
The remembrance of pomp from the ruinous grave.

Not thus, lofty Warwick, declines thy gray head,
Not thus, prince of castles, thy beauty has fled;
Unimpair'd, only mellow'd by years, how serene
Thy battlements smile o'er the valley of green,
While thy soft-flowing Avon refreshes the scene.
*Yield, royalty's mansion, yield, Windsor, the prize,
And bid thy shamed turrets less haughtily rise.*

Thy turrets at least, which, unworthy of thee,
Erected by modern improvement we see,
And imagine (so frail and so feeble they look)
That the mason has here been exchanged for the
cook.

Whose bulwarks of pie-crust invitingly stand,
To attract the nice taste of this elegant land.

As I climb this bold tower I am borne, God knows how.

To the fabulous earl and the terrible cow.

Yes, whether the whirlwind of memory flies

On pinions reverted, with back-glancing eyes,

To the field where famed Guy and the pestilent
beast [least—

Fought by Coventry clock half an hour at the
Or whether wild fancy annihilates time.

And imagines, like love, all is reason that's rhyme—

On my life, the fierce combat appears in full sight,

And I hear their short breath as at Warwick I
write.—

**Now Guy, and now Dun! 'tis as bloody a work
As if Cow was a Christian, and Guy was a Turk.**

But away with vain story—my annals I'll crown
With the king-setter-up and the king-puller-down.
Oh, glorious offender! oh, traitor divine!

How I wish thy irregular splendour were mine!

Thy power unexampled, that taught silly kings

When robb'd of the sceptre they are ludicrous things. [tiful, wild,

Then with blaze short but dazzling, though beau-
Fortune's heir, glory's toy, generosity's child,

Darting meteorlike wonder, I'd nobly forgive

The low offspring of pride, and permit them to live ;

**Though harmless in heat, yet transcendent in light,
Meet the world as it wanders, and bid it be right.**

But hold! in yon valley what magical form
Waves its wand, and arouses the breath of the
storm?

Through the trees hollow murmurs presageful arise,
And the chill evening blast rushes swift through
the skies,

What beautiful woodnymph approaches the seer
Pale with horror?—The roar of the ocean I hear,
The cries of the shipwreck'd, the terrible sound
Of the bellowing thunder that echoes around—
All is hush'd! and the sailors, brought safe to the
land,

In astonishment range o'er the wonderful strand.

Through the wild midnight track of the com-
fortless heath

The king and the father advances to death—
Though loud blows the wind o'er the heart-chill-
ing scene,

A daughter's neglect is more piercingly keen.

Who is she newly laid in the sepulchre's gloom?
Who scatters sweet flowers on his true love's sad
tomb?

Alas! she awakes—but awakes not to bliss—
Her lord has embraced her, and died with the kiss.

Crown'd with fanciful garlands, and chanting
wild lays,

What maid by yon willow-fringed rivulet strays?
Ah! headlong she plunges at once in the stream,
And breaks the short thread of life's sorrowful
dream. [appear,

But now in vast crowds the strange shadows
And a voice full of melody steals on my ear—
Light fairies trip over the green, and around
Kings, warriors, magicians seem fix'd by the
sound—

Where am I? astonish'd, aroused from my trance,
 exclaim—and behold, with a rapturous glance,
 With exulting delight, upon Avon's fair side
 My birthplace, great Shakspeare! Britannia's
 pride,
 Side of Nature! her first and her favourite son,
 Whose Muse, in no age, in no country outdone,
 Smiling or weeping enchants us, and draws
 From virtue, from genius their heartfelt applause.

REV. F. HODGSON.

ALPINE SCENERY.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. T. S. WHALLEY, DURING
 HIS RESIDENCE ON THE CONTINENT.

LAD as the lone night-wanderer on his way
 Hails the mild dayspring reddening on the shore,
 The meet description's light-diffusing ray,
 Shining on climes not given us to explore.

Where powers that through distant scenes, or soft or
 dread,
 Lead the charm'd spirit with supreme control,
 Where icy hills or torrid plains are spread,
 Where winds might waft us or where seas
 might roll.

Which in those powers energetic, warm, and bland,
 The leaves where Wraxall, More, and Coxo
 explain
 How clime prevails, thrones rise, or laws expand,
 To ravage or to bless each mark'd domain.

And gayer Sterne, whose page to latest time
Britons shall love; since its pervading art,
As manners vary with the varied clime,
Winds through the labyrinths of the human heart

Does one mild virtue spread its lunar ray
Deep in the pensive bosom's coy recess,
Untraced by him along its latent way
To love, to pity, charity, and peace?

Or lurks one selfish passion sly and grave,
But at his touch its genuine form shall wear
To whose free pen presiding Genius gave
The force resistless of Ithuriel's spear.

And shalt not thou, O daring Cook! obtain
The lasting homage of the inquiring soul,
Who, 'mid the dangers of the frozen main,
Lifts the pale curtains of the southern pole!

But now what meed shall my thrill'd fancy prize
The talents which, to public honours cold,
Yet warm to amity, those scenes display
That did to their delighted sense unfold,

When up the Savoy mountains* Whalley rose
Where Alpine eagles have their aeries built
Saw rocks as bold as savage Rosa shows,
And dales as soft as sunny Claude has gilt

His loved Chatillon's home†, whose youthful mien
Congenial wit and kindred worth adorn;
By genius nerved, by classic taste refined,
A summer ripeness in a vernal morn.

* This poem is intended as a poetical mirror to the still pictures of Alpine scenery which Mr. Whalley's letters to the continent presented to the author.

† Baron de Chatillon, a young Savoyard nobleman, with Mr. Whalley met at Dijon, and on whose account he

What marvel, Whalley, that a heart like thine
Should brave the surging storms that ceaseless
howl,
When winter yells around that craggy shrine
With icy breath and petrifying scowl;

What marvel?—drawn by the magnetic power,
That soul to soul so instantly endears,
Investing friendship's young and blossoming hour
With all the fruits that crown her mellowest
years.

I bless that power, illumed by fancy's ray,
It gives to thy free pen supreme command,
That bears me with resistless force away,
And on the rocks of Savoy bids me stand;

Shows me the Alps, huge in embattled pride,
A clustering phalanx, meet the wintry gales;
Or where, dispersed, they seem with giant stride
To chase each other to the gloomy vales;

Now, in vast curtains of encircling clouds,
Wrap their stupendous heads from mortal eyes;
And then, awakening, pierce the misty shrouds,
Roll the dark volumes back, and brave the skies.

I see, as winter blots the lurid air,
The savage Graces o'er the mountains stalk,
Shake the frore horrors from their shaggy hair,
While howling wolves attend their desert walk;

Mrs. Whalley passed the winter at Chambéry, the capital of Savoy, situated amidst some of the highest Alps. It is the winter residence of the Chatillon family.

Then, as with livid hand and gorgon frown,
Sternly they wave the pale petrific wand
O'er the loud floods, down, down the vast steeps
thrown ;—

In silent ice the shrinking cataracts stand.

Now charm'd I mark the genial breath of spring
To life and beauty wake the dreary scene,
When o'er the melting vales she hastes to fling
Her silver blossoms and her tender green ;

And on the lawns, between the mountains spread,
To bid the floret's lavish perfume flow,
Against their basis rest its blushing head,
Whose summits whiten in eternal snow.

I mark the clouds, that gorgeous summer shows,
Enfold the mountain cliffs with mantles bright,
Or gather'd on their vast imperial brows,
In glorious diadems of colour'd light ;

Or sail from rock to rock, and change their form,
As setting suns their last effulgence shed,
That now with gold and now with crimson warm,
Tinges their floating skirts, magnificently spread.

Charm'd I behold purpureal Autumn lead
Her grapes of deep or of transparent stain
Round the tall steeps and o'er the yellow mead,
Varied and spotted with the sable grain *.

View that cold mass, shining as though it drew
New radiant whiteness from the orb that fills
With cordial strength, and gives the Tyrian hue
To the rich vines that deck the opposing hills ;

* The black grain which, sowed in patches amidst the corn-fields of Savoy, produces a landscape singularly shaded, and new to an English eye.

Hear melted cataracts thunder down the steeps,
Startling the gloomy valley's deep repose,
Whose current, as from rock to rock it leaps,
Retains the whiteness of its parent snows,
Ample and still, that on the mountain's brow,
Heedless of tepid or of stormy gales,
Sit,—in calm contrast to the roar below
Of filial torrents tumbling to the vales.

They, through the wide stretch'd forest black with
pines,
Run silvering onward with divided streams ;
While in the vale the lone Montmelian* shines,
Gilded by sunny evening's saffron gleams.

Once on that insulated summit rose
The towers most hostile to Ambition's sway,
That e'er for Savoy's weal had dared oppose
The Gallic victor on his ruthless way.

Resisting long, they found resistance vain,
And to the polish'd despot slowly yield ;—
Why did not wanton Montespan detain
Voluptuous Lewis from the deathful field?

Tender repentant Valiere!—not thy tears
For honour lost so deeply pitied flow
As those sad sighs and agonizing fears
That rose, in all the bitterness of woe,
When the pale Genius of that lovely land
Lean'd from his rock, defiled with gory stains,
And saw fierce War stretch forth his red right hand,
Drenching with blood those fair and fertile plains.

* The fortress on the rock, Montmelian, was the last that yielded to Lewis XIV. when he conquered Savoy. This rock stands single in the centre of the vale, wholly unconnected with the surrounding Alps.

Wall'd by the cloudcapp'd Alps on every side
The plenteous vales of Savoy guarded seen
From the fierce inroad of Ambition's tide,
When neighbouring powers unsluice its w
ful stream.

But ah! what barriers may kind Nature rear
Which that fell demon, on his restless cou
Shall not, in some disastrous hour, o'erpeer,
Sap by his art, or vanquish by his force?

O happier Switzerland!—as yet 'tis thine
To see bright liberty triumphant shake
Her radiant Ægis on thy craggy shrine,
And dip her pinions in thy silver lake!

Not on its fertile banks, or through the stree
Of busy Zurich, does the squalid crew
Of useless beggary the traveller meet,
Wound his reluctant ear, and shock his vi

But Plenty breathes a universal gale,
And liberal Commerce every want supplie
For equal her unfetter'd powers prevail,
Urge the quick step, and animate the eye;

Where idleness or vicious waste alone
Want Life's warm comforts or her soft rej
O Monarchy! can thy proud pomp atone
For those lost joys Equality bestows?

Ye, who so loudly plead for kingly sway,
The rank of nobles, and the pageant train
Of mean subordination, speed your way
Where Savoy's richest valleys teem in vai

Not for her hapless sons her vineyards bend
With loaded branches from the mountain's side ;
O! not for them her golden vales extend,
Or slope her forests in theatric pride.

In beauty's pomp, in vegetation's wealth
Boon Nature clothed her valleys and her bowers ;
But seek her capital,—view life and health
Shudder and pine beneath her crumbling towers !

O, if that form of government is best
That makes its people happiest,—then compare
The crowds Chambéry's ruin'd streets infest
With those that breathe throng'd Zurich's glad-
den'd air !

And when that calm comparison is made
By English spirits, shall they fail to guard
Those sacred laws Ambition would invade,
And save us from a despot's proud award ?

But now from blessings England never knew,
From evils which I trust she ne'er shall prove,
Turn thou, my soul, thy unavailing view,
And seek the scenes thy kindling senses love !

Though, hapless Savoy, Liberty is fled
From thy wild haunts, that every charm disclose,
Yet with my friend thy mazes let me tread,
And in thy graces half forget thy woes.

Calm let us sit at Evening's solemn hour
Beneath a rock, and see her mantle brown
Veil the mark'd features of each Alpine tower,
Till in one *huge stupendous* mass they frown ;

View Night's pale orb her shadowy pomp assume,
And o'er the sombrous cliffs majestic ride ;
And partially their craggy points illumine
Or deck with hoary light their stony side ;

Silver the vale, which at their feet secure
Slumbers—and smiles amid its peaceful dreams ;
Bares its green bosom to the radiance pure
That gems the Iser's wildly devious streams.

And during brighter hours, in smiling gaze,
Shall our fix'd eyes the Bourgian Lake * behold,
When Autumn evenings and their burnish'd rays
Tint her green waters with ethereal gold ;

• That lake, spread wide between stupendous hills,
Whose silvan curtains slope and kiss her tide ;
While through them gleam the tributary rills,
That rush, with frothing haste, to swell her pride

I view thy friend's paternal walls ascend
From her broad bosom to a height sublime ;
While o'er her waves the shatter'd turrets bend
And frown defiance vain to whelming time.

Yet there, amid the ravage of his powers,
The desolate Graces hold their pensive rei
Silent they stand beneath the cloven towers,
Which, what they lose in strength, in int
gain.

* A beautiful lake in the province of Bourgia. The castle of the Chatillon family stands on it; but in too a state to be their general habitation. Mr. Whalley *very tempestuous night* in that shattered castle.

Thou, Whalley, in the mansion large and drear,
Whose mouldering walls dismantled seem to
scowl,
At midnight laid, wert not displeased to hear
The rising tempest o'er the waters howl.

Against the rattling windows as it beat,
And mutter'd through the chasms, no weak alarm
Shock'd thy awed sense—though oft the ponderous
gate
Fiercely it shook as with a giant's arm.

Nor would my friend that solemn scene have
changed
For all the hand of luxury knows to spread;
Not then his rapt imagination ranged
To the gilt roof, bright hearth, and downy bed.

Or if a wish in softer scenes to rove
Stole through his breast amid that awful gloom,
'Twas for the murmurs of a cypress grove,
'Twas for the silence of a sister's tomb*.

Thus when the oak groan'd sullen in the wind,
And distant far the drizzling dawn of day,
He and musing, at its roots reclined,
On cold Temora's hill great Ossian lay;

I heard his harp high on the rived boughs hung,
By pale dim hands disturbed, low jarring shake;
He shadowy shields amid the tempest rung,
Ash'd by the spirits of the troubled lake.

* Whalley lost his beloved sister, the lovely and excellent
Sage, two years before he left England.

Nor grieved, but that the loud and angry storms
The voice of the heroic dead might drown ;
The noble mind reveres terrific forms,
And grows enamour'd of their darkest frown.

Now from those scenes, where awful horror sheds
Gloom that contrasts sweet beauty's ruddy light,
My gentle friend his love Eliza leads
Where throng'd Avignon's lofty domes invite.

Yet there no ardour of his soul decays,
Fann'd, lone Valclusa *, by thy amorous gales ;
He, as with Sorga's winding wave he strays,
The rocks, the streams, the hallow'd fountain
hails !

• And where those rocks, with shadowy summits,
lean
O'er the clear waters, in their solemn rest,
And not a wave upon the deep serene
Disturbs the darken'd fountain's glassy breast,
With heaven-directed eyes I see him bend ;
I see the shade of Petrarch hovering nigh,
Pleased with his glory's richest gale to blend
The rising incense of a generous sigh.—

Now when the neighbouring mountain's rigid
snows,
Spring's milder rays for aye inured to mock,
Sink as the summer's sun more fiercely glows
Deep to the fluid sources in the rock,

* The celebrated valley near Avignon. The laurels which Petrarch had so lavishly planted there, in allusion to the name of his mistress, are no longer to be found. Olives are now the only trees in the stony, rocky, and barren precincts near the fountain.

'Tis then the Naiad from their sullen sleep
Wakes her deep waters ; and in murmuring
tones
High o'er the cavern'd basin bid them leap
Adown the shelvy mound of rocky stones ;
In flashing eddies swell thy lucid train,
Clear Sorga, wandering through the olive
bowers,
Till in an ampler mirror proud Sommane *
Eyes the dark shadows of her lonely towers.
It suits ye well, that air of stately gloom,
O towers, where high-born Laura sojourn'd long!
The nymph by beauty deck'd with peerless bloom,
The nymph immortalized in peerless song.
Thee, Whalley, breathing, as thou rangeest there,
Petrarch's sweet lays, how often I behold!
The lays that paint Valclusa's charming fair,
Bright as its laurels, as its fountain cold.
Shade of the Bard who form'd that deathless lay,
And gave thy vale to fame, a dearer guest
Shall ne'er among its lone meanders stray,
Ne'er shalt thou hail a more congenial breast!
Yet still, sublimer Savoy, still thy haunts
On Whalley's mind in deeper trace shall dwell ;
Not that alone thy loftier grace enchants
The spirit, touch'd by Fancy's potent spell ;

* The Chateau de Sommane. It stands on the right-hand side of the valley, and was once the habitation of Laura. It still belongs to her direct descendants, and was lately inhabited by the learned and ingenious Abbé de Saie, who some years since published the voluminous history of Petrarch and Laura, the Abbé's ancestress. From this work Mrs. Dobson formed her valuable abridgment.

Those awful heights the stamp and image bear
Of dearest amity; her living smile
Each recollected mountain long shall wear,
Each vale romantic and each rocky pile.

Where matron excellence * in friendship warm,
Source and protectress of each dear delight,
Breathed through the social walls the sacred
charm
That gives to Virtue the convivial night.

There, with Chatillon's duteous cares to vie,
Two other noble sons assiduous strove,
And watch'd each glance of her maternal eye,
In deep respect and with preventive love.

While their sweet sister, whom the loves adorn
With hope's soft blush, and facile smile serene,
Bright as the star that leads the vernal morn,
Sat sparkling by, and more illumed the scene.

A mother's mild restrictions only known,
There 'twas thy lot, fair maid, to meet the ray
That still on thee with cordial lustre shone,
In each fraternal glance and social gaze;

Those suns of the cheer'd heart that never shi
Within monastic walls—in gloom precise,
From day to day, where Gallic virgins pine,
Or buy dismissal at a fatal price †.

* The Baroness de Chatillon.

† The young women of France and Savoy are educ
monasteries, nor in general mix at all with the world;
are removed from their gloomy and wearisome excli
be married to the husband appointed for them.

Withheld the joys that other joys excel,
And from progressive passion only flow,
Whose tender constancy may best repel
The gay contagion of the faithless vow.

Breathed from the frolic dames, by vice ensnared,
Vice, whose attractions seize the' unguarded
heart
When conjugal indifference has prepared
The youthful bosom for their venom'd dart.

Ye Gallic parents, to the nuptial shrine
When you, to glut your avarice or your pride,
From the unsocial convent's shade malign,
Lead to the altar the unsoften'd bride,

To Nature and to duty lost ye prove;
Ye, who from youth's soft bosom have withheld
That previous, gradual, voluntary love,
Of nuptial faith the adamantine shield,

Hard on your hoary heads the future crimes
Of this your filial sacrifice shall bear,
When the seductions of licentious times
Her young and undefended heart ensnare.

Yet O! how general this parental guilt
In France!—in Savoy!—miserable proof
Of tyranny, on proud example built,
From thrones descending to the private roof!

A rare example from the common doom,
Maid of Chatillon's race, thou late didst prove,
When joys domestic gilt thy years of bloom,
Far from the lonely cloister's frowning grove.

But O! if bliss illume our earthly course,
How soon, alas! its cheering lustres fly!
That matron-worth, of all those joys the source,
The silver cord that link'd each social tie,

Smote by the ruthless hand of dire Disease,
Gasps on her fever'd couch!—my gentle friends,
What pain was yours to see the tyrant seize
The form that duteous love in vain defends!

O! grieved reverse of those enlivening hours
That staid you on your purposed way so long!
Now for the soul's and sense's darling powers,
Wit, science, music, and its melting song,—

The stealing step!—the hush'd and darken'd
room!—

The anxious whisper!—the extended cross!
The manly grief, that firmly meets its doom,
Yet inly ruminates and mourns its loss!

The wailful accent,—the o'erwhelmed eye
Of helpless beauty!—trembling, chill'd, and
faint,

With arms extended, and convulsive sigh,
Sunk on the pillow of the dying saint.—

And thou, my friend, a stranger though so late,
In this sad scene art not refused thy part;
Not shut to thee is sorrow's silent gate,
Not cold to thee its agonizing heart;

Nor can thy hesitating step forbear,
Thy trembling hands the curtains slowly ope;
Thy faltering words the tender fraud prepare,
And half articulate the faithless hope.

Dim eyes that feebly rise to thine the while
 In gaze incredulous; the pale cold hand
 Waved gently; with a faint and pensive smile
 On the wan lip, that tender fraud withstand;

And in expression, far beyond the reach
 Of vocal breath, while life is ebbing fast,
 Solemn the task of resignation teach,
 And say to grieved affection—all is pass'd!

Yet, as with energy angelic fired,
 The glowing interest in her pious breast,
 By thine and thy Eliza's worth inspired,
 O'er Nature final struggles rise confess'd;

For as thou kneelest by the bed of death,
 Thy fingers clasping o'er thy moisten'd eyes,
 And hear'st, with ear appall'd, the shortening
 breath,
 Warming her icy hands with ceaseless sighs;

E'en in that awful that momentous hour,
 When the dark grave's terrific portals ope,
 On thee the expiring lips their blessings pour,
 Mix'd with the accents of immortal hope!

O, may those fervent blessings, on my friends
 Breathed by departing goodness, be fulfill'd!
 Then, as new joys each varying clime extends,
 Shall health and peace their wandering foot-
 steps gild.

Till back at length to Albion's silver shores,
 To open arms and longing hearts they fly;—
 Glad may they hail the period that restores
 Her soft green valleys and her wayward sky!

If glow her suns less permanently bright,
If breathe her gales less exquisitely bland;
If her hills rise a less stupendous height,
Her glassy lakes in less expansion stand;

Yet o'er her loved capricious region broods
Dear Safety, still on halcyon pinions found;
No bursting mountains pour the fiery floods,
No dire convulsion rends the quiet ground;

No gloomy tyrant glares upon her throne,
Breaking with crimson hands the legal rod;
Nor raves Intolerance, with bigot frown,
Usurping still the attributes of God;

But liberal Freedom, in the gracious form
Of Albion's tutelary Genius, there
Breathes with unchanging sway her influence
warm, [veer.
Though suns and winds and skies and tempers

With every soft affection in her train,
My friends, their purposed years of absence o'er,
Shall she not summon to her verdant plain?
Shall she not welcome to her silvery shore?

Since though for her their hands, in state sublime,
Nor bear the olive nor the laurel bough,
Their perfect worth, in many a foreign clime,
Reflects mild lustre on her sacred brow.

For this, when glad they furl the slacken'd sail,
Her quicken'd step shall print the yielding sands;
Their wish'd return delighted will she hail
Whose virtues honour'd her in distant lands.

ANNA SEWARD.

THE PASSAGE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF ST. GOTHARD.

TO MY CHILDREN.

YE plains, where three-fold harvests press the
ground,

Ye climes, where genial gales incessant swell,
Where Art and Nature shed profusely round
Their rival wonders—Italy, farewell!

Still may thy year in fullest splendour shine!

Its icy darts in vain may Winter throw!

To thee a parent, sister, I consign,

And wing'd with health I woo thy gales to blow.

Yet pleased Helvetia's rugged brows I see,

And through their craggy steeps delighted roam;

Pleased with a people honest, brave, and free,

Whilst every step conducts me nearer home.

I wander where Tesino* madly flows,

From cliff to cliff in foaming eddies toss'd;

On the rude mountain's barren breast he rose,

In Po's broad wave now hurries to be lost.

His shores, neat huts and verdant pastures fill,

And hills, where woods of pine the storm defy;

While, scorning vegetation, higher still

Rise the bare rocks coeval with the sky.

Upon his banks a favour'd spot I found,

Where shade and beauty tempted to repose;

Within a grove, by mountains circled round,

By rocks o'erhung, my rustic seat I chose.

* The Tesino takes its rise not far from the summit of St. Gothard, and joins the Po near Pavia.

Advancing thence by gentle pace and slow,
Unconscious of the way my footsteps press'd,
Sudden, supported by the hills below,
St. Gothard's summit rose above the rest.

Midst towering cliffs, and tracts of endless cold,
The' industrious path pervades the rugged stone,
And seems—Helvetia, let thy toils be told—
A granite girdle o'er the mountain thrown.

No haunt of men the weary traveller greets,
No vegetation smiles upon the moor,
Save where the floweret breathes uncultured
sweets,
Save where the patient monk receives the poor*.

Yet let not these rude paths be coldly traced,
Let not these wilds with listless step be trod,
Here Fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,
Here Charity uplifts the mind to God.

His humble board the holy man prepares,
And simple food and wholesome lore bestows,
Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending snows.

For whilst bleak Winter numbs with chilling hand,
Where frequent crosses† mark the traveller's fate,
In slow procession moves the merchant band,
And silent bends, where tottering ruins wait.

* There is a small convent at the top of the mountain, where two monks reside, who are obliged to receive and entertain the poor traveller that passes that way.

† Where any lives have been lost from the falls of snow, a small cross is erected.

Let midst those ridges, midst that drifted snow,
Can Nature deign her wonders to display :
Here Adularia shines with vivid glow,
And gems of crystal sparkle to the day.

Here too, the hoary mountain's brow to grace,
Five silver lakes* in tranquil state are seen ;
While from their waters many a stream we trace,
That, scaped from bondage, roll the rocks between.

Here flows the Reuss to seek her wedded love,
And, with the Rhine, Germanic climes explore ;
Her stream I mark'd, and saw her wildly move
Down the bleak mountain, through the craggy shore.

My weary footsteps hoped for rest in vain,
For steep on steep, in wild confusion rose † ;
At length I paused above a fertile plain,
That promised shelter, and foretold repose.

Fair runs the streamlet o'er the pasture green,
Its margin gay, with flocks and cattle spread ;
Embowering trees the peaceful village screen,
And guard from snow each dwelling's jutting shed.

* The Rhine, the Rhone, the Aar, the Tesino, and the Reuss, all rise in the mountain of St. Gothard. The Reuss unites with the Aar, beyond the lake of Constance, and with them falls into the Rhine.

† The valley of Urseren, celebrated for its fertility and verdure, and the placid manner in which the Reuss traverses it.

Sweet vale! whose bosom wastes and cliffs surround,

Let me awhile thy friendly shelter share!
Emblem of life! where some bright hours are found,
Amidst the darkest, dreariest years of care.

Delved through the rock, the secret passage bends,
Majestic horrors strike the dazzled sight;
Beneath the pendent bridge the stream descends
Calm—till it tumbles o'er the frowning height.

We view the fearful pass—we wind along
The path that marks the terrors of our way—
Midst beetling rocks, and hanging woods among,
The torrent pours, and throws its glittering spray.

Weary at length, serener scenes we hail,
More cultured groves o'ershade the grassy meads,
The neat though wooden hamlets deck the vale,
And Altorf's spires recall heroic deeds.

But though no more amidst those scenes I roam,
My fancy long each image shall retain;
The flock's returning to its welcome home,
And the wild carol of the cowherd's strain*.

Lucernia's lake its glassy surface shows,
Whilst Nature's varied beauties deck its side;
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves inclose,
And there its spreading bosom opens wide.

* The 'Rans des Vaches,' sung by the Swiss cowherds, is a simple melody, intermixed with the cry which they use to call the cows together.

And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well strung arm, that first preserved his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

Across the lake, and deep embower'd in wood,
Behold another hallow'd chapel stand,
Where three Swiss heroes lawless force withstood,
And stamp'd the freedom of their native land.

Their liberty required no rites uncouth,
No blood demanded, and no slaves enchain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,
By social order form'd, by laws restrain'd.

We quit the lake—and cultivation's toil
With Nature's charms combined adorns the way;
And well earn'd wealth improves the ready soil,
And simple manners still maintain their sway.

Farewell, Helvetia! from whose lofty breast
Proud Alps arise, and copious rivers flow;
Where, source of streams, eternal glaciers rest,
And peaceful science gilds the plains below.

Oft on thy rocks the wondering eye shall gaze,
Thy valleys oft the raptured bosom seek;
There, Nature's hand her boldest work displays,
Here, bliss domestic beams on every cheek.

Hope of my life! dear children of my heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,
To you still pants each pleasure to impart,
And more, oh transport! reach its home and you.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

MOUNT ETNA.

WRITTEN AFTER HAVING READ MR. BRYDONE'S
TOUR THROUGH SICILY.

IMAGINATION, while thy kindling eyes
Flame o'er the climes these faithful pages trace,
Oh, mayst thou paint them, as sublime they rise,
In novel beauty and horrific grace !

Swell the rich treasures of poetic fanes
With all the pomps that mighty Etna boasts,
As glaring o'er the affrighted deep she reigns
The pride and terror of Ausonian coasts !

With thy keen glance the veils of distance pierce,
With thy firm step conduct my venturous way,
And on the texture of my proudest verse
The changeful glories of those heights display !

Now the proud steep climbing with toilsome tread,
We mark the wonders of its triple zone* ;
Round the broad base see sultry Summer lead
The stores luxuriant of his glowing throne.

While on the rising edges of his clime
Emergent Spring her leafy mantle spreads,
Woods, waving wide, in hues of vernal prime,
Blue trickling rills, and flower-embroider'd
meads ;

* Mr. Brydone tells us, that the three distinct seasons, summer, spring, and winter, in inverted order, form the torrid, the temperate, and the frigid zone, round the ascending heights of Mount Etna.

Till Winter, o'er each blooming plain and grove,
Draws the chill circle of his pallid line;
Dim fields of ice, and gelid rocks above,
And sleety gales, and dreary lakes combine.

Then while, amazed, we lift exploring eyes
To the vast cone, high in the lucid air,
We mark, in one eternal union, rise
The elements that wage eternal war.

Deep in the snows it has no power to melt,
View the dread gulf, in all its boiling ire,
Where sleet and ice and wintry waves have felt
How weak their force to quench its raging fire.

Terrific pinnacle! Thy sides inclose
The' unfathom'd gulf coeval with the world;
And by thy flames, that burst mid circling snows,
Upsightless heights the blazing rocks are hurl'd.

Their dire explosion rends the frozen mound,
Shakes the firm earth, and thunders o'er the deep;
While issuing deathful, from the fierce profound,
Rolls the red lava down the icy steep!

But we, in hours less terrible, prepare,
Adventurous, to pursue our faithless way,
And, though the drifted snows our steps ensnare,
Reach the extremest point ere dawns the day.

Now long pale gleams shoot through the sky, and
warn
Retreating darkness of the solar glance;
And hills, rocks, plains, and seas, and night, and
morn
Blend, undivided, through the vast expanse.

But morning, by degrees, exerts her power;
The stars are quench'd!—the shadows melt
away!
Forests, that late seem'd like black gulfs to lour,
Rise, in faint green, beneath the glimmering ray.
Wide spread the skirts of strengthening light
around;
And from the orient waves that stretch serene,
And with their silver line the horizon bound,
While states and nations dimly intervene,
On plains, rocks, mountains, rivers, seas, and isles
Bursts the gay sun! his plastic beams are hurl'd;
And to our strain'd and startled senses smiles,
New to our gaze, a whole illumined world!
While high exalted in the trackless air,
Alarm'd, and doubting if on earth we stand,
Scarce knows our sight to separate and compare
The countless objects of its vast command.
As on a map o'er Sicily we look,
Trace all her rivers through their mazy sweep,
From their first source, a little gurgling brook,
Till broadthening soon, they mingle with the deep;
But rising at his spring a current wide,
Devoted Acis hurries through the plain*,
Speeds from the giant's voice with frightened tide,
And throws his icy waters in the main.

* Mr. Brydone mentions the peculiar coldness of this river, hence often called in Sicily, *il fiume Freddo*, also that it rises out of the earth at once a large stream. It is the river celebrated by the poets, into which the nymph Galatea transformed the shepherd Acis, her lover. Mr. Brydone ingeniously observes, that the extreme velocity of the current seems, from our recollection of the fable, to be inspired by terror.

Here vine-clad Lipari, with her lucid streams,
Gay Alicudi, and Panari there,
While Strombola, a lesser Etna, gleams,
And wreaths with spiral smoke the fields of air.

These, as by magic, in the visual rays,
Close drawn around the mountain skirts are
shown,
Seeming as lifted up to meet our gaze,
Like medals in a watery bason thrown*.

Then o'er the space immense weak vision strains,
And feels its aching powers confused and lost,
Else that might view hot Barca's sandy plains,
And verdant Thessaly's remoter coast.

Now turn we, sighing, from the boundless scene,
Mocking the feeble sight's eluded ray,
While wonder mellows into thought serene,
As sinks, in evening shades, the garish day.

Here, while we rove beneath thy wayward skies,
Green Albion, zoned by ocean's azure wave,
To Nature let our heart's thanksgivings rise
For all she banish'd, as for all she gave;

That not on our cold mountain heights reside,
On Snowdon or Helvellyn's peak sublime,
The Etnean graces;—in their ardent pride,
And baleful charms, exiled this happier clime.

* This is Mr. Brydone's own simile, and beyond any other which could have been chosen, brings to the mind's eye these peculiar effects of vision. Poets and orators often find themselves obliged to accommodate great things to our perception by comparing them to small ones. These comparisons are often happy, and sometimes sublime.

Faithful if here their lineaments shall flow,
Oh Brydone! may the praise be thine alone!
Since in thy traits arise, thy colours glow,
The bright destroyers on their burning throne!

ANNA SEWARD.

CORSICA.

How raptured fancy burns, while warm in thought
I trace the pictured landscape; while I kiss,
With pilgrim lips devout, the sacred soil
Stain'd with the blood of heroes. . Cyrnus, hail!
Hail to thy rocky, deep indented shores,
And pointed cliffs, which hear the chafing deep
Incessant foaming round their shaggy sides.
Hail to thy winding bays, thy sheltering ports,
And ample harbours, which inviting stretch
Their hospitable arms to every sail:
Thy numerous streams, that bursting from the cliffs
Down the steep channel'd rock impetuous pour
With grateful murmur: on the fearful edge
Of the rude precipice, thy hamlets brown
And straw-roof'd cots, which, from the level vale
Scarce seen amongst the craggy hanging cliffs,
Seem like an eagle's nest aerial built.
Thy swelling mountains, brown with solemn shade
Of various trees, that wave their giant arms
O'er the rough sons of freedom; lofty pines,
And hardy fir, and ilex ever green,
And spreading chesnut, with each humbler plant,
And shrub of fragrant leaf, that clothes their sides
With living verdure; whence the clustering bee
Extracts her golden dews: the shining box,



And sweet leaved myrtle, aromatic thyme,
The prickly juniper, and the green leaf
Which feeds the spinning worm; while glowing
bright

Beneath the various foliage, wildly spreads
The arbutus, and rears his scarlet fruit
Luxuriant, mantling o'er the craggy steeps;
And thy own native laurel crowns the scene.
Hail to thy savage forests awful, deep;
Thy tangled thickets, and thy crowded woods,
The haunt of herds untamed; which sullen bound
From rock to rock with fierce unsocial air,
And wilder gaze, as conscious of the power
That loves to reign amid the lonely scenes
Of unquell'd nature: precipices huge,
And tumbling torrents, trackless deserts, plains
Fenced in with guardian rocks, whose quarries teem
With shining steel, that to the cultured fields
And sunny hills, which wave with bearded grain,
Defends their homely produce. Liberty,
The mountain goddess, loves to range at large
Amid such scenes, and on the iron soil
Prints her majestic step. For these she scorns
The green enamel'd vales, the velvet lap
Of smooth savannahs, where the pillow'd head
Of luxury reposes; balmy gales [first
And bowers that breathe of bliss. For these, when
This isle emerging like a beauteous gem
From the dark bosom of the Tyrrhene main
Rear'd its fair front, she mark'd it for her own,
And with her spirit warm'd.

MRS. BARBAULD.

AN AFRICAN NIGHT SCENE.

AMID the nightly prowlers of thy wilds,
Britain! man walks serene: in all their tribes
None found to bid him tremble, none to aim
Talon or fang against their rightful lord.
O, wretched he whom Senegambian shades
Inclose at eve! He, while a vault of flame
Smote on his brow, and scorch'd his gasping throat,
Day after day through sandy oceans toil'd,
Where deathlike silence brooded o'er the waste,
And boundless space seem'd but a larger grave:
No sign that ever foot the burning earth
Had track'd, or life inhaled the vapoury fire,
Save when some camel's bleaching ribs he pass'd,
Or corse of long-lost pilgrim parch'd to stone.
If to a bordering forest, when the sun
Kindles the west, his weary course draw nigh;
Soon as the orb its last red crescent dips,
At once the lion's desert-shaking roar,
The gaunt hyena's shriek, the panther's growl,
And yells of every tone that breathes dismay,
Strain'd from unnumber'd throats athirst for blood,
Join dissonant: with serpent hiss the gloom
Quivers: the herded elephants advance [woods
With thundering shock, and through opposing
Crush their wide way. Now the brief twilight
In agony he shudders; through the dusk [fades:
Sees fiery eyeballs glare, and hears the rout
Of countless antelopes, than tropic storms
More fleet, rush headlong from the gripe of death;
Hears famish'd monsters panting in the chase,
And cries and groans proclaim the arrested flight

Of victim after victim. Stretch'd on earth,
Each limb with icy dread convulsed, he lies,
Lies powerless, hopeless: and with vain regret
Sighs for the horrors of the fervid noon,
Where deathlike silence brooded o'er the wild,
And boundless space seem'd but a larger grave;
Where late the camel's bleaching ribs he pass'd,
And corse of long-lost pilgrim parch'd to stone.
O wretch, whom noon shall never light again!

REV. T. GISBORNE.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

THIS sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
Such tents the patriarchs loved! O, long unharmed
May all its aged boughs o'ercanopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath, [spring,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a fairy's page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount.
Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou mayst toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, pilgrim, here! Here rest! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale, or hum of murmuring bees!

COLERIDGE.


TO A RIVER,

IN A DRAWING OF A LANDSCAPE.

AFTER a lonely course through yon deep woods,
And the green quietness of distant vales,
Now, gentle river, to the haunts of men
The rude stone arches stretching o'er thy flood
Note thine approach; and as with silent lapse
Thou glidest under them, the staid old cow
And lumpish horse above are driven afield
By time-worn herdsman. Then, in swifter course,
Thy lately tranquil streams, jocund and loud,
Rush down the Wier. Again, soon calm'd, they flow,
And the young day shines on their glassy train.

So dost thou wander by the pleasant base
Of a clean village, climbing up the steep
And shrubby knoll; while, bosom'd in thick trees,
The church the hill top crowns. The day is young;
Closed yonder cottage door; the din and hum
Of clamorous infants and laborious man
Unheard as yet, though from the chimney top
The gray smoke, rising to the churchyard trees,
Curled its light vapour round the boughs, and gives
Promise of morning meal. Behold the cart
That late, well loaded, on thy pebbled bank
Had creak'd and crept, at the yet silent mill
Stopp'd, those full stores resigning, which shall soon
Employ thy loitering waters, and awake
The clattering hubbub of the busy scene.
Adown those rocky stairs, which to thy brink
Lead from the hamlet cots, erewhile shall step,
With cleanly pail light rocking on her head,
The rustic maid, new-risen; for she has seen,

Through lattice curtain'd by the briar rose,
Her cow slow pacing up thy left hand bank,
Intelligent of hour, the burden rich
Duteous to yield; and, yet more welcome, sees,
Not far behind, the youth beloved, from copsed
And hay-stack'd tenement down in the vale.
Yes! and thou soon shalt hear the tender vows
Of true love breathed, and breathed in sweeter sound
Than song of linnet, or the quiet tune [woods.
Of thine own stream when hush'd are all the
Mark that closed door, for it shall ope ere long,
It is the good dame's school, and in shall creep,
Like bees in spring time to their dusky hive,
The little troop, and in resembling hum
Mutter the morning task; but when yon tower
Shall tell, far heard, the welcome tale of noon,
Some striding and some tumbling o'er the sill,
The infant tribe released, with clamour loud
Shall totter down, and on thy shelving bank [hurl
Shout, laugh, and squabble, strenuous while they
The frequent stone, dividing thy smooth waves.
But, on the morrow, Sabbath bells shall ring,
And 'twixt the matin and the vesper hour,
And at the rosy setting of the sun,
That little lawless multitude, which late,
Noisy and wild, had clamour'd on thy brink,
In Sunday vestment, and with sober gait
Walk by their parents' side; while from each hand
The varied posies, dappled pinks, and rose,
Woodbine, and fragrant southernwood, and thyme
Scent the wide air. Leisure and quietness,
Apparel clean, and vacant looks, all speak
The sacred day of rest; and thou shalt bear,
From that wood-mantled tower, the holy chimes,



Silver'd and mellow'd on thy liquid course,
To neighbouring farm or cottage. There we trust
Right welcome is the sound; more welcome still
The pastor's voice persuasive, when he speaks
Of hopes eternal. Charitable deeds
Shedding a daily beauty on his life,
That makes his doctrines saintly; while, combined,
They form a picture delicate of trait
As the soft scene now mirror'd on thy breast;
While the soft scene and thou, its mirror fair,
Are all the sweet creation of his hand *
Whose touch is genius, and whose life is love.

ANNA SEWARD.

APOSTROPHE TO BRITAIN.

————— PEERLESS isle,
How dost thou sit amid thy blue domain
Of ocean, like a sceptred queen! The bonds
Like flax have wither'd from thy comely limbs.
Thou, the strong freedom of thy untamed locks
Shaking abroad, adornest God's fair world.
Thou noblest Eden of man's fallen state,
Apart and sever'd from the common earth,
Even like a precious jewel, deep and far
In the abyss of time thy dawn of pride
Still with a fuller and more constant blaze
Grows to its broad meridian, and Time's rolls
Are silent of thy setting. Oh, how fair
The steps of freemen in thy vales of peace;
Thy broad towns teem with wealth, thy yellow
fields

* The drawing was by the Rev. W. Bree.



Laugh in their full fertility ; thy bays
 Whiten and glisten with the myriad barks.
 The angels love thee, and the airs of heaven
 Are gladden'd by thy holy hymns, while Faith
 Sits on thy altars, like a nestling dove,
 In unattainted snowyness of plume.

MILMAN.

A LANDSCAPE.

Rara mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes. *Virg.*

Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom
 Frolics where the Winter frown'd,
 Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
 We command the landscape round.
 Nature in the prospect yields
 Humble dales and mountains bold,
 Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields
 Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.
 Goats upon that frowning steep,
 Fearless, with their kidlings browse ;
 Here a flock of snowy sheep,
 There a herd of motley cows.
 On the uplands, every glade
 Brightens in the blaze of day ;
 O'er the vales the sober shade
 Softens to an evening gray.
 Where the rill, by slow degrees,
 Swells into a crystal pool,
 Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
 Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shiver'd by a thunderstroke,
From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
Near the farmhouse, forms a bridge.

On her breast the sunny beam
Glitters in meridian pride;
Yonder as the virgin stream
Hastens to the restless tide:—

Where the ships by wanton gales
Wafted, o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to see their swelling sails
Whiten'd by the laughing sun!

High upon the daisied hill,
Rising from the slope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the busy breeze!—

Cheerful as a summer's morn
(Bouncing from her loaded pad),
Where the maid presents her corn,
Smirking to the miller's lad.

O'er the green a festal throng
Gambols in fantastic trim!
As the full cart moves along,
Hearken—'tis their harvest hymn!

Linnets on the crowded sprays
Chorus,—and the woodlarks rise,
Soaring with a song of praise,
Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

Torrents in extended sheets
Down the cliffs, dividing, break:
'Twixt the hills the water meets,
Settling in a silver lake!

From his languid flocks the swain,
By the sunbeams sore oppress'd,
Plunging on the watery plain,
Ploughs it with his glowing breast.

Where the mantling willows nod,
From the green bank's slopy side,
Patient, with his well thrown rod,
Many an angler breaks the tide!

On the isles, with osiers dress'd,
Many a fair-plumed halcyon breeds!
Many a wild bird hides her nest,
Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.

Fork-tail'd prattlers as they pass
To their nestlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glass,
Seem to kiss the mimick'd flock.

Where the stone-cross lifts its head,
Many a saint and pilgrim hoar
Up the hill was wont to tread,
Barefoot, in the days of yore.

Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon reverend shades,
Whilom, in that shatter'd cell,
Many a hermit told his beads.

Sultry mists surround the heath
Where the Gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath
Tottering with a load of years.

Turn to the contrasted scene,
Where, beyond these hoary piles,
Gay, upon the rising green,
Many an attic building smiles!

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling shade and light!
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight.

Hamlets—villages, and spires
Scatter'd on the landscape lie,
Till the distant view retires,
Closing in an azure sky.

CUNNINGHAM.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * *

FAIR Morn ascends; soft Zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the Spring;
Where sown profusely, herb and flower
Of balmy smell, of healing power,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in every gale.
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where sweetly pensive Silence reigns;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While winding round, diffused and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with Nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,
The seasoning of all good below!
The sovereign friend, in joy or woe!
O thou! most courted, most despised,
And but in absence duly prized!

Power of the soft and rosy face,
The vivid pulse, the vermeil grace;
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O sum of life! whose heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature, with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophied roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where in sweet sleep
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight shade,
Of death, of life alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn;
Or on the brow of mountain high
In silence feasting ear and eye
With song and prospect, which abound
From birds and woods and waters round.

But when the Sun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Languor in his train,
All Nature sickening in the blaze,
Thou, in the wild and woody maze
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plunged amid the shadows brown
Imagination lays him down,
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood :
The bee in yonder flowery nook,
The chidings of the headlong brook,
The green leaf shivering in the gale,
The warbling hill, the lowing vale,
The distant woodman's echoing stroke,
The thunder of the falling oak :
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead,
Sages or poets. See! they rise,
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men :
Lo, Socrates! the sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given :
Fathers and friends of humankind,
They form'd the nations or refined ;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mused beneath the shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid,
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb silence grew upon the hour,
A browner night involved the bower ;
When, issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
O Freedom! sovereign boon of Heaven,
Great charter with our being given,
For which the patriot and the sage
Have plann'd, have bled, through every age!

a privilege of human race,
 and a mortal monarch's grace,
 could not give, nor can reclaim,
 but from God immediate came!

* * * *

MALLET.

APOSTROPHE TO SPRING.

O, delicious Spring! God sends thee down
 to breathe upon his cold and perish'd works
 a new and glorious revival; earth should welcome thee,
 and the west wind, thy smooth paramour,
 the soft laughter of her flowery meads,
 her joys, her melodies. The prancing stag
 treads the shivering fern, the steed shakes out
 his mane, the dewy herbage silver-webb'd
 with his frank step trampling; the wild goat looks
 down
 on his empurpling bed of heath, where break
 the waters deep and blue with crystal gleams
 and their quick-leaping people: the fresh lark
 fills the morning sky, the nightingale
 sings an evensong to the dropping waterfall.
 In this life lives with loveliness, all melts
 and trembles into one mild harmony.
 No, only harsh and inharmonious man,
 no war for thy delicate feet the battle field,
 no noise as all thy smooth and flowing airs to jar
 with his hoarse trumpetings, scares thy sweet light
 with his gleams of violent and angry brass.

MILMAN.

REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon and eve and early morn
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick jasmine twined: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: methought it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings: for he paused, and look'd
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again
And sigh'd, and said, it was a blessed place.
And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless skylark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wing) in whisper'd tones
I've said to my beloved, ' Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd,
And the heart listens!'

But the time when first
From that low dell, steep up the stony mount
I climb'd with perilous toil and reach'd the top,
Oh! what a goodly scene! *Here* the bleak mount,

The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep ;
Gray clouds that shadowing spot the sunny fields ;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full with naked banks ;
And seats and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
And cots and hamlets and faint city-spire :
The channel *there*, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts and cloudlike hills and shoreless ocean ;
It seems like omnipresence ! God, methought,
Had built him there a temple : The whole world
Seem'd *imaged* in its vast circumference.
No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.
Bless'd hour ! It was a luxury—to be !

O quiet dell ! dear cot ! and mount sublime !
I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,
That I should dream away the' intrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use ?
Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth :
And he that works me good with unmoved face
Does it but half ; he chills me while he aids ;
My benefactor, not my brother man !
Yet even this, this cold beneficence
Seizes my praise, when I reflect on those,
The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe !
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies !
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of Science, Freedom, and the Truth in Christ.
Yet oft when after honourable toil

Rests the tired mind and waking loves to dream,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot!
Thy jasmine and thy window-peeping rose,
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode!
Ah!—had none greater! and that all had such!
It might be so—but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O Father! Let thy kingdom come!

COLERIDGE.

THE

SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE GARDEN.

WHERE woods of ash and beech
And partial copses fringe the green hill foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home.
There wanders by a little nameless stream
That from the hill wells forth, bright now and clear,
Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
But still refreshing in its shallow course
The cottage garden; most for use design'd,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement, yet the briar
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And pansies ray'd, and freak'd and mottled pinks
Grow among balm and rosemary and rue:
There honeysuckles flaunt and roses blow
Almost uncultured: Some with dark green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others, like velvet robes of regal state
Of richest crimson, while in thorny moss
Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.

With fond regret I recollect e'en now,
In spring and summer, what delight I felt
Among these cottage gardens, and how much
Each artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleased.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

RETURNING FROM AN EVENING VISIT.

Now let me mark civility's arrears
Where'er recorded, and repay at eve
The long due visit to the distant friend,
That, by the full orb lighted, I may march
Safe and contemplative at leisure home.
Mild be the temperature of heaven, serene
The silent atmosphere. Let fancy deem
As feels the moon-beam warm. Be nothing heard,
Save the far distant murmur of the deep—
Or the near grasshopper's incessant note
That snug beneath the wall in comfort sits,
And chirping imitates the silvery chink
Of wages told into the ploughman's palm—
Or gentle curlew, bidding kind good night
To the spent villager, or e'er his hand
The cottage taper quench—or grazing ox
His dewy supper from the savoury herb
Audibly gathering—or cheerful hind
From the loved harvest feast returning home,
Whistling at intervals some rustic air,
Or at due distance chanting in the vale
Exhilarated song. Such rural sounds,
If haply noticed by the musing mind,

Sweet interruption, yield, and thrice improve
The solemn luxury of idle thought,

Oft at yon huddled town that guards remote
The sounding ship yard and contiguous port,
By sweet civility detain'd, the bridge,
At such late hour returning, let me pass ;
What time aloft the moon, no more rotund,
Shines gibbous o'er the pure and still expanse
Of tide-uplifted Ouse, and lends to Night
An ample mirror, where her sober eye
Her twinkling jewelry and face serene,
Thrice placid and thrice beauteous, may behold.

HURDIS,

DOMESTIC COMFORT ON A STORMY NIGHT.

PLEASANT the hearth and converse snug within,
While the nocturnal tempest raves without,
For entrance buffeting the sash in vain ; [eaves
And while the sullen shower from the drench'd
Drips fast, and on the flooded pavement spans.
In such a night, who feels not Heaven his friend
To bless him with a warm secure abode
Impervious to the blast and chilly shower ?
Who feels it not vast privilege to sit
And court the glowing embers of his hearth,
Till at his bidding their aspiring flames
Illuminate and cheer his farthest room ?
Who deems it not rich pleasure, then, to read
By the clear taper unannoyed, or sweep
The strings of harmony unvex'd, and hear
At every pause the persevering storm

Rave at his window, in his chimney howl?
 Who thinks his lot unhappy, then, to sup
 At an ill furnish'd board, whose only fare
 Springs from the dairy and the winnow'd floor?
 Who deems not shelter and a crust a feast,
 To the hard fate of him who plods without
 Fatigued and weather-foil'd, or his more hard
 Who wrestles with inclement skies above
 And tossing seas beneath, nor dares retire,
 Fearful of shipwreck, till the dawn returns?
 Is he not lapp'd in paradise who thinks,
 Ere slumber close his eyes, how others toil
 While peace and comfort curtain him around?

HURDIS.

THE SEASONS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Spring.

~~For~~ yet I sing the round-revolving year,
 And show the toils and pastime of the swain,
 At Alcon's* grave I drop a pious tear;
 Right well he knew to raise his learned strain,
 And, like his Milton, scorn'd the rhyming chain.
 Ah! cruel fate, to tear him from our eyes;
 Receive his wreath, albe the tribute's vain,
 From the green sod may flowers immortal rise,
 To mark the sacred spot where the sweet poet lies.

It is the cuckoo that announceth spring,
 And with his wreakful † tale the spouse doth fray:
 Meanwhile the finches harmless ditties sing,
 And hop, in buxom youth, from spray to spray,

* *The late Mr. Thomson.*† *Revengeful.*

Proud as Sir Paridel of rich array.
The little wantons that draw Venus' team
Chirp amorous through the groves in bevvies gay;
And he, who erst gain'd Leda's fond esteem,
Now sails on Thamis' tide, the glory of the stream!

Proud as the Turkish soldan, chaunticleer
Sees with delight his numerous race around:
He grants fresh favours to each female near;
For love as well as cherisaunce renown'd.
The waddling dame that did the Gauls confound
Her tawny sons doth lead to rivers cold;
While Juno's darling*, with majestic bound,
To charm his leman† doth his train unfold,
That glows with vivid green, that flames with
burning gold.

The balmy cowslip gilds the smiling plain,
The virgin snowdrop boasts her silver hue,
A hundred tints the gaudy daisy stain,
And the meek violet, in amis blue,
Cleeps low to earth, and hides from public view:
But the rank nettle rears her crest on high;
So ribalds loose their front unblushing shew,
While modest merit doth neglected lie,
And pines in lonely shade, unseen of vulgar eye.

See! all around the gallless culver's‡ bill,
Meanwhile the nightingale's becalming lays
Mix with the plaintive music of the rill,
The which in various gyres the meadow bays§.
Behold! the welkin bursts into a blaze!
Fast by the car of light the nimble hours,
In songs of triumph, hail his genial rays;

* Darling.

† Lover.

‡ Dove.

§ Bathes.

And as they wend to Thetis' cooling bowers,
They bound along the sky and strew the heavens
with flowers.

And now the human bosom melts to love ;
The raptured bard awakes his skilful lyre ;
By running streams or in the laurel grove
He tunes to amorous notes his sounding wire :
All, all is harmony, and all desire.
The happy numbers charm the blooming maid,
Her blushing cheeks pronounce her heart on fire ;
She now consents, then shuns the embowering
shade ;
With faint reluctance yields ; desirous, yet afraid.

Now rustic Cuddy, with untutor'd throat
(Though much admired, I ween, of nymph and
swain),
By various songs would various ends promote.
Seeks he to prove that woman's vows are vain !
He Bateman's fortune tells, a baleful strain !
And if to honour Britain he be led,
He sings a 'prentice bold in lands profane,
Who, all unarm'd, did strike two lions dead,
Tore forth their savage hearts, and did a princess
wed.

But hark ! the bagpipe summons to the green,
The jocund bagpipe that awaketh sport !
The blithesome lasses, as the morning sheen ;
Around the flower-crown'd maypole quick resort :
The gods of pleasure here have fix'd their court.
Quick on the wing the flying moments seize,
Nor build up ample schemes, for life is short,
Short as the whisper of the passing breeze :
Yet ah ! in vain I preach—mine heart is ill at ease.

Summer.

BENEATH yon snubby * oak's extended shade
Safe let me hide me from the eye of day;
Nor shall the dogstar this retreat invade,
As through the heavens he speeds his burning way
The sultry lion rages for his prey.
Ah, Phoebus! quench thy wild destroying fire;
Each flower, each shrub doth sink beneath thy ray
Save the fresh laurel, that shall ne'er expire:
The leaves that crown a bard may brave celestia
ire.

Or shall I hie to mine own hermitage,
Round which the wanton vine her arms doth wind
There may I lonely turn the sacred page,
Improve my reason, and amend my mind;
Here 'gainst life's ills a remedy I find.
A hundred flowers emboss the verdant ground,
A little brook doth my sweet cottage bind;
Its waters yield a melancholy sound,
And soothe to study deep, or lull to sleep profound

The playful insect hopping in the grass
Doth tire the hearer with his sonnet shrill;
The pool-sprung gnat on sounding wing doth pass
And on the ramping steed doth suck his fill:
Ah me, can little creatures work such ill!
The patient cow doth to eschew the heat
Her body steep within the neighbouring rill;
And while the lambs in fainter voices bleat,
Their mothers hang their heads in doleful plight
weat.

* Knotty.

Reckless of seasons, see the lusty swains
Along the meadow spread the tawny hay ;
The maidens too undaunted seek the plains,
Ne fear to show their faces to the ray ;
But all the honest badge of toil display.
See how they mould the haycock's rising head ;
While wanton Colin, full of amorous play,
Down throweth Susan, who doth shriek for dread.
Fear not thou canst be hurt upon so soft a bed.

At length the sun doth hasten to repose,
And all the vault of heaven is streak'd with light ;
In flamy gold the ruddy welkin glows,
And for the noonday heat our pains doth quite * ,
For all is calm, serene, and passing bright.
Favonius gentle skims along the grove,
And sheds sweet odours from his pennons light :
The little bat in giddy orbs doth rove,
And loud the screechowl shrieks to rouse her blue-
eyed love.

Menalcas came to take the evening gale,
His cheeks impurpled with the rose of youth,
He won each damsel with his piteous tale,
They thought they listen'd to the words of truth,
Yet their belief did work them muchel ruth.
His oaths were light as gossamer or air,
His tongue was poisonous as aspic's tooth.
Ah! cease to promise joy and give despair :
'Tis brave to smite the foe ; 'tis base to wrong the
fair.

The gentle Thyrsis, mild as opening morn,
Came to the lawn, and Marian there was found,
Marian whom many housewife arts adorn ;
Right well she knew the apple to surround

* Requite.

With dulcet crust; and Tomalin, renowned
For his achievements in the wrestling ring;
He held at nought the vantage of the ground,
But prone to earth the hardest wight would fling;
Such was Alcides erst, if poets sooth do sing.

From tree-crown'd hill, from flower-enameled vale,
The mild inhabitants in crowds appear
To tread a measure; while night's regent pale
Doth through the sky her silver chariot steer,
Whose lucid wheels were deck'd with dew-drops
clear,
The which, like pearls, descended on the plain:
Now every youth doth clasp his mistress dear,
And every nymph rewards her constant swain.
Thrice happy he who loves and is beloved again.

Autumn.

SEE jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green,
In wholesome lustyhed doth mount the sphere,
A leafy girlond binds her temples sheen,
Instubbed richly with the spiky ear;
Her right hand bears a vine-incircled spear,
Such as the crew did wield from Bacchus' lad,
When to the Ganges he his course did steer;
And in her left a bugle horn she had,
On which she eft did blow and make the heart
right glad.

In slow procession moves the tottering wain,
The sunburnt hinds their finish'd toil ensue *;
Now in the barn they house the glittering grain,
And there the cries of 'harvest home' renew,

* Follow.

The honest farmer does his friends salew*;
 And them with jugs of ale his wife doth treat,
 Which, for that purpose, she at home did brew;
 They laugh, they sport, and homely jests repeat,
 Then smack their lasses' lips, their lips as honey
 sweet.

On every hill the purple blushing vine
 Beneath her leaves her racy fruit doth hide:
 Albe † she pour not floods of foaming wine,
 Yet are we not potations bland denied;
 See where the pear tree doth in earth abide,
 Bruise her rich fruitage, and the grape disdain;
 The apple too will grant a generous tide,
 To sing whose honours Thenot raised his strain,
 Whose soul-enchantiḡ lays still charm the listen-
 ing plain.

Through grayish mists behold Aurora dawns,
 And to his sport the wary fowler hies;
 Crouching to earth his guileful pointer fawns;
 Now the thick stubble, now the clover tries,
 To find where, with his race, the partridge lies;
 Ah! luckless sire, ah! luckless race, I ween,
 Whom force compels, or subtle arts surprise;
 More uncles ‡ wait to cause thee dolorous teen §,
 Doom'd to escape the deep and perish on the green.

The full mouth'd hounds pursue the timorous hare,
 And the hills echo to the joyful cry;
 Ah, borrow the light pennons of the air,
 If you're arraught||, you die, poor wretch, you die.

* Salute.

† Although.

‡ Dædalus envying Perdix his nephew's skill in mechanics, threw him into the sea. He escaped death by being changed into a partridge.

§ Anguish.

|| Reached, overtaken.

Nought will avail the pity-pleading eye,
 For our good squire doth much against you rail,
 And saith you often magic arts do try;
 At times you wave Grimalkin's sooty tail,
 Or on a beesom vild you through the welkin sail.

The stag is roused; he stems the threatening flood
 That shall ere long his matchless swiftness quell;
 And, to avoid the tumult of the wood,
 Among his well known pheers* attempts to mell†:
 With horn and hoof his purpose they repel.
 Thus, should a maid from virtue's lore ystray,
 Your sex, my Daphne, show their vengeance fell;
 Your cruel selves with gall the shaft embay‡,
 And lash from pardon's shrine the penitent away.

Now silence charms the sages of the gown,
 To purer air doth speed each crafty wight;
 The well squeezed client quits the dusty town,
 Grown gray in the asserting of his right;
 With head yfraught with law, and pockets light,
 Well pleased he wanders o'er the fallow lea,
 And views each rural object with delight.
 Ne'er be my lot the brawling courts to see;
 Who trusts to lawyer's tongue doth much mis-
 ween§, perdy.

Right bless'd the man who, free from bitter bale||,
 Doth in the little peaceful hamlet dwell,
 No loud contention doth his ears assail,
 Save when the tempest whistles o'er his cell;

* Pheers.

† Mix.

‡ Bathe.

§ Judges ill.

Sorrow.

The fruitful down, the flower-depainted dell,
 To please his eyne are variously array'd;
 And when in roundelay his flame he'd tell,
 He gains a smile from his beloved maid;
 By such a gentle smile an age of pain's repaid.

Winter.

THE little brook that erst my cot did lave,
 And o'er its flinty pavement sweetly sung,
 Doth now forget to roll her wanton wave,
 For winter hoar her icy chain has flung,
 And stilled the babbling music of her tongue.
 The lonely woodcock seeks the splashy glen,
 Each mountain head with fleecy snow is hung,
 The snipe and duck enjoy the moorish fen,
 Like eremites* they live, and shun the sight of
 men.

The wareless† sheep no longer bite the mead,
 Nomore the ploughboy turns the stubborn ground;
 At the full crib the horned labourers feed,
 Their nostrils cast black clouds of smoke around;
 A squalid coat doth the lean steed surround;
 The wily fox doth prowl abroad for prey,
 Reckless of snares or of the' avenging hound;
 And trusty Lightfoot, now no longer gay,
 Sleeps at the kitchen hearth his cheerless hours
 away.

Where erst the boat and slowly moving barge
 Did with delight cut through the dimpling plain,
 Now wanton boys and men do roam at large;
 The river gods quit their usurped domain,

* Hermits.

† Stupified.

Or how the wayward mother to chastise,
When from her vetchy nest the weetless vagrant
hies..

When glittering spangles deck the robe of night,
And all their kine in pens avoid the cold ;
The buxom troops, still eager of delight,
Round Damon's eyne a drapet* white infold,
He darkling gropes til' he some one can hold.
Next Corin hides his head, and must impart
What wanton fair one smote his hand so bold.
He Delia names, nor did from truth depart ;
For well he knew her touch who long had fired
his heart.

Stay, I conjure you by your hopes of bliss,
Trust not, my Daphne, the rough-biting air ;
Let not rude winds those lips of softness kiss ;
Will Eurus stern the charms of beauty spare ?
No, he will hurt my rosy-featured fair,
If aught so bright dares rugged carle invade,
Too tender thou such rough assaults to bear ;
The mountain ash may stand though stripp'd of
shade,
But at the slightest wound the silken flower will
fade.

MENDEZ†.

* A linen cloth.

† Mendez, who was the intimate friend of Thomson, was of a Jewish family, and was born in London. He took the degree of M. A. at Oxford, in 1750. Unlike poets in general, Mendez was one of the favourites of Fortune, and he died worth a hundred thousand pounds.

BIRDS IN SPRING.

WHILE thus the imprison'd leaves and waking
flowers
Burst from their tombs, the birds that lurk'd unseen
Amid the hybernal shade, in busy tribes
Pour their forgotten multitudes, and catch
New life, new rapture from the smile of Spring.
The oak's dark canopy, the moss-grown thorns
Flutter with hurried pinions, and resound
With notes that suit a forest; some, perchance,
Rude singly, yet with sweeter notes combined
In unison harmonious; notes that speak,
In language vocal to the listening wood,
The fears and hopes, the griefs and joys that heave
The feather'd breast. Proud of cerulean stains,
From heaven's unsullied arch purloin'd, the jay
Screams hoarse. With shrill and oft repeated cry,
Her angular course, alternate rise and fall,
The woodpecker prolongs; then to the trunk
Close clinging with unwearied beak assails
The hollow bark: through every cell the strokes
Roll the dire echoes that from wintry sleep
Awake her insect prey; the' alarmed tribes
Start from each chink that bores the mouldering
stem: [foe
Their scatter'd flight with lengthening tongue the
Pursues; joy glistens on her verdant plumes,
And brighter scarlet sparkles on her crest.
From bough to bough the restless magpie roves,
And chatters as she flies. In sober brown
Dress'd, but with nature's tenderest pencil touch'd,

The wryneck * her monotonous complaint
 Continues, harbinger of her who, doom'd
 Never the sympathetic joy to know
 That warms the mother cowering o'er her young,
 A stranger robs, and to that stranger's love
 Her egg commits unnatural: the nurse,
 Unwitting of the change, her nestling feeds
 With toil augmented; its portentous throat
 Wondering she views with ceaseless hunger gape,
 Starts at the glare of its capacious eyes,
 Its giant bulk, and wings of hues unknown.
 Meanwhile the little songsters, prompt to cheer
 Their mates close brooding in the brake below,
 Strain their shrill throats; or, with parental care,
 From twig to twig their timid offspring lead,
 Teach them to seize the unwary gnat, to poise
 Their pinions, in short flights their strength to prove,
 And venturous trust the bosom of the air.

GISBORNE.

BIRDS BUILDING THEIR NESTS.

Now every feather'd tenant of the grove
 Labours his sweetest song, studious to cheer
 His busy mate, a pensive architect,
 That builds the woven wonder of the nest!
 Laps in a gentle cradle lined with down
 Her future brood, or vigilant expects
 Day after day the pregnant egg to live
 And supplicate provision not in vain.
 Such care maternal needs the sweet relief

* The Welsh consider this bird as the forerunner or servant of the cuckoo, and call it *gwas y gog*, or the cuckoo's attendant. The Swedes regard it in the same light. In the midland counties of England the common people call it the cuckoo's maiden.

Of labour'd song, and sometimes, parent sir,
The free existence of a silent beak ;
Enamour'd songsters, grateful is the task,
While you from every brake the rising orb
With sweet hosanna welcome, to admire
And mark the several energies that fill
Your morning anthem of spontaneous praise.
The sparrow couple with industrious bill
The scatter'd straw collect, contriving snug
Under the cottage eave or low-roof'd barn
Their genial couch. More than mere chirpers now
They watch the floating feather as it flies,
Eye-serve the goose for his superfluous down,
Or dressing fowl, or self-adorning drake,
And bear triumphant the loose spoil away.
Nor these alone are busy. Feathery pairs,
Innumerable as the kindling bud,
Of wedded cares partake, and build the nest,
And hopes divide with constancy that shames
Man's brittle contract and infirm regard.
Lo! to the steeple with alternate wing
Bears expeditious his long twig the daw,
Nor seldom struggles with his awkward freight,
And drops it, startled by the hooting boy
That shouts beneath. The solitary dove,
Which loves the still dilapidated tower
Of desert castle or the time-cleft arch
Of ancient chantry, whose unshelter'd shafts
Ivy in pity clothes, and verdant moss
Crowns in respect his weatherbeaten head,
With frequent wing alighting in the field
Bears the loose stubble thence, and builds on high
Her bed unseen beyond the pilferer's reach.
*His airy nursery in the neighbouring elm
Constructs the social rook, and makes the grow*

That girds the crumbling edifice around,
And every angle of its ruined pile
With the base note of his harsh love resound.

Tell me, philosopher, in what sage school
Of perfect wisdom were the feathery folk
Taught to diversify and labour each
The several nest of his peculiar race?
Where learn'd the sloven sparrow, little wise,
Or little studious to excel, his art
Inferior, the maternal cell to thatch?
Whence drew the marten his superior skill
To knead and temper, masonlike, the slime
Of street or stagnant pool, and build aloft
Beneath the cornice brink or shady porch
His snug depending couch, on nothing hung,
Founded in air, and finish'd with a neat
Convenient aperture, from whence he bolts
Sudden, and whither brisk returns with mouth
Fill'd for his hiant offspring? Whence received
The daw his lesson, or the rook, the one
Within his lonely unfrequented tower
Weaving his basket of unnumber'd twigs,
The other on the topmost elm sublime
His wicker cradle fixing, to be rock'd
By the rude nurse Adversity's strong gale?
Whence knew the sprightly golden pinion'd finch,
Of ruddy countenance, and ivory beak,
And coat of sleekest umber, his fond art
To line with locks and pave with neatest lowe
The verdant nest of interwoven moss,
Fast to the blushing apple's forked branch,
Amid the blossoms of the codlin tied?
Thou prying schoolboy, spare the neat design,
And think of Him whose all-protecting hand

Secretes the nestling with innumerable leaves,
And with abundant foliage makes obscure
And to the sight impervious, branches erst
Easily pierced, or by the solar ray
Or beam of human eye or arrowy gale,—
Dark and impenetrable now to all.
Think of His mercy that protects the nest;
And, kind to all, with more especial love
The linnet spare and finch of crimson face,
That twitter each the none-offending song
Of quiet prettiness, and pluck the down
Of the prolific thistle for their bread.
Not to destroy be earnest, but to save.

HURDIS.

BIRDS IN WINTER.

SUBDUED by hunger the poor feathery tribes
Small dread of man retain, though wounded oft,
Oft slain or scared by his resounding tube.
The fieldfare gray and he of ruddier wing
Hop o'er the field unheeding, easy prey
To him whose heart has adamant enough
To level thunder at their humble race.
The sable bird melodious from the bough
No longer springs alert and clamorous,
Short flight and sudden with transparent wing
Along the dyke performing, fit by fit :
Shuddering he sits in horrent coat outsworn ;
Despair has made him silent, and he falls
From his loved hawthorn, of its berry spoil'd,
A wasted skeleton shot through and through
By the near-aiming sportsman. Lovely bird,
So end thy sorrows, and so ends thy song!
Never again in the still summer's eve,

Or early dawn of purple-vested morn,
Shalt thou be heard, or solitary song
Whistle contented from the watery bough,
What time the sun flings o'er the dewy earth
An unexpected beam, fringing with flame
The cloud immense, whose shower-shedding folds
Have all day dwelt upon a deluged world.
No, thy sweet pipe is mute, it sings no more.

High on the topmost branches of the elm
In sable conversation sits the flock
Of social starlings, the withdrawing beam
Enjoying, supperless, of hasty day.

Half starved and petrified the pigeon moves
With bloated plumage on the dovehouse sill,
And seems forgetful of his amorous bow
And note of love profound. No more he starts
With loud-applauding wing from his hush'd cove,
Nor sweeps with swift career the snowy down.

But most of all subdued, or fearful least
Of man's society, with ruddy breast
Against the window beats, sagacious bird,
The robin. At the door half open left
Or by the gale unlatch'd, or narrow pass
Of air-admitting casement, or (to him
Sufficient port) the splinter'd aperture
Of attic pane demolish'd, with a flirt
Enters the fledged intruder. He has left
His haunt divine, the woodhouse and the barn,
A feathery mendicant made bold by want,
And every little action asks aloud
Alms the most indigent might well afford,
A drop of water and a crumb of bread.
Timid and sleek upon the floor he hops,
His every feather clutch'd, all ear, all eye,
And springing swift at the first sound he hears,

Thumps for dismissal on the healthy pane,
Sweet beggar, no. Impenetrable glass
Has closed around thee its transparent cage,
Escape denying. Satisfy thy need,
And, having fed, be free. Beneath my chair
Sit budge, a feathery bunch; upon its staves
Polish thy clattering beak; with head reversed
Dress every plume that decks thy plain surtout,
And either pinion of thy slender wing;
With bridled bill thy ruddy bosom smooth,
And, all perform'd, delight me if thou wilt
With a faint sample of contented song,
Concise and sweet: then flit around the room,
Cheerful though silent, seizing with an air
Each crumb diminutive which the last meal
Dropp'd unperceived, and the religious broom
Unconscious left upon the woven floor,
Or which the hand of charity lets fall,
Not grudging. Banquet here and sleep to-night,
And when thy morning meal is finish'd, fly;
Nothing unwelcome if thou dare return,
And daily seek the hospitable feast
Strew'd to invite thee on the casement ledge.

Soon as eve closes, the loud hooting owl,
That loves the turbulent and frosty night,
Perches aloft upon the rocking elm
And halloos to the moon. She, mounting slow,
Steers her wild voyage through a troubled sea
Of dissipated scud, apparent oft,
Oft intercepted by the billowy skirt
Of the fleet vapour, oft in part o'ercome,
Yet still victorious be the storm how rude,
And nothing later at the port she seeks,
Retarded by the tide of adverse cloud.

HURDIS.

THE ANGRY BULL.

Now is it sometimes pleasure to steal forth
At sultry midnoon, when the busy fly
Swarms multitudinous, and the vex'd herd
Of milch-kine slumber in yon elm-grove shade,
Or unrecumbent exercise the cud
With milky mouths. 'Tis pleasure to approach
And, by the strong fence shielded, view secure
Thy terrors, Nature, in the savage bull.
Soon as he marks me, be the tyrant fierce—
To earth descends his head—hard breathe his lungs
Upon the dusty sod—a sullen leer
Gives double horror to the frowning curls
Which wrap his forehead—and ere long be heard
From the deep cavern of his lordly throat
The growl insufferable; not more dread
And not more sullen the profoundest peal
Of the far distant storm which o'er the deep,
Clothed in the pall of midnight premature,
At evening hangs, and jars the solid earth
With its remote explosion. Tramples then
The surly brute impatient of disdain,
And spurns the soil with irritated hoof,
Himself inhaler of the dusty cloud,
Himself insulted by the pebbly shower
Which his vain fury raises. Nothing fear'd,
Let him incensed from agitated lungs
Blow his shrill trump acute till echo ring,
And with a leer of malice steal away,
Assault and vengeance swearing ere be long.

HURDIS.

A FROSTY MORNING.

'Tis morning ; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the' horizon ; while the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From every herb and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye asking
I view the muscular proportion'd limb
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless
As they design'd to mock me, at my side
Take step for step ; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall
Preposterous sight ! the legs without the neck
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge ; and the ben
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and, in bright apparel clad
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fern
Screens them, and seem half petrified to stand
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder ; not like hungry
Fretful if unsupplied ; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay

He from the stack carves out the' accustom'd load,
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging oft
His broad keen knife into the solid mass :
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away : no needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy and lean and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a frisk
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or plough it with his snout :
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves righttoward the mark ; nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose : the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost or from the neighbouring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well known call
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves
To seize the fair occasion ; well they eye
The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolved

To' escape the' impending famine, often sea
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut; and, wading at their heels
With well consider'd steps, seems to resent
His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd.
How find the myriads that in summer cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless song
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now
Earth yields them nought; the' imprison'd worms
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie cover'd close; and berry-bearing thorns
That feed the thrush, (whatever some supply
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigour of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chink
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end
As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die
The very rooks and daws forsake the fields
Where neither grub nor root nor earth-nut
Repays their labour more; and perch'd aloof
By the way side, or stalking in the path,
Lean pensioners upon the traveller's track,
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to
Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.
The streams are lost amid the splendid blare
O'erwhelming all distinction. On the floor
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
Lies undissolved; while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away.
*Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps
The milldam, dashes on the restless wheel*

And wantons in the pebbly gulf below :
 No frost can bind it there ; its utmost force
 Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,
 That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.
 And see where it has hung the' embroider'd banks
 With forms so various that no powers of art,
 The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene !
 Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high
 (Fantastic misarrangement !) on the roof
 Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
 And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops
 That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
 Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
 And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.
 Here grotto within grotto safe defies
 The sunbeam ; there, emboss'd and fretted wild,
 The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
 Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
 The likeness of some object seen before.

COWPER.

M O R N I N G.

BEAUTEOUS thy blue uprising, mist-robed Morn ;
 All thy bright glittering of fantastic dews
 With their thin tissue silkening the green meads,
 And all thy music of blithe leaves that dance
 In the caressing breeze, and matin's gay
 From all the living woodland ; Sleep is pleased
 To be so sweetly banish'd her soft reign.
 But dreary are thy sounds, and sad thy light
 On the lewd wassail, riot orgies rude,
 Polluting day with sights that shame dark night.

MILMAN.

A FOGGY MORNING.

NOT pleasureless the morn, when dismal fog
Rolls o'er the dewy plain, or thin mist drive
When the lone timber's saturated branch
Drips freely, and with large redundant drop
The spread umbrella pelts, which the chill'd
Screens, and o'ercanopies the languid lock.
Shorn of his glory, through the dim profound
With melancholy aspect looks the orb
Of stifled day, and while he strives to pierce
And dissipate the slow reluctant gloom
Seems but a rayless globe, an autumn moon
That gilds opaque the purple zone of eve,
Nor yet distributes of her thrifty beam.
Lo! now he conquers; now, subdued awhile
Awhile subduing, the departed mist
Yields us a brighter beam, or darker cloud;
His crimson disk obscure. Through the thin
Of his foul mantle reads the bard, well pleas'd
A kindling glimpse of the pure azure field
Of heaven's unbounded champaign, and the
Of winter's noon serene with inward joy
Greets ere it bless his sight. To him who
Now in the shelter'd mead, loud roars above
Among the naked branches of the elm,
Still freshening as the hurried cloud departs
The strong Atlantic gale. Not louder falls
The foamy lasher's cataract superb
In fullest flood-time, when impatient Thame
Fights with the lock which chains him to his
And strives to burst his manacles in vain.

HURD

SIGNS OF A COMING STORM.

As, when the daw-throng on the steeple perch,
Ambitious of its loftiest vane, and smoke
Shot upwards from the funnel mounts erect,
Fair day succeeds ; so when the turbid stream
That issues from the chimney falls depress'd,
And travels foglike o'er the dewy field,
While at a distance the loud western bell
Distinctly sings, day foul and pluvius comes.
Dim the nocturnal sky ; its feebler lights
Lost in the dense profound, its brighter gems
Obscurely visible. If chance the moon
Cross the quench'd Empyrean, her sad orb
Shines with abated beam, and seems to wear
A misty atmosphere. Far in the void
An ampler circle with capacious zone
Her central disk encloses. Spiritless
At his round table sits the farmer lord ;
A drowsy yawn his pipe-inhaling jaws
Relaxes often. At his foot the cur [dreams,
Sleeps on the hearth outstretch'd, and yelping
Or lifts his head, astonish'd at the dance
Of frisking puss who on the sanded floor
Gambols excessive. Such ere close of day
Were the wild antics of the frantic herd
(Alike prophetic of the morrow storm)
Who leap'd and raced and bellow'd in the mead,
And clash'd their horny foreheads, staring fierce.
Dim in the socket burns the sulky wick,
Nor heeds the trimming hand which oft divides
The kindled fibres of its nape in vain,
And to the oil redundant, that would drown
Its feeble flame, relieving sluice affords.

HURDIS.

A FALL OF SNOW.

WILD flies the midday vapour dense and foul,
And soon shall come the fall. O'er the blue deep
Of beauteous ether trails the lazy cloud,
A sable fleece, repository dark
Of murky snows unwinnow'd, stooping low,
Lambent already of the topmost hill.
Few flakes of every size float through the air,
And undetermined or to rise or fall,
Caught by the circling eddy of the breeze,
Lo! now they mingle all in rapid dance,
And with a sweep descend. A feathery shower
Of flakes enormous follows, lighting soft
As cygnet's down, or egret from the head
Of thistle ravish'd. Oft against the shower
Homeward returns the steeple-loving daw,
But, blinded still, with agitated wing,
Down drops, struggling in vain, and to the branch,
Which midway meets him in his worried flight,
Retires defeated. To his early couch,
The golden lap of the vast western cloud
Which spreads beneath him its capacious bed,
Hastens the sun, or through the saffron skirt
Of the dark cloud that overtakes his orb
Snow-shedding, with dishevel'd beams aslant
Disorder'd smiles. In his pale watery ray
Glitter the distant vane and gilded clock.
Night follows muffled in profoundest gloom,
The sullen gale howls in the dismal elm,
Or in the chimney groans, with sudden gust
Oft forcing downward a sulphureous puff
Noisome below. Against the window pelts
Scarce heard, at intervals, the frozen shower,

And, every crevice entering, piles within
Drift unperceived of its thrice-bolted flake. [sun
How changed the daybreak! The bright yester
Led forth a peerless morn, and smiling scaled
The still meridian of heaven's ample dome,
Cloudless, and lined with an unspotted vest
Of purest blue; while laughing earth beneath
Show'd no reluctant verdure, well content,
However keen the season, to expand
Her vernal mantle o'er the humid field.
Now breaks, in vapour wrapp'd, the piercing dawn.
Unusual light upon the ceiling thrown
Wakes from its slumber the suspicious eye,
And bids it look abroad on hill and dale,
Cottage and steeple, in the niveous stole
Of Winter trimly dress'd. The silent shower,
Precipitated still, no breeze disturbs,
While fine as dust it falls. Deep on the face
Of the wide landscape lies the spotless flood
Accumulating still, a vast expanse,
Save where the frowning wood without a leaf
Rears its dark branches on the distant hill,
Or hedge-row, ill discern'd, with dreary length
Strides o'er the vale encumber'd, or lone church
Stands vested weatherward in snowy pall,
Conspicuous half, half not to be discerned.
The yester wain, that thunder'd as it pass'd,
Nor made impression on the rugged plain
With frozen sockets rough, now softly moves
And labours silent through the feathery drift,
As if its every wheel and every hoof
Were shod with noiseless felt or stiller down.
How fair the deluge that enwraps the hill!
Its whiteness *shames* the murky cloud above,

A

Makes ocean turbid seem and doubly foul,
And to the sullied aspect of the cliff
Allows no neatness. What if the clear orb
Of night or day from the pure vault of heaven
Look unimpeded down! How glowing then
The thrice-bleach'd purity of earth beneath,
Wrapp'd like a spirit in a blaze of light;
And how excell'd her splendour, well opposed
By the deep azure of the heaven above.

HURDIS.

FALL OF SNOW IN THE EVENING.

How calm is my recess; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within!
I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share.
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently perform'd,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes
Descending, and with never ceasing lapse,

Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. . Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle—and the green
And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted ; or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side ;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves ; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others, suffering more.
Ill fares the traveller now and he who stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels ; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow :
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on ;
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy ; and in my account, denied
That sensibility of pain with which
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou !
Thy frame robust and hardy feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.

The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.

COWPER.

A HORSEMAN IN A SNOW STORM.

MARK on that road, whose unobstructed course
With long white line the' unburied furze divides
Yon solitary horseman urge his way.
He, not unmindful of the brooding storm,
Ere yet, by strong necessity compell'd
Of pressing occupation, he exchanged
The blazing hearth, the firm compacted roof,
For naked forests and uncertain skies,
With sapient caution arm'd himself to meet
The winter's utmost rage. In silken folds
Twice round his neck the handkerchief he twined
His legs he cased in boots of mighty size,
And strength experienced oft; warm'd through
and through

In chimney corner; and with glassy face
Prepared descending torrents to repel,
As roll the round drops from the silvery leaf
Of rain-besprinkled colewort, or the plumes
Of seagull sporting in the broken wave.
Then o'er his limbs the stout great coat he drew,
With collar raised aloft, and threefold cape
Sweep below sweep in wide concentric curves
Low down his back dependent: on his breast
The fold he cross'd, and in its destined hole
Each straining button fix'd: erect he stood,
Like huge portmanteau on its end uprear'd;
Fearless he sallied forth; nor yet disdain'd

The heartening draught from tankard capp'd with
 By host officious to the horseblock berne [foam,
 With steady hand, and eloquently praised ;
 While lingering on the step his eye he turn'd
 To every wind, and mark'd the embattled clouds
 Ranging their squadrons in the sullen East.
 How fares he now ? Caught on the middle waste,
 Where no deep wood its hospitable gloom
 Offers; no friendly thicket bids him cower
 Beneath its tangled roof; no lonely tree
 Warns him to seek its leeward side, and cleave,
 Erect and into narrowest space compress'd,
 To the bare trunk, if haply it may ward
 The driving tempest; with bewilder'd haste
 Onward he comes. ' Hither direct thy speed;
 This sheltering grove'—He hears not! Mark his
 Oblique presented to the storm! his hand, [head
 Enveloped deep beneath the inverted cuff,
 Strives to confine, with many a fruitless grasp,
 His ever flapping hat; the cold drench'd glove
 Clings round the imprison'd fingers. O'er his knees
 His coat's broad skirt, scanty now proved too late,
 He pulls and pulls impatient, muttering wrath
 At pilfering tailors. Baffled and perplex'd,
 With joints benumb'd and aching, scarce he holds
 The rein, scarce guides the steed, with breathless
 toil [blast.
 O'erpower'd, and shrinking sideways from the
 Behold that steed, with icy mane, and head
 Dépress'd, and quivering ears now forward bent,
 Now backward swiftly thrown, and offering still
 Their convex penthouse to the shifting gale :
 Behold that steed, on indurated balls
 Of snow upraised, like schoolboy rear'd on stilts,
 Labour unbalanced : the fallacious prop,

Now this, now that, breaks short; with sudden jerk
He sinks, half falling; and recovering quick,
On legs of length unequal reels along.
Scarce on his seat can clinging knees sustain
The trembling rider: while the snow upheaves
In drifts athwart his course projected broad;
Or o'er the uncover'd gravel rattling sweeps,
Caught up in sudden eddies, and aloft,
Like smoke in suffocating volumes whirl'd.
The road he quits unwary, wandering wide
O'er the bleak waste mid brushwood wrapp'd in
snow,
Down rough declivities and fractured banks,
Through miry plashes, cavities unseen,
And bogs of treacherous surface; till afar
From all that meets his recollection borne,
Dismay'd by hazards scarce escaped, and dread
Of heavier perils imminent, he stands
Dismounted and aghast. Now Evening draws
Her gathering shades around; the tempest fierce
Drives fiercer. Chill'd within him sinks his heart,
Home crowds upon his bosom. The wild blast
Appall'd he hears, thinks on his wife and babes,
And doubts if ever he shall see them more.
But comfort is at hand; the skies have spent
In that last gust their fury. From the west
The setting sun with horizontal gleam [breach
Cleaves the dense clouds; and through the golden
Strikes the scathed oak, whose branches peel'd and
'Gainst the retiring darkness of the storm (bare
With fiery lustre glow. The traveller views
The well known landmark, lifts to heaven his eyes
Swimming with gratitude, the friendly track
Regains, and speeds exulting on his way.

REV. T. GIBBORNE.

THE FERN BURNER.

Yet cannot heat's meridian rage deter
The cottage-matron from her annual toil.
On that rough bank behold her bent to reap
The full-grown fern, her harvest, and prepare
Her ashy balls of purifying fame.
Lo! yon bare spot she destines for the hearth;
Now strikes the steel, the tinder covers light
With wither'd leaves and dry; now stoops to fan
The glimmering sparks, and motionless remains,
Watching the infant flame from side to side
Run through the thin materials. Round her stray
Children or grandchildren, a cheerful train,
Dispersed among the bushes; earnest each
To execute the task her nod assigns,
Half sport, half labour, fit for early youth.
One plies the hook, the rake another trails;
Another, staggering, bears the verdant load
Uplifted in his arms; another hastes
Her apron's burden to discharge. Each step
Active and prompt obedience quickens, zeal
Inspired by love; the temper of the soul
Which to the parent most endears the child,
The Christian to his God. Well pleased the dame
Receives their tribute; part she heaps aside
In store for night, the embers to preserve
From quenching dews; part on the kindled pile
Adroit she sprinkles; duly with her fork
Then opes the sinking strata to admit
Currents of needful air; at every gale
The enliven'd mass glows bright, and crackles loud.
Puffing from numerous chinks the smoke unfolds
Its wreathed volumes; not as when, condensed
By evening's gelid atmosphere, it creeps

Below the hill, and draws along the ground
Its lengthen'd train, and spreading as it ro
Melts in blue vapour; but aspiring shoots
Its growth columnar, and displays afar
Its broad and dusky head, to pilgrim's eye
As view'd o'er Salem's plain the palm tree
Hence shall the matron in the distant town
With lifted hands her snowy flax admire,
And scorn the produce of Hibernian looms

REV. T. GISBO

GIPSIES.

I SEE a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the willow
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle slung
Between two poles upon a stick transvers
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd
From his accustom'd perch. Hard-faring
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just serve
 quench'd

The spark of life. The sportive wind blows
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and mean
To conjure clean away the gold they touch
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they choose
Strange that a creature rational and cast
In human mould should brutalize by choice
His nature; and though capable of arts

By which the world might profit, and himself,
Self-banish'd from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil !
Yet even these, though feigning sickness oft
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note
When safe occasion offers ; and with dance
And music of the bladder and the bag
Beguile their woes and make the woods resound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the silvan world ; [much,
And, breathing wholesome air, and wandering
Need other physic none to heal the effects
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.

COWPER.

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A PICTURE BY BERGHEM,
OF AN ASS IN A STORM-SHOWER.

Poor wretch ! that blasted leafless tree,
More frail and deathlike e'en than thee,
Can yield no shelter to thy shivering form ;
The sleet, the rain, the wind of heaven
Full in thy face are coldly driven,
As if thou wert alone the object of the storm.
Yet, chill'd with cold and drench'd with rain,
Mild creature, thou dost not complain
By sound or look of these ungracious skies ;
Calmly as if in friendly shed
There stand'st thou with unmoving head,
And a grave patient meekness in thy half
closed eyes.

Long could my thoughtful spirit gaze
On thee; nor am I loath to praise

Him who in moral mood this image drew;
And yet, methinks, that I could frame
An image different, yet the same,
More pleasing to the heart, and yet to nature true.

Behold a lane retired and green,
Winding amid a forest scene

With blooming furze in many a radiant heap,
There is a browsing ass espied,
One colt is frisking by her side,
And one among her feet is safely stretch'd in sleep.

And lo! a little maiden stands,
With thistles in her tender hands,

Tempting with kindly words the colt to eat;
Or gently down before him lays,
With words of solace and of praise,
Pluck'd from the' untrodden turf the herbage
soft and sweet.

The summer sun is sinking down,
And the peasants from the market town

With cheerful hearts are to their homes returning;
Groups of gay children too are there,
Stirring with mirth the silent air,
O'er all their eager eyes the light of laughter
burning.

The ass hath got his burden still!
The merry elves the panniers fill;

Delighted there from side to side they swing.
The creature heeds nor shout nor call,
But jogs on careless of them all,
Whether in harmless sport they gaily strike or
sing.

A gipsy group! the secret wood
Stirs through its leafy solitude
As wheels the dance to many a jocund tune;
The' unpannier'd ass slowly retires
From the brown tents and sparkling fires,
And silently feeds on beneath the silent moon.

The moon sits o'er the huge oak tree,
More pensive 'mid this scene of glee,
That mocks the hour of beauty and of rest;
The soul of all her softest rays
On yonder placid creature plays,
As if she wish'd to cheer the hardships of the
oppress'd.

But now the silver moonbeams fade,
And, peeping through a flowery glade,
Hush'd as a wild bird's nest, a cottage lies:
An ass stands meek and patient there,
And by her side a spectre fair,
To drink the balmy cup once more before she dies.

With tenderest care the pitying dame
Supports the dying maiden's frame,
And strives with laughing looks her soul to cheer;
While playful children crowd around
To catch her eye by smile or sound, [dear!
Unconscious of the doom that waits their lady

I feel this mournful dream impart
A holier image to my heart,
For oft doth grief to thoughts sublime give birth:
Bless'd creature! through the solemn night,
I see thee bathed in heavenly light,
Shed from that wondrous child—the Saviour of
the Earth,

When, flying Herod's murderous rage,
 Thou on that wretched pilgrimage
 Didst gently near the virgin mother lie!
 On thee the humble Jesus sat,
 When thousands rush'd to Salem's gate
 To see mid holy hymns the sinless man pass

Happy thou wert,—nor low thy praise,
 In peaceful patriarchal days,
 When countless tents slow pass'd from land to land
 Like clouds o'er heaven:—the gentle race
 Such quiet scene did mostly grace,—
 Circling the pastoral camp in many a stately band

Poor wretch! my musing dream is o'er;
 Thy shivering form I see once more,
 And all the pains thy race is doom'd to prove
 But they whose thoughtful spirits see
 The truth of life will pause with me,
 And bless thee in a voice of tenderness and love

J. WILSON.

RURAL PLEASURES.

O, FRIENDLY to the best pursuits of man,
 Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
 Domestic life in rural pleasures pass'd!
 Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets
 Though many boast thy favours, and affect
 To understand and choose thee for their own.
 But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,
 E'en as his first progenitor, and quits,
 Though placed in paradise (for earth has still
Some traces of her youthful beauty left)

Substantial happiness for transient joy.
Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse
The growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest,
By every pleasing image they present,
Reflections such as meliorate the heart,
Compose the passions, and exalt the mind:
Scenes such as these 'tis his supreme delight
To fill with riot and defile with blood.
Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
We persecute, annihilate the tribes
That draw the sportsman over hill and dale,
Fearless and rapt away from all his cares;
Should never gamefowl hatch her eggs again,
Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye;
Could pageantry and dance and feast and song
Be quell'd in all our summer months' retreats;
How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,
Would find them hideous nurseries of the spleen,
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!
They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake its silence and its shade.
Delights which who would leave that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultured and capable of sober thought,
For all the savage din of the swift pack
And clamours of the field? Detested sport,
That owes its pleasure to another's pain;
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued
With eloquence, that agonies inspire
Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs!
Vain tears, alas, and sighs that never find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls!

COWPER.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

Fortunatus et ille Deos qui novit agrestes !
Virgil's Georgics.

AN, bless'd is he! albeit unknown to fame,
Who lives with modest competence secure.
The sons of care true happiness misname;
For fancied good a thousand ills endure;
Forsake the happy port where all is sure;
The winds defy, or trust the dangerous wave,
Or dig for sordid gain, with hands impure;
The soldier's toil, the battle's terror brave,
Though few and short are all our wants this side
the grave.

Such is his lot who, from temptation free,
Of conscience shipwreck'd and of honour sold,
Can safely sail o'er life's adventurous sea;
Nor idly change his peace for specious gold;
Amid the venal worthless tribe enroll'd,
Whom fraudulent success and fortune gild;
Or whom the toils of guilty traffic hold:
Alas! deceived, they sandy structures build,
Whose coffers are with spoils of vile oppression
fill'd.

Such is his lot who, bosom'd mid the trees,
Where frames the cawing rook his pensile nest,
A tapering spire, a modest mansion sees,
By some kind patron's friendly bounty bless'd;
Who calls his own the seat of sacred rest;
Where reign unbroken quiet, classic ease,
The heart elate, by placid looks confess'd;

While gratitude its hourly tribute pays
To him, with sweet content and peace who crowns
his days.

What though no gilded roof his house adorn,
No sumptuous furniture, no costly plate;
Let not the sons of splendid luxury scorn
The smoother tenor of his happier state:
Their pleasures still a thousand wants create.
Simplicity within his mansion reigns;
Prudence and quiet ever guard the gate;
He knows, he feels no artificial pains;
But bless'd by golden temperance equal joys
maintains.

Where the clipp'd yew tree frowns in gloomy shade,
A dragon green, or spreading peacock swells;
The grassplat smooth, the whiten'd palisade,
And pillars square, like watchful sentinels,
Explain where snug our happy vicar dwells:
While heartborn smiles sit dimpling in his face.
Exact on Sundays to the call of bells:
His weekday's dinner seals with hasty grace;
On sabbaths feasts to keep the body in good case.

A garden trim he owns with silver rill,
That ceaseless sports to music all its own;
Where nodding flowerets stooping drink their fill,
And ope gay eyes, refresh'd, fantastic grown.
And there the gaudy tulip's pomp is known;
The blushing rose, Mentor of virgin pride;
Woodbines with cumberous wealth hung cluster-
ing down;
The jasmine meek and pure; and more beside,
That make a paradise and scent the summer tide.

But most his luscious fruits with glistening eye,
That clothe the sunny wall, he will commend,
The while he shows how they all fruits outvie,
He prunes them all, their growth his cares attend,
There bids them sprucely spread, here bids them
bend.

How glows the blushing peach at his command;
The nectarine rich, where summer's bounties blend,
The conscious plum that from the spoiler's hand
Lost bloom bemoans, like worth sad-stain'd by
slander's brand.

Securely there the painted goldfinch breeds,
Securely shelter'd trills the mellow lay;
All on their downy couch his offspring feeds,
And warbles thankfulness his rent to pay.
For, happy guests! from thence no songsters stray;
For there compassion, nature's friend, they meet;
There emulative tuneful powers display;
The conscious master's daily visits greet,
And fill with grateful melody his bless'd retreat.

Not all for pleasure, herbs for use design'd
Within the garden's cultured precinct grow;
To the main chance looks forth the thrifty mind,
And substance holds above mere empty show,
' For penny saved,' a proverb well such know.
And there, with heart compact, the cabbage stands,
With trickling drops begemm'd that brightly glow.
There nodding onions ranged like marshal'd bands;
And apples dropping down that ask the gatherer's
hands.

Uprears asparagus his spiry head;
Child of the sea, snug cole in native sand;
The sluggard carrot sleeps his days in bed;
The cripple pea, alone that cannot stand,

With vegetable marrow rich and bland ;
The bean, whose tempting sweets the bees invite ;
The artichoke in scaly armour grand ;
With more that may nice epicure delight,
And dainties yield to glad the fickle appetite.

There stretch'd upon his bed of salts, supine,
Cool cucumber his creeping arms extends ;
Rough-coated melon shoots his tender vine,
Like worth whom aspect rude ill recommends.
In jestful mood the master tells his friends
How cauliflower, like doctor's wig so white,
All flower exceeds : a joke much mirth that lends.
For never jest so stale, or wit so trite,
In little minds that cannot raise supreme delight.

There too the currant hangs its loaded head ;
Pomona's pearls and crimson gems all bright.
Plethoric gooseberries, amber, green, or red,
Whose giant size may rivalship excite,
With harmless pride nice culture's care requite.
And there the strawberry, mid her veil of green,
Bashful with modest face shrinks back from sight,
True virgin beauty blushing to be seen :
And what so sweet as chastity in beauty's mien ?

His court in troops the busy poultry crowd,
That clamorous jar with multifarious sound ;
There sweeps his swelling wing the turkey proud,
With ire his scarlet wattles reach the ground,
If scarlet but appear, emblem of wound
And war. Ah, how unlike the lady fair,
Or monarch race. The cock there strutting round
His subject wives, with clarion pierces air,
When for the *egg new-laid* they cackle *debonair*.

There to the dovehouse flocks the cooing flight,
With ever changeful neck and ruby eye,
For aye they love, and dalliance soft invite,
In rivalship and fond endearments vie;
Or bask on sunny ridge with neck awry.
And there the patient kine contented stand,
With busy tail they lash the saucy fly,
While fragrant udders ask the friendly hand,
And the full pail o'erflows with wealth of Can-
naan's land.

His geese of snowy white in neighbouring pond,
Like well ranged fleets, sail down in watery race;
Or for their goslings gray so anxious, fond,
All on the green the teasing schoolboy chase
With hisses loud: with terror in his face,
And tearful eye, he runs, and screaming shrill.
The checker'd duck, proud of each changeful grace,
Shakes from his azure wing the trickling rill,
Or nimbly diving hunts his prey with busy bill.

Deep in his cellar lurks the treasured port
By friend procured, and friend design'd to cheer;
Whose ruby lips in smiling glasses court,
And bid the frown of sorrow disappear.
And brown October, kept for many a year,
With native powers that proudly boasts to shine;
Jealous of foreign claim, and sparkling clear.
There too a store of birch or gooseberry wine,
That wins his lady praise when strangers come
to dine.

Nor be forgot the dairy's decent pride,
With glittering vessels shining round in rows,
That brimming yield as rich a nectarine tide
As Jove's celestial galaxy o'erflows:

Which blooming like hepatica in snows,
The comely virgin tends with thrifty care,
Her skin so white, her cheek with beauty glows;
Much praised her luscious cream, her cheeses rare;
Much are they praised, but more the maiden
blushing fair.

His horse, high privileged, may feed alone
Within the silent churchyard's close domain,
And muse upon each moral-graven stone,
But seldom conscious of the galling rein.
Yet he, to musing much averse, one grain
Of corn than meditation more esteems;
One tuft of grass had rather he attain.
So alderman the feast of reason deems;
And flesh, alas! not spirit, fills his waking dreams.

Nor wants he reverence due; that dear delight
Of whatsoe'er degree, of high or low.
No mind so humble but will claim this right;
This dearest commerce social compacts know;
For with this jealous claim all bosoms glow.
For this the courtier, whom proud titles deck,
Now aims to rule, now servilely will bow:
To higher rank can cringe and stoop the neck,
Full glad to catch the favour'd smile, and watch
each beck.

Yet he, meantime, the proudest of the proud,
A haughty tyrant, and an abject slave,
With fond complacence eyes the menial crowd,
That at his levee wait, and favour crave;
Where golden fools and every fawning knave
The ready welcome meet. The little mind
Can ne'er *with native dignity* behave;

Though raised, still ever low; though fre
fined:

Ennobled slaves are found the meanest of man

How better far respect, when free bestow
The ready deference of the simple heart;
For worth confess'd, for excellence allow
Which virtue's friends to virtue's worth is
Above disguise, above the reach of mimic
The generous soul alone tastes solid praise
Mere specious gold is brought to flattery;
In vain attempts the abject mind to raise;
One ready mite all costly tribute far outwe

And him they praise for charitable deed;
And him they love, because the poor man's
His breast for vex'd affliction knows to bleed
His prayers console, his cares the sick attend
The cheering cordial he will kindly send
Nor frowns at want or pain his friendly aid
He will advice or free assistance lend,
Convinced that heavenly bounty glads his need
He grateful gives a portion back, to bless the

And him a wight of learning deep they hold
Of cunning books he owns a wondrous store
And many a tale is in half whisper told
Of what these books contain, all scrawled
With strange device, in which he went to
And letters crooked, of such doubtful guise
That he must be full bold who dares explain
The frightful magic page of monstrous signs
Ah! Heaven defend the man who proves
terprise.

That he, no doubt, can conjure, well is known;
 No haggard witch e'er dares approach his face:
 For laying ghosts much vaunted his renown,
 And stolen goods with skill he knows to trace,
 Let thief conceal in e'er so secret place.
 And many a crime his power has brought to light.
 For when the bible-book forth comes, disgrace
 Each trembling wretch will seize with pale affright;
 He dares not stand that test, confessing all outright.

Near by a solitary wood there stands
 A cot, by witch once own'd, decrepit, old;
 Rheum in her eyes, with palsy shook her hands;
 Much to her cat she mumbled, much would scold;
 And gather'd sticks to cheat the winter's cold.
 Her oft in shape of hare hunters pursued;
 Yet puss escaped each hound, or swift or bold.
 Our parson's certain aim, at length, she rued;
 Of silver was the ball, and blood her steps bedew'd.

Once the scared village, or through gloomy grove
 Or path-worn mead, amid the shade of night,
 Ne'er dared alone with venturous feet to rove,
 Such various forms assumed a restless spright:
 A headless horse sometimes, and all in white,
 And then with saucer eyes, all dread to view,
 Some dark-done deed he wish'd to bring to light;
 But him the priest soon laid: how none yet knew,
 But every grandam says ' 'tis as the gospel true.'

When through the village forth he takes his way,
 Their pastor kind they emulously greet;
 In rustic guise obeisance they pay,
 Both old and young, whom he may chance to meet,

Or palsied sick, or age with failing feet.
They curtsy quaint, they doff the hat full low,
For blessings oft they earnest prayer repeat,
And bid the nimbler infants run, with bow
Profound, to hail whom God's true prophet the
avow.

But when the sabbath claims its sacred rest,
And sweet the bells through echoing valleys chime
Then forth in village pride so sprucely dress'd,
They seek the temple's holy porch betime;
And wait his coming, while with look sublime
He walks, mid bowing rows; with clerk behind
A man well versed in Sternhold's quainter rhyme
Who boasts full well the lessons all to find,
To pitch the voice, and read—save crabbed word
unkind.

The surplice next of snowy white he holds,
And round the good man's shoulders lightly throw
Or amply spreads, or smooths the wrinkled folds
Then to his throne with pomp elate he goes;
And there, the prayer begun, with vocal nose,
Amen! he cries, or psalms repeats full loud,
King David's pious praise, or Israel's woes;
Or lesson reads, of oratory proud,
Scarce in his mind the parson equal is allow'd.

But who in humble verse shall dare relate
The pride of clerk, who singer's seat ascends?
The psalm he names, and pitches all in state,
And to the choir melodious aid he lends;
Where each disdaining to be lost, nor blends
With other voice his own Stentorian sounds;
The screaming treble shrill with bass contends;

Loud for preeminence fierce strife abounds ;
Discord presides, and dismal discord all confounds.

A man he is of aspect prim, demure,
Nor of importance small himself he deems ;
And full of holy zeal for doctrine pure ;
And often high disputes he holds 'gainst schemes
Of all whom he most heretic esteems ;
And thinks we ne'er shall thrive till all shall burn,
Or who from church dissents or who blasphemes.
And much he fears lest fatal days return,
When bloody men shall cause both church and
state to mourn.

Nor aught can e'er his muscles discompose,
That rusted by disuse all joke defy ;
When starch and solemn he to wedding goes,
Nor heeds the looks of rustic, leering sly ;
Yet he himself can jest in method dry ;
But cautious then recalls the truant smile,
Lest he may lose accustom'd dignity.
Thus many a dunce more dull, by artful wile,
Wisdom affects, and gaping ignorance can beguile.

Nor be his garb forgot ; whate'er relates
To man pompose does pomp acquire thereby ;
The solemn curls that cover learned pates
Do ever vulgar wigs by far outvie :
And dull is he who cannot well descry
The wearer's character from wig alone.
And even when the parson's self was nigh,
Our clerk in state still undiminish'd shone ;
But he by garb is less than self-complacence known.

His coat, that once was dark as sable night,
From stealthful time some tints of fading took;
Though often, often brush'd in labour's spite;
For coats like men must daily change their look:
Nor aye in youthful verdure bloom, but brook
His iron rod; yet oft the back it graced
Of Denmark's prince, who rage to tatters shook
In neighbouring barn, where much at eve solaced,
The rustic audience view'd the ghost in armour
braced.

But when the holy text is named, they look
With earnest stare and feature fix'd, intent,
While ever still they tumble o'er the book,
To trace the verse and chapter fully bent;
Nor heed, meantime, the preacher's argument:
From hand to hand the sacred leaf goes round,
And as they search the sermon half is spent;
The doctrine proved ere yet the theme is found,
And much they praise if very learned words abound.

And much in holy mystery he deals,
As learned, sage divines have done before;
And doctrine he from ancient labour steals;
A pious fraud allow'd in cleric lore,
Which modern doctors think no sin; and more
As swells his voice aloud, his hearers praise.
Some chain'd in holy slumber loudly snore;
More wakeful some their pious eyes upraise;
Declare they never finer heard in all their days.

Ah, how unlike is he to city priest,
With kerchief white and smartly powder'd hair, .
That does the ears of simpering ladies feast,
And wears the diamond ring on hand so fair;

And minces every word with nicest care,
And brings from theatre each phrase genteel;
Till nymphs delighted him so sweet declare
The prettiest preacher, who at once can steal
Their hearts, and wake both mortal love and holy
zeal.

Our vicar's cares are few, and light his dreams;
Nor wealth nor cursed ambition fill his brain;
But every change of empire bad he deems;
Each innovation thinks the foulest stain
To doctrines, which he glories to maintain,
Or to the state; and, settled in his creed,
To him all change of things is preach'd in vain;
Save what new bishop may in turn succeed,
Whose goose may sit, what neighbour's sow may
chance to breed.

Yet vain his hope who, in this toilsome life,
Would smooth uninterrupted pleasures find.
From sickness, and from yearly teeming wife,
Some flying clouds will cross the happiest mind;
Care, like its shadow, follows joy behind:
The nation's wealth, by some 'tis understood,
From population springs: our lady kind
With annual present multiplies her brood;
And patriotic labours for the public good.

Then sad perplexities will intervene
Of tithes withheld and of vexatious law.
A *modus* here obtrudes his hopes between;
His dues may fail, his bargains have a flaw:
His rights an artful litigant withdraw;
Repairs exacted, chimney given to smoke;
And *much expense* which prudence ne'er foresaw.

For ills on ills will temper smooth provoke,
And little rubs will sometimes gall the marriage
yoke.

Oft with the neighbouring squire fierce contest
So proud, so jealous of prerogative. [rise
For in alternate state, like monarchies,
Of breathing peace and frequent war they live:
Such cause of quarrel jarring interests give.
In vestry too tumultuous high debate,
Churchwarden arrogant and positive,
With surly pride of office all elate;
And cruel overseer, that holds the poor in hate.

The ladies too important quarrels vex;
Of slights, of indecorum they complain;
Well may such themes philosopher perplex!
To settle all the rights of female pain,
The curtsy half return'd, with cold disdain,
When modish cousins, all so grand from town,
Her ears with courtly converse entertain,
Our parson's wife is held in small renown;
And scarce on her, while visit lasts, the dam
looks down.

But when at peace, and hand in hand they walk
And grateful calm her halcyon days bestows,
The parson loves of Oxford pranks to talk,
As round the table mirth convivial grows,
And sparkling high the cheerful cup o'erflows.
Then will he speak of proctors' hair-breadth scape
The oft-told tale each seated guest foreknows,
Of impositions, schemes, and frequent scrape,
And nightly how they quaff'd the mellow juice
of grape.

There sit his table frequent guests around,
The justice with solemnity of face,
Who talks of statutes pass'd and law profound,
The scourge and terror of the thievish race,
And hapless wanton mark'd with foul disgrace.
The apothecary fond to make them stare,
While he in learned words explains each case
Of skilful cures and of distempers rare,
And shows, how e'en in spite of physic, death
will spare.

The squire, who only talks of horse or hound,
Or lofty hedge o'erleap'd or five-barr'd gate;
His mind in kennel or in stable found,
All other converse meets his perfect hate.
Books he detests and every grave debate;
By income 'bove his huntsman raised alone;
Boasts of his steed and of his large estate;
Laughs at dull jokes, but loudest at his own,
While by the frequent oath the vacant mind is
known.

Such scenes the unaspiring mind delight,
And smoothly on his hours in quiet glide;
Whist or backgammon share the winter's night;
His busy days important cares divide:
To till his field, or take a sober ride,
To talk of raising tithes, or save his hay,
To reap his corn, or absent church-folk chide;
Copy, perchance, a sermon, sometimes pray,
His dues exact collect, his fruitful glebe survey.

Far happier he than drone in college hive,
On books who pores his sullen hopeless years;
Beloved by *none*, and buried yet alive,
Whom no sweet charity to life endears;

But ever wrangling with his proud compeers;
Friendship unknown, and every genial joy,
No lovely wife his lonely sorrows cheers,
With drear insipid round his pleasures cloy,
Who learning treasures which he cannot e'er
employ.

Such is our favour'd parson's easy life,
From cumbrous pomp, from guilty greatness free,
From false ambition, and from constant strife.
And bless'd, if there be happiness, is he
Who weighs in wisdom's scale felicity :
In wishes circumscribed will ever find
Of human bliss the total sum to be.
Care is to him alone a passing wind,
Who by this golden rule can regulate his mind.

DR. RIDLAKE.

A FAREWELL HYMNE TO THE COUNTRY.

SWEET poplar shade, whose trembling leaves
among
The cheereful birds delight to chaunt their laies;
Where oft the linnet powres the dulcet song,
And oft the thrilling thrush descanting plaies;
Their tunes attempting to the silver Yare,
Which gently murmurs here
A babbling brook; but swelling in his pride
Sees two famed towns upon his banks appear,
And the tall ships on his fair bosom ride;
Indignant then rolls his prowde waves away,
And fomes o'er half the sea:

Sweet stream, with shade refresht, orehung with
bowres

Entrailed with the honied woodbine faire;
Where breathes the gentlest, softest, simplest aire
Stealing fresh odors from the rising flowres,

Joy of my calmer howres,
Oh soothe me with thy whisperings whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

With pleasance oft two silver swannes I view
Pranking their silver plumes with conscious pride,
A comely couplement of goodly hew,
Come softly swimming down the crystal tide;
The crystal tide, resplendent as it may,
Looks not so faire as they,

Whether their snowie necks they love to lave,
Or pluck with jetty bill in wanton play
The yellow flowres that flote upon the wave;
Or 'sdeigne to tinge their plumage, lest they might
Soyle their pure beauties bright;

But with slow pomp on the clear surface move.

Ye sweet birds, whiter than the new fawn snow

That silvers ore Thessalian Pindus' brow;

'airer than those that draw the queen of love;

'urer than Leda's Jove;

une your melodious voices whiles I sing,

he hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Oft when the modest morn in purple drest,

aked by the lively larke's love-learned laye,

bars the golden light gate of the east,

d as a bridemaide leads the blushing daye;

sunne's bright harbinger before her goes

attering violet, scattering rose;

jolly sunne, uprist with lusty pride,

tes his faire amber locks, and round him throws

His glitterand beams to wellcome up his bride ;
Then bids his liveried clouds before him flie,
And daunces up the skie.

Sweet is the breath of heaven with dayspring born ;
Sweet are the flowres that ore the damaskt meads
To the new sunne unfold their velvet heads ;
Sweet is the dewe, the spangled child of morn,
That does the leaves adorn ;
Sweet is the matin hymne the glad birds sing ;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

With early step yon verdant slope I tread,
Crown'd with the florisht bowre of cremosin health,
Whence auntient Norwich rears her towred head ;
Norwich, faire nurse of industry and wealth :
Down in the dale my lowly hamlet lies,
Where Truth without disguise,
Where dovelike Peace, and virgin Virtue where :
Hence Bacon's villa greets my pleased eyes,
Bacon, to Phoebus and the Muses deare,
Seeking, uncombred with the toyles of state,
The grove-embosomed seate,
The tufted hill, the valley flowre-bedight,
The silver shinings of my winding Yare,
The corn green-springing, and the fallows seare,
The lambkins sporting round, rural delight,
From hence enchaunt the sight,
And wake the shrilling pipe, and tempt to sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Oft when the eve demure with dewy eye,
Clad in a lengthned stole of raven-gray,
Assumes the sober empire of the skye,
The streakt west glimmering to the parting day ;
When golden Hesperus forth-streaming bright,
The leader of the night,

Marshals his radiant troops, and gives command
In heaven's hie arch their lovely lamps to light ;
Shouting he walks the Gideon of the band :
When first the youthfull moon begins to show
New-bent her blessed bow ;
Or when, uprising from her eastern bowre,
Full orb'd she strives her glowing face to shroud,
Gorgeously mantled in a lucid cloud ;
Or all her beaming brightness deignes to powre
The silver'd landskip ore ;
And shepherd swains their evening carrols sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Ore the new-shaven level green I rove,
Where the fresh haycock breathes along the mead ;
Or wander through the' uncertain-shaded grove,
Or the trim margent of the river tread ;
Where the soft whisperings of the poplars tall,
To the streames liquid fall
Attempted sweet, the musefull mind delight.
Where the lone partridge to her mate does call,
Responsive in his homeward-hasting flight :
Where the low quail with modulation bland
Runnes piping o'er the land :
Where, as I stray along the dew-sprent ground,
The farre-off clock just trembles to my ear ;
Where the mad citties lowder mirth I hear,
When swinging in full peal, a festive sound,
The deep bells roar around :
In mute attention hush'd I cease to sing,
Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.
Now night's pale fires a peacefull influence shed,
The flockes forget to bleat, the herds to low,
Looselie along the grassy green dispreed :
The *slumbring trees* seem their tall tops to bow,

Rocking the careless birds that on them nest
To gentle, gentle rest;
Silent each one, save the lone nightingale,
Of all the tunefull sisters sweetest, best;
She, soft musician, through the' encharmed dale
Powres dainty-dittied warblings, to delight
The stillness of the night.
'Tis sacred thus to tread the dewy glade;
In the calm solitude of that still howre
To nature's God the gratefull soul to powre
Or in the silvery shine, or doubtfull shade
By quivering branches made:
Rapt with the awfull thought I cease to sing,
Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.
When flaming in the zenith of his powre,
Darting directly down his fiery ray,
The hot sunne, leaving his meridian bowre,
Enfevers with his beams the cloudlesse day;
The gadding herd from such a fervent sky
To the cool thicket fly,
Tormented with the bryzes teazefull sting;
The' enduring sheep in the' hot sands panting lye;
The grasshoppers, blythe insects, daunce and sing;
The mower swart his sweeping scythe forsakes,
The damsels quit their rakes,
And seated where the freshing shade is found
With joyous jolliment the daye beguile;
Sweet is the quaver'd laugh, the simper'd smile,
When, as the tale or gamesome song goes round,
The vocal vales resound;
To me resound, whiles I assay to sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
Ye lordings great, that in prowde citties wonne,
Which gently cooling breezes never bless,

In gorgeous palaces with heat foredone,
 Come here, and envy at my littleness.
 All on a hanging hill a simple home
 For its small tenant roome,
 Safe nested in the bosom of a grove,
 Where Pride and Strife and Envy never come,
 Nor any cares, save the sweet cares of Love:
 A little garden gives a cool retreat
 From the day's powreful heat;
 Where flows my gentle Yare, whose bankes along
 The' inwoven branches, like a girlond made,
 With wanton wreathings deck the dainty shade;
 Whiles the smooth watery glass, reflecting strong,
 With bending bankes and shades respondent vies,
 Pointing to downward skies:

Here in this soft inclosure whiles I sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Here bounteous nature, like a virgin faire,
 Whose ladie fingers deck the velvet green
 With cunning colourings of broidery rare
 Sweetly enterchanged the varied shades atween,
 The grassy groundsoil, as a lovely bride,
 Hath richly beautifide;
 Strowing the primrose pale, the violet blew,
 The silver'd snowdrop, and the daisie pied,
 The crocus glistening in its golden hew,
 The cowslip, drops of amber weeping still,
 The flaunting daffodill,
 The virgin lilie, and the modest rose,
 The pretty pink, the red and white yfere;
 Flowres of all hewes that paint the various yeare,
 And the mild zephyr, that among them blows,
 Around sweet odours throws,
 Scenting the soft enclosure where I sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

The chemist bee with busie murmurings
Extracts the soul of sweetness from each flowre,
Such as the Syracosian Thyrsis sings,
All in the shadow of the shepherd's bowre:
The stock-doves, darlings of the Mantuan swaine,
In melting murmurs plaine;
Sweet birds, of such a swaine to be the care,
The sootest he that ever chaunted straine,
Or with the gladfull pipe enthrald the eare;
Him, as he sung, the graces dauncing round
With their own girlonds crown'd;
The nymphs that haunt the river and the grove,
Whether his skilfull reed he sweetly charms,
Or strikes the sounding shell and sings of arms,
Apollo him, and him the Muses love
Their own blest quire above:
Oh! would they deign their visits whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Here the poetic birds no fear molests;
Did I, sweet tenants of my garden, say,
With ruthlesse hand ere marre your pretty nests,
Or steal the' unfeather'd innocence away?
For you my trees the spring's gay livery wear;
For you the ripening year
Purples the plum, in the deep cherrie glows,
And tempers the rich honie of the pear;
For you the laughing vine with nectar flows;
For you the permain, comely to behold,
Glowes with irradiate gold,
The burnisht bough vermilioning; for you
The mellow'd fruit beyond its time has hung;
Well have you paid me, for you well have sung;
On Nature's music shall we not bestowe
Gifts we to Nature owe,

Fond of our fellow Poets whiles they sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

An academic leisure here I find
With Wisdom's lore to discipline my youth;
By Virtue's wholesome rules to form my mind;
To seeke and love the wise man's treasure, Truth.
Oft too thy hallowed sons enthroned hie,
Oh peerless Poesie!

Sounding great thoughts my raptured mind delight.

He first, the glorious child of Libertie,
Mæonian Milton beaming heavenly bright;
He who full fetously the tale ytold,
The Kentish Tityrus old;

And he above the pride of greatnesse great,
Sweet Cowley, with the calmest spirit blest,
That ever breathed a calm in human brest,
Who 'the poor Muses richest manor seat,'
The garden's mild retreat,

Wrapt in the arms of Quiet loved to sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Witness, ye hills, and dales, and woods, and
The' unmoved quiet of my silver daies, [plains,
Free here from all the cares, and all the pains,
Whose storms do threat the citties dangerous waies:
There falsing Forgery, and foul Defame,
And lust of sclanderous blame; [art
There cancred tongues, school'd in the' ungratious
To blast the bloom of a well deemed name;
There Malice wonneth deep in hollow hart;
Ambition there and Pride, the lies of life,
Sleek Guile and carled Strife:

Away plain Honestie of simple eye, [day;
And dovelike Peace that calmes the shepherd's
Away each Science, and each Muse away,

And single Truth, and sunne-bright Honour flye
And lovely Liberty :

Here then, sweet shade, ô shield me whiles I sing
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring

Thus on his rustic reed the recklesse swaine,
Smit with the peacefull joys of lowly life,
The world's gay shows forgiving, charm'd the
Withouten-envie, and withouten strife : [plaine

All on a knot-grass bank orearched hie

With ivie canopie,

And with wild roses richly well inwove,

He lay, and tuned his rural minstrelsie,

When, lo ! the favoring Genius of the grove,

Physis benempt, to his entranced sight

Appeared heavenly bright ;

Loose her fine tresses flow'd, like golden wire,

With budding flowrets perled all atween,

And shaded with a daintie girlond green ;

And aye in green she did herself attire :

Beneath her feet in youthfull rich array

A voluntary May [ous sing

Threw sweets, threw flowres ; the birds more joy

The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring

Then with a smile, that brighten'd all the shade

Mild she bespake, and deign'd to press his hand

Enough, fond youth, to Physis has been paid,

Break then thy rural pipe at her command ;

These wood-notes wild, this flowre-perfumed air

And thy sweet-streaming Yare

Must charm no more ; no more the hallow'd oel

Where white-robed Peace, and free-born Fame

With sacred Solitude delight to dwell. [fah

Wake then the sparke of glorious great intent,

In action excellent

at fires the noble-passion'd soul to shine ;
 all the depths of useful lore ingage
 grace thy youth, and dignifie thine age :
 ween that Physis bids those paths decline,
 r all those paths are mine.
 ange then the straine ; to hill, to valley tell,
 rewell, sweet shade, sweet poplar shade, fare-
 well.

But, ah ! beware : for in the goodly chase
 vile enchauntress spreads her vain delights ;
 th guilefull semblants charming all that pass,
 l she enslaved hath their feeble sprights ;
 d sooth she is to view a ladie faire
 beauty past compare ;
 d aye around her croud a gorgeous throng,
 ill'd in the mincing step, the vestment rare,
 d the fine squeaking of a eunuch's song :
 it sacred Science, tender Love, trew Fame,
 d Honour's heaven-born flame
 ey know not ; yet the pompous name Vertù
 the' idle pageant give : she cruel prowde
 als magic charms emong the careless crowde,
 d does them all to hideous apes transmew.
 it fear not thou the minion's magic pride,
 r Physis is thy guide :
 me then ; to hill, to dale this burden tell,
 rewell, sweet shade, sweet poplar shade, fare-
 well.

To Cosme's polisht court thy steps I'll lead,
 y sister she, though eft we strangers seem ;
 irre otherwise of us the wise aread,
 at follies' feeble eyes of things misdeem.
 se straw-rooft cot, the pastured mead I love,
 se mavis-haunted grove,

The moss-clad mountaine hoar, a rugged scene;
Along the streamlet's mазie margent rove,
That sweetly steals the broken rocks atween :
She through the manner'd citty powres the flame
Of hie-atchieved fame,
The star-bright guerdon of the great and good ;
And breathes her vivid spirit through the mind
Whose generous aimes extend to all mankind,
And vindicate the worth of noble blood ;
Such as in bowre Lycean holding place
The man of Spargrove grace.
Come then ; to hill, to dale this burden tell,
Farewell, sweet shade, sweet poplar shade, fare-
well.

Als like a girlond her enring around
The sphere-born Muses lyring heavenly strains ;
The Graces eke with bosoms all unzoned,
A trinal band that concord sweet maintains :
And who is she, that placed them atween
Seems a fourth Grace I ween ?
So looks the rubie pretious rare, enchaced
In the bright crownet of a maiden queen.
Each Science too with verdant bay-leaves grac
With honour brought from attic land again,
Adorns the radiant train.
Come then, let nobler aimes thy soul inspire
But bring the cherub Innocence along,
And Contemplation sage, on pinion strong
Hie soaring ore yon' lamping orb of fire.—
Thus piped the Doric oate, whiles echoes at
To fountaine, dale, and hill,
Resyllabling the notes, this burden tell,
Farewell, sweet shade, sweet poplar shade
well.

REV. R. POT

CRAZY KATE.

THE common, overgrown with fern, and rough
 With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'd,
 And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
 And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
 Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
 Smells fresh, and, rich in odoriferous herbs
 And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
 With luxury of unexpected sweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days
 Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd
 With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
 A serving maid was she, and fell in love
 With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
 Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves
 To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
 At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
 Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,
 And dream of transports she was not to know.
 She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
 And never smiled again! and now she roams
 The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day,
 And there, unless when charity forbids,
 The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides a gown
 More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal
 A bosom heaved with never ceasing sighs.
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
 And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
 Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier
 clothes,
 Though pinch'd with cold, asks never—Kate is
 crazed.

COWPER.

THE HERMIT OF BEACHY HEAD

Just beneath the rock
Where Beachy overpeers the channel wide
Within a cavern mined by wintry tides
Dwelt one who, long disgusted with the world
And all its ways, appear'd to suffer life
Rather than live; the soul-reviving gale
Fanning the bean-field or the thymy heath
Had not for many summers breathed on him
And nothing marked to him the seasons' change
Save that more gently rose the placid sea
And that the birds which winter on the cliffs
Gave place to other migrants; save that
Hovering no more above the beetling cliffs
Betray'd not then the little careless sheeps
On the brink grazing, while their heads
Near the lone hermit's flint-surrounded
Claim'd unavailing pity; for his heart
Was feelingly alive to all that breathed
And outraged as he was, in sanguine years
By human crimes, he still acutely felt
For human misery.

Wandering o'er the cliffs
He learn'd to augur from the clouds of heaven
And from the changing colours of the sky
And sullen murmurs of the hollow cliffs
Or the dark porpoises that near the shore
Gambol'd and sported on the level brine
When tempests were approaching: then
He listen'd to the wind, and as it drove
The billows with o'erwhelming vehemence
He, starting from his rugged couch, would
And, hazarding a life too valueless,

d through the waves, with plank or pole,
 where the mariner in conflict dread
 eting for life the roaring surge ;
 just seen, now lost in foaming gulfs,
 al gleaming of the clouded moon
 he dire peril. Often had he snatch'd
 wild billows some unhappy man
 d to bless the hermit of the rocks.
 generous cares were all in vain,
 slow swell the tide of morning bore
 e swoln corse to land ; the pale recluse
 e chalk a sepulchre—above
 dank sea-wrack mark'd the utmost tide,
 his prayers perform'd the obsequies
 oor helpless stranger.

One dark night
 roctial wind blew south by west,
 the shore ;—the bellowing cliffs were
 ook
 eir stony base, and fragments fell
 and thundering on the angry flood.
 ak, anxious for the lonely man,
 the mountain shepherds visited,
 and and banks of weeds had choked
 eir way—
 ot in it ; but his drowned corse
 aves wafted near his former home
 the rites of burial. Those who read,
 within the rock, these mournful lines,
 s of his sufferings, did not grieve,
 g in the cause of charity
 , from its earthly bondage freed,
 me better region fled for ever.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE SMUGGLERS.

FROM hostile shores returning, glad I look
On native scenes again; and first salute
Thee, Burton, and thy lofty cliff, where oft
The nightly blaze is kindled; further seen
Than erst was that love-tended cresset, hung
Beside the Hellespont: yet not like that
Inviting to the hospitable arms
Of Beauty and Youth, but lighted up, the sign
Of danger, and of ambush'd foes to warn
The stealth-approaching vessel, homeward bound
From Havre or the northern isles, with freight
Of wines and hotter drinks, the trash of France,
Forbidden merchandise. Such fraud to quell
Many a light skiff and well appointed sloop
Lies hovering near the coast, or hid behind
Some curved promontory, in hope to seize
These contraband: vain hope! on that high shore
Station'd, the' associates of their lawless trade
Keep watch, and to their fellows off at sea
Give the known signal; they with fearful haste,
Observant, put about the ship, and plunge
Into concealing darkness. As a fox,
That from the cry of hounds and hunters' din
Runs crafty down the wind, and steals away
Forth from his cover, hopeful so to' elude
The not yet following pack,—if chance the shout
Of eager or unpractised boy betray
His meditated flight, back he retires
To shelter him in the thick wood: so these
Retiring, ply to south, and shun the land
Too perilous to approach: and oft at sea
Secure (or ever nigh the guarded coast

They venture) to the trackless deep they trust
Their forfeitable cargo, rundlets small,
Together link'd upon their cable's length,
And to the shelving bottom sunk and fix'd
By stony weights; till happier hour arrive
To land it on the vacant beach unrisk'd.

REV. W. CROWE.

THE LOSS OF THE HALSEWELL.

SEE how the Sun, here clouded, afar off
Pours down the golden radiance of his light
Upon the' enridged sea; where the black ship
Sails on the phosphor-seeming waves. So fair,
But falsely flattering, was yon surface calm,
When forth for India sail'd, in evil time,
That vessel, whose disastrous fate, when told,
Fill'd every breast with horror, and each eye
With piteous tears, so cruel was the loss.
Methinks I see her, as, by the wintry storm
Shatter'd and driven along past yonder isle,
She strove, her latest hope, by strength or art,
To gain the port within it, or at worst
To shun that harbourless and hollow coast
From Portland eastward to the promontory,
Where still St. Alban's high built chapel stands.
But art nor strength avail her—on she drives,
In storm and darkness, to the fatal coast;
And there 'mong rocks and high o'erhanging cliffs
Dash'd piteously, with all her precious freight
Was lost, by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws
Swallow'd up quick! The richest laden ship
Of spicy Ternate, or that annual sent
To the Philippines o'er the southern main

From Acapulco, carrying massy gold,
Were poor to this ;—freighted with hopeful Youth,
And Beauty, and high Courage undismay'd
By mortal terrors, and paternal Love
Strong, and unconquerable even in death—
Alas, they perish'd all, all in one hour !

REV. W. CROWE.

THE BARD.

BESIDE him o'er his harp Aneurin bow'd,
The whitehair'd bard, sole faithful he, sole friend ;
For minds of poets from their own high sphere
Look down on earth's distinctions, high and low,
Sunken or soaring, as the equal sun
Sheds light along the vale and mountain's brow.
He, in the hall of feasting who fast seal'd
The treasures of his harmony, now pours
Into the wounded heart his syrups sweet,
And laps it in the silken folds of sound.
But even among his strings the' infectious grief
Hath crept, and wither'd up their wantonness.
And wayward wanderings of despair belate
His fickle tones : anon bursts full and free
A start, a swell of pride, then sinks away
Involuntary to such doleful fall,
Misery so musical, its languid breath
Feeds, while it softens the deep-rooted woe.
Such melodies at tragic midnight heard
Mid a deserted city, gliding o'er
The deep green moss of tower and fane o'erthrown,
Had seem'd immortal sorrows in the air,
O'er man's inconstant grandeurs. Sad such wreck,

sad, more worthy angel's woe, the waste
 desolation of a noble mind,
 fertile faculties run wild and rank,
 fiery qualities in darkness slaked.

MILMAN.

PARENTS DESERTED BY THEIR CHILD.

Woe! by Wye's transparent stream abode
 an old pair, and their declining day
 a pensive child enlighten'd, and dispensed
 moonlight o'er their darkening eve; they
 felt the pang of death from her to part. [thought
 away was their sinking to the grave,
 that fair beam in unchaste darkness quench'd
 its lustre, and its light withdrew,
 for old limbs the life: alone they dwelt,
 discontent and cold distaste of all,
 for ingratitude had made them sick
 of the world's hollowness, and if she fail'd,
 earthly things must needs be false and frail:
 she'er reproach'd her, for so near the grave
 could not hate; but for her sake they loathed
 that old familiar face that once they loved.
 she was wont to wander wander'd they;
 garden flowers she tended they bound up
 in woeful care; their chill and shaking hands
 tremulous music with her lute. I shrunk
 from my age to see such childish joys.
 I felt one after pleasure,—the same hour
 slid from their woes, their parting breath,
 and in languid blessings on her head,
 I went suppliant to the throne of God,
 I lost Myfanwy.

MILMAN.

II.

A A

STERN RESOLUTION.

Lo, in the presence of the judgment court
The second criminal *; pride had not pass'd
Nor majesty from his hoar brow; he stood
With all except the terror of despair,
Consciously in fatality's strong bonds
Manacled, of the coming death assured,
Yet fronting the black future with a look
Obdurate even to scornfulness. He seem'd
As he heard nought, as though his occupied ears
Were pervious to no sound, since that dim voice
Of her who speaking died, the silver-hair'd,
The prophetess, that never spake untrue:
As ever with a long unbroken flow
Her song was ranging through his brain, and struck
Its death-knoll on his soul. Nor change had come
Since that drear hour to eye or cheek; the craft,
The wisdom that was wont to make him lord
Over the shifting pageant of events,
Had given its trust up to o'erruling fate,
And that stern paramount, Necessity,
Had seal'd him for her own. Amid them all
He tower'd, as when the summer thunderbolt
Mid a rich fleet some storm-accustom'd bark
Hath stricken, round her the glad waters dance,
Her sails are full, her strong prow fronts the waves;
But works within the' irrevocable doom,
Wells up her secret hold the' inundant surge,
And the' heavy waters weigh her slowly down.

MILMAN.

* Hengist.

DESCRIPTION OF ROWENA.

CEASED the bold strain, then deep the Saxon drain'd
The ruddy cup, and savage joy uncouth
Lit his blue gleaming eyes: nor sate unmoved
The Briton chiefs; fierce thoughts began to rise
Of ancient wars and high ancestral fame.
Sudden came floating through the hall an air
So strangely sweet, the o'erwrought sense scarce
Its rich excess of pleasure; softer sounds [felt
Melt never on the enchanted midnight cool,
By haunted spring, where elfin dancers trace
Green circlets on the moonlight dew; nor lull
Becalmed mariner from rocks, where basks
At summer noon the seamaid; he his oar
Breathless suspends, and motionless his bark
Sleeps on the sleeping waters. Now the notes
So gently died away, the silence seem'd
Melodious; merry now and light and blithe
They danced on air: anon came tripping forth
In frolic grace a maiden troop, their locks [zone
Flower-wreath'd, their snowy robes from clasped
Fell careless drooping, quick their glittering feet
Glanced o'er the pavement. Then the pomp of sound
Swell'd up and mounted; as the stately swan,
Her milkwhite neck embower'd in arching spray,
Queens it along the waters, entered in
The lofty hall a shape so fair, it lull'd
The music into silence, yet itself
Pour'd out, prolonging the soft ecstasy,
The trembling and the touching of sweet sound.
Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And *swimming* majesty of step and tread,
The *symmetry* of form and feature, set

The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute or harp : as though she trod from earth,
And round her wore an emanating cloud
Of harmony, the lady moved. Too proud
For less than absolute command, too soft
For aught but gentle amorous thought : her hair
Cluster'd, as from an orb of gold cast out
A dazzling and o'erpowering radiance ; save
Here and there on her snowy neck reposed
In a soothed brilliance some thin wandering tress.
The azure flashing of her eye was fringed
With virgin meekness, and her tread, that seem'd
Earth to disdain, as softly fell on it
As the light dew shower on a tuft of flowers.
The soul within seem'd feasting on high thoughts,
That to the outward form and feature gave
A loveliness of scorn, scorn that to feel
Was bliss, was sweet indulgence. Fast sank back
Those her fair harbingers, their modest eyes
Downcast, and drooping low their slender necks
In graceful reverence ; she, by wondering gaze
Unmoved, and stifled murmurs of applause,
Nor yet unconscious, slowly won her way.
To where the king amid the festal pomp
Sate loftiest ; as she raised a fair chased cup,
Something of sweet confusion overspread
Her features ; something tremulous broke in
On her half-failing accents, as she said,
'Health to the king !'—the sparkling wine laugh'd
As eager 'twere to touch so fair a lip. [up,
A moment, and the apparition bright
Had parted ; as before, the sound of harps
Was wantoning about the festive hall.

MILMAN.

HAUGHTY BEAUTY.

Slow up the tide the gaudy bark comes on,
 Her oars scarce startling the unruffled air;
 The waters to her swanlike prow give place,
 Along the oar-blades leap up to the sun
 In lucid flakes, and dance, as 'twere their sport
 To waft that beauteous freight. And exquisite
 As that voluptuous Memphian on the stream
 Of Cydnus, leading with bliss-breathing smiles
 Her throngs of rash beholders, glided down
 To welcome to his soft imprisonment
 The lord of half the world, so wondrous fair
 Under an awning cool of fluttering silk
 The lady of that graceful galley sate.
 But not in her instinct the melting form
 With passion, the smooth limbs in dazzling glow
 Translucent through the thin lascivious veil,
 Skillful with careless blandishments to fire
 The loose imaginations; she herein
 Seest like that oriental harlot queen.
 Of all her shape, of all her soul was pride
 The sustenance, the luxury, the life.
 The innate scorn of her full eye repaid
 With lofty thanklessness the homage fawn'd
 By her fair handmaids, and her oarmen gay,
 Who seem'd to wanton in their servile toil.
 Around she gazed, as in her haughtiness
 She thought that God had form'd this living pomp
 Of woodland, stream, and rock, her height of soul
 To pamper, that to welcome her the earth
 Attired its breathing brightness, and the sun
 Only on her look'd from his azure sphere.

MILMAN.

DESCRIPTION OF A SECLUDED BEAUTY.

DOVE of the wilderness, thy snowy wing
In slumber droops not; Lillian, thou alone,
Mid the deep quiet, wakest. Dost thou rove,
Idolatress of yon majestic moon,
That, like a crystal-throned queen in heaven,
Seems with her present deity to hush
To beauteous adoration all the earth?
Might seem the solemn silent mountain tops
Stand up and worship; the translucent streams
Down the' hill sides glittering cherish the pure light
Beneath the shadowy foliage o'er them flung
At intervals; the lake, so silver white,
Glistens, all indistinct the snowy swans
Bask in the radiance cool: doth Lillian muse
To that apparent queen her vesper hymn?

Nursling of solitude, her infant couch
Never did mother watch; within the grave
She slept unwaking; scornful turn'd aloof
Caswallon, of those pure instinctive joys
By fathers felt, when playful infant grace,
Touch'd with a feminine softness, round the heart
Winds its light maze of undefined delight,
Contemptuous; he with haughty joy beheld
His boy, fair Malwyn, him in bossy shield
Rock'd proudly, him upbore to mountain steep,
Fierce and undaunted, for their dangerous nest
To battle with the eagle's clamorous brood.

But she the while from human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, play'd on alone

by chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
 beautifully pale, and sadly playful grew,
 a lonely child, by not one human heart
 beloved, and loving none; nor strange, if learn'd
 her native fond affections to embrace
 things senseless and inanimate: she loved
 all flowerets, that with rich embroidery fair
 samel the green earth, the' odorous thyme,
 wild rose, and roving eglantine, nor spared
 to mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
 May birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
 ringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze
 that wanton'd with her brown and glossy locks,
 as sunbeam chequering the fresh bank. Ere dawn
 lingering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
 by Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
 or Arwen's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.
 Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard,
 the voice of her aged nurse, or shepherd maid
 soothing the child with simple tale or song;
 she knew all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
 of joys and sorrows: better known the voice
 loved of lark from misty morning cloud
 as she carolling, and wild melodious notes
 and mingling in the summer wood, or plaint,
 moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
 They of love unconscious, all around
 as, familiar they their descants sweet
 as emulous. Her knew all living shapes
 in the silent wood or rock; dun roe or deer,
 and his dappled side at noontide crouch'd,
 and her fond caress, nor fled her gaze
 the cooing dove, but murmur'd sounds of joy.
 At summer noon, the silvery birchen shade

Pendent above from dripping crag her brow
Veil'd from the fiery sunbeam, gems of spray
Gleam'd cool around with watery rainbow light
From a pure streamlet down its rocky bed
Dashing sweet music; she on mossy couch
Sate listening the blithe thrush, whose airy note
In amorous contention Echo caught
Responsive. Sudden droop'd its flagging wing
The timorous bird of song, and fluttering sought
Soft refuge in the maiden's snowy breast.
She, o'er the nestling prisoner folding light
Her careless vest, stood gazing, where awhile
Dark in the sun-cloud's white, came fiercely down
A swooping falcon: at her sight it check'd
Its keen eye bright with joy, the' admiring bird
Fearfully beautiful floated in the air,
Its silver wings and glossy plumage gray
Glanced in the sunlight. Up the maiden gazed
Smiling a pale and terrified delight,
And seem'd for that loved warbler in her breast
Beseeching mercy. Mid the green wood sat
The' obedient bird; she, joyous at his flight,
Her bosom half reveal'd, with gentle hand
Caressing smooth'd her captive's ruffled plumage
Anon around a frightened thankful look
Glancing, what seem'd a human shape she saw
Or more than human; stately on his arm
The falcon sate, and proudly flapped his wing
She turned to fly, yet fled not, turned to gaze
Yet dared not raise her downcast eye; she felt
Her warm cheek, why she knew not, blush,
hand

Unconscious closer drew her bosom's fold.
With accent mild the stranger brief delay

Entreated; she, albeit his gentle words
 Fell indistinct on her alarmed ear,
 Listening delay'd, and still at fall of eve
 Delay'd, e'en then with dim reverted eye,
 Slow lingering on her winding homeward path.

No more in pomp of war, or vaulting steed,
 Joyeth the son of Vortigern, nor feast
 With jocund harpings and rich jewel'd dames,
 Outshining in their pride the starry heavens.

As fair the spring flowers bloom, as graceful
 droops

The wild ash spray, as sweet the mountain bee
 Murmurs, melodious breathes the twilight grove,
 Unheard of her, unheeded, who erewhile
 Visited, constant as the morning dew,
 Those playmates and sweet sisters of her soul.
 In one sole image sees the' enamour'd maid
 Concentrated all qualities of love,
 All beauty, grace, and majesty. The step
 Of tall stag prancing stately down the glen,
 The keen bright fierceness of the eagle's glance,
 And airy gentleness of timorous roe,
 And, more than all, a voice more soothing soft
 Than wild bird's carol, or the murmuring brook,
 With eloquence endued and melting words
 Wondrous; though unheard since eve, the sounds
 Now mingling with her midnight sleep, and make
 The damask of her slumbering cheek grow warm.

MILMAN.

THE PICTURE.

COME, painter, learn of me to trace
The fairest form, the sweetest face :
The Muses' rapture shall inspire
Thy hues of flame, thy tints of fire,
Her pencil aid the pictured strife,
And touch the likeness into life.
Come, painter, come ; and, as I sing,
Thy pallet spread, thy colours bring,
One spangled, rich, refulgent sky,
Whose stars in lucid order lie.
Here the sweet blush, of Phosphor born
To light the pearly path of morn ;
There the mild radiance of the west,
That beams on Hesper's dewy breast
And see the mingled splendours roll !
See Beauty's sun illumines the whole !
Light would you lay your colours
From Cypria's softest, fairest swan
The bosom-down be thine to take ;
Of this a plummy pencil make.
Or would thy fearful hand prefer
The summer cloud or gossamer,
Thence let the silver lustres flow,
Soft as the fleecy feathery snow.
Now full the outline draw and fair,
And wind the wave of beauty there.
Give the free limbs a rounded grace,
And sketch, with caution sketch the
Here spread the front serene and
And plant a star in either eye.

A rainbow draw ; and arch it now,
Fair as Heaven's own auspicious bow.
Two rainbow arches, rising high
Above the star in either eye.

Now orb the sweetly circling cheek
Where dimples dwell and blushes break :
That cheek, whose garden of delight
From summer steals her shade and light,
As in the rose's strength of flower
The lily loses half her power.
But give the lips thy richest red :
There the ripe peach's purple spread,
Of melting grace :—those buds of bliss,
Where Love lies laughing in a kiss :
And let those ruby buds disclose
Of purest pearl two peeping rows.
Thus smile the silver blossoms seen
Two scarlet strawberries between.

Now let the dancing tresses play,
Like the sweet leaves that fan the May :
And as in frolic sport they flow,
To shade the ivory neck below,
Let zephyr kiss the locks aside,
That brighten beauties they would hide.
No :—he's too fond : his touch is rude,
Nor let the' officious boy intrude.

Now, painter, all thy genius try,
Thy boldest pencil I defy.
The bosom :—draw it if thou dare :
Paint heaven, for heaven is painted there.
Yet, ah ! rash youth, thy hand restrain !
Vain were the' attempt, the thought were vain ;
For shouldst thou but in fancy stray
O'er that celestial milky way,

The Cretan's fortune thou shalt prove,
Lost in a whelming sea of love.

Then to the mien, the form, the face,
Add Beauty's finish'd lustre, grace:
That charm unnamed, as undefined,
That moral magic of the mind,
Which virtue only can express,
That known, that unknown happiness.
Ethereal essence! breath of love!
That spell, that spirit from above;
That subtle, fine, pervading sense;
That gifted, high intelligence;
That vital sunbeam of the soul,
Found by Prometheus, felt, and stole;
That *touch* which gives the likeness true,
And see! Trefusis stands in view.

THEO. SWIFT

ON HIS MISTRESS

THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light!
You common people of the skies!
What are you when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents! what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own!
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a queen!
Tell me if she were not design'd
The' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR H. WOTTON.

TO THE
HONOURABLE MISS CARTERET.

BLOOM of beauty, early flower
Of the blissful bridal bower,
Thou, thy parents' pride and care,
Fairest offspring of the fair,
Lovely pledge of mutual love,
Angel seeming from above,
Was it not thou day by day
Dost thy very sex betray,
Female more and more appear,
Female, more than angel dear;
How to speak thy face and mien
(Soon too dangerous to be seen),
How shall I, or shall the Muse,
Language of resemblance choose?
Language like thy mien and face,
Full of *sweetness*, full of grace!

By the next returning spring,
When again the linnets sing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportlings full of May,
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel! white and green,
And the year in fresh attire
Welcomes every gay desire,
Blooming on shalt thou appear,
More inviting than the year,
Fairer sight than orchard shows,
Which beside a river blows :
Yet another spring I see,
And a brighter bloom in thee :
And another round of time,
Circling, still improves thy prime :
And, beneath the vernal skies,
Yet a verdure more shall rise,
Ere thy beauties, kindling slow,
In each finish'd feature glow,
Ere, in smiles and in disdain,
Thou exert thy maiden reign,
Absolute to save or kill
Fond beholders at thy will.
Then the taper-moulded waist
With a span of ribbon braced,
And the swell of either breast,
And the wide high-vaulted chest,
And the neck so white and round,
Little neck with brilliants bound,
And the store of charms which shine
Above, in lineaments divine,
Crowded in a narrow space
To complete the desperate face,

se alluring powers and more
l enamour'd youths adore;
se and more, in courtly lays,
y an aching heart shall praise.
appy thrice, and thrice again,
piest he of happy men,
o, in courtship greatly sped,
s the damsel to his bed,
rs the virgin prize away,
nting life one nuptial day:
the dark-brown dusk of hair,
dowing thick thy forehead fair,
rn the veiny temples growing,
: the sloping shoulders flowing,
l the smoothly pencil'd brow,
l to him in every vow,
l the fringed lid below,
a as thinnest blossoms blow,
l the hazely lucid eye,
ence heart-winning glances fly,
l that cheek of health, o'erspread
h soft-blended white and red,
l the witching smiles which break
nd those lips, which sweetly speak,
l thy gentleness of mind,
tle from a gentle kind,
se endowments, heavenly dower!
ught him in the promised hour,
ll for ever bind him to thee,
ll renew him still to woo thee.

A. PHILIPS.

THE BROWN BEAUTY.

WHILE flushing o'er thy olive cheek,
Like the morning's dubious break,
Virgin shame delights to spread
Her roses of a deeper red;
And those ruddy lips of thine
Emulate the bleeding vine;
Think'st thou Celia's languid white
Can allure my roving sight,
Or my bosom catch a glow
From that chilling form of snow?
In those orbs, O nymph divine!
Stars may well be said to shine,
Stars whose pointed rays are made
More brilliant by surrounding shade;
Shade thy raven locks supply
To relieve my dazzled eye.
Trust me, thy transcendant face
Takes from its brown a mellowed grace;
A ripe autumnal bloom benign
Whence all the loves exulting shine;
As jet emits a glossy light
From its own polish'd surface bright.

DERMODY.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS.

PART IV.

Descriptive, Pastoral, and Narrative.



The hideous sight expects with fear,—
And gapes on the God of Love!
Cupid and Psyche.

Christwick:

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART IV.

Descriptive, Pastoral, and Narrative.

THE EXTRAVAGANZA.

‘ **OH**, for a journey to the Antipodes ;
Or some lone region of remotest Ind ;
Where, sagely sad, in solitary ease
My weary sprite a safe retreat might find ;
Where nothing might perturb my pensive mind,
But such delicious fantasies as please
The forming eye, when fiery flakes at eve
With wayward shapes the listless sense deceive !

‘ Then wingy-heel’d Imagination’s flight
Would bear me devious through the lamping sky :
Then haply should I feel no low delight
From earthly Bonnibel’s bewitching eye,
Voluptuous in her dainty arms to lie ;
Ne stoop inglorious from so proud a height ;
While my fond heart pour’d forth its vain distress,
Snared in the fetters of a golden tress.’

VOL. II.

C C

Such was my wish, romantic wish I ween,
When that soft necromancer, baulmy Sleep,
Laid me, entranced, amid a pleasant scene,
Where many a welling spring did murmurous
To lull me with its liquid lapses deep; [creep,
And, shaking their broad locks of glorious green,
Tall trees their thick lascivious leaves entwined,
To wooe with dalliaunce blithe the western wind.

The western wind did, scant-respiring, sigh,
Ne ruffled with rude wing the' attemper'd air;
But fuming from the fragrant flowers hard by,
Prankt in all hues, and delicately fair,
Did surging clouds of breathing incense bear:
All summer's bravery refresh'd the eye,
All musick's charms, above, beneath, around,
Raptured the ear with fascinating sound.

Here cherries riper than thy leman's lip,
The ambrosial lip of love, thou mightst behold;
Here purple plums their unctuous amber weep,
And mellow pears their shapely size unfold;
Here pensile balls of vegetable gold,
With blushes blent, through the fresh foliage
At once luxurious to the taste and sight, [peep;
Here loaded boughs with nodding head invite.

The nascent rose joined, prodigal of sweets,
The gaudy tulip, in rich broidered vest;
Here too the ambitious flaunting sunflower greets
Her garish lord with wide expanded breast;
Nor wanted crocus coy, in saffron drest;
Harebell, affecting most obscure retreats;
And of all leaf and verdure, myriads more,
Each alley, emerald-paved, that purled o'er.

But viler than the sleeky sedge, that strews
 The barren sand, upborne from ocean-bed,
 Were all those baser gauds, and meaner views,
 To that sweet semblance, next its influence shed,
 Descending in a vale of roses red;
 Delectable! not Grace, nor fabled Muse,
 By Thespian spring, or in Thessalian shade,
 Such peerless pomp of symmetry displaid.

Not she that, slighting her Idalian bowre,
 Did with the rose-faced jolly huntsman toy;
 Nor she, her rightful lord, in evil hour
 Enchafing, who dismantled stately Troy;
 Nor she, on Latmos' top who raped the boy;
 Nor yet sweet Enna's pride, (grim paramour!)
 Whom griesly Orcus bore from upper air,
 Might with this nymph for sovrantry compare.

Her sunny ringlets, wove in cunning braid,
 Formed for her lily front a coronet;
 Her persant eyes two precious gems betraid
 In living alabaster featly set,
 Arch'd with their graceful brows of shiny jet;
 Her swelling bosom through its slender shade
 Leap'd to be seen; her round and dimply chin
 Would tempt a frozen eremite to sin.

A silken samite slightly did enfold
 Her luscious limbs, girt with a starry zone,
 Its colour heavenly blue, bedropt with gold,
 And crimson, gorgeous as the proud pavone;
 A lambent glory on her temples shone:
 In sooth, she look'd not one of Nature's mold,
 But some gay creature whom the minstrel sees
 Aerial floating on the evening breeze.

Scarce my dazed eye could I uplift to trace

The' insufferable splendence of her frame;
Much less could loiter on each rising grace
Insinuating soft a subtile flame.

I wist not how the fond infection came,
When, sudden (while a gracious smile her face
With modest blush most amiably arraid),
Thus spoke in tuneful words the mystic maid:

' Thy fond intreaty, youth of bold design!
Is heard, and sanctified thy wayward prayer
My soul in unison accords with thine;
Henceforth, initiate, thou shalt be my care.
Thou shalt not grieve for any mundane fair,
Ne for the daughters of frail clay repine:
Celestial quintessence thou shalt embrace;
No mortal I, but of the sylphid race!

' Deem not this airy texture too refined
The sacred energies of love to feel:
True love is seated in the dureful mind,
Which aught of fleshy converse ne'er can heal
True love is a sublimed nectareous meal,
Where the pure sense can never surfeit find;
Which time in vain may labour to destroy,
Fed on eternal flowres of blooming joy.

' In swinish riotise, his bouzing-can
The debochee may round the table move,
Trolling lewd madrigal, mistaken man,
To his imperious dear, and call it love;
But 'tis not so: the leven-brond of Jove,
Since first its forked function it began,
Such ruinous dismay and baleful fire
Did ne'er elance as his profane desire.

‘ Clipt in some harlot’s captivating twine,
 As erst the champion who at Gaza fell,
 His sinews lose their wonted strength divine,
 His passions rude for mastery rebel :
 Ne can his prowess their combustion quell,
 Ne will they their obdurate hold resign,
 Till quite distraught, discomfited, forlore,
 His powre, and gallant portance, are no more.

‘ With me far other shall thy pleasures be,
 If thou abjure (as meet) each terrene thought ;
 Thy beastly wassail, loathsome revelrie,
 Ravine, and painful covetise forgot.
 Thou must the earth’s broad bosom hold as nought,
 Poudred with orient pearl ; nay ’sdain to see
 Kesars or kings who wrest a transient throne,
 Frail pomp if paragoned with me alone !

‘ Thy penance is but small, thy guerdon great :
 Ne sorrow shalt thou know, ne drerihead ;
 In some deep cave of cloud, a bland retreat,
 Myself will, duteous, delve thy bridal bed ;
 Trust me, thy wishes are completely sped.
 Now silent list, while briefly I repeat
 How goblin, elf, and gnome, and sylphid fare,
 Rightly yclept the denizen of air.

‘ Shouldering the beach when angry billows rave,
 Some in the bitter blast for plunder yell,
 And plunge the drowning wight beneath the wave ;
 Some in the dire volcano love to dwell,
 Oft laying cities waste with fury fell ;
 Some torture the designing, murderous knave,
 His palsied nerves with stony glare awake,
 And round his pillow sulphurous torches shake.

‘ Some, when the night-dog bays the whistling
wind

(Boding sure ill), and strange sad voices shriek;
When the lone pilgrim often looks behind,
And the blood freezes in his ghastful cheek;
Gigantic rising, from day’s durance break,
Incest, or rape, or parricide, to find;
Then savage tear his breast with scorpion whip,
Or hurl the caitiff down the craggy steep.

‘ Some, dapper imps and swart, the mine attend,
And thrif, with agile step, its glistening maze;
The gnarled oak some from the mountain read,
And, ere cock-crowing, in the valley place;
Some in one night a flinty fabric raise,
And to its base, the next, its turrets bend;
While some the dolorous servants of Despair,
With headless steeds the car of Death prepare.

‘ Four skeletons the coal-black coursers stride;
With flamy fingers four direct the way;
A windingsheet so white, distended wide,
Dabbled in blood, the coffin doth array:
Four hideous urchins at the corners play,
And in quaint gambol, shift from side to side;
Meanwhile, the thrice-repeated groan severe
Smites the expiring sinner’s closing ear.

‘ Less fearful pranks befit the merry fays:
By the trim margent of some huddling stream,
To revel in the pale moon’s tremulous rays;
To prompt the doting nurse’s idle dream;
Or lure the muttering carl with wanton gleam;
Yet oft some ouphe malign in cradle slays
The slumbering babe, then sucks his flowing gore,
And, grinning, leaves him strangled on the floor.

‘ Some, mounted on a butterfly’s pied wing,
In imitative turnay dare advance,
Armed with the sullen hornet’s desperate sting,
Or proudly on a mailed beetle prance,
Trusting their quarrel to chivalrous chance.

Others quick bounding in the tiny ring,
Trip to an humblebee’s melodious drone,
More for their courtesy than valour known.

‘ Some, on the glossy surface of a lake,
In hazel nut, their little pinnacle, swim;
Some their deep thirst from acorn-goblet slake,
Then slily o’er the misty meadow skim,
To pinch the beldame on return from wake;
Some to the river side their course betake,
And mournful pour a melancholy scream;
Some, rattling mischievous mid charnel-bones,
Mimic the dreadful mandrake’s nightly moans.

‘ But such low mockery, like thee, I scorn,
Averting thence, in ire, my sullied sight;
In yon ethereal groves of amaranth born,
Nurtured by streams of intellectual light
From the Great Spirit emanating bright,
Superior orbs my sister train adorn,
Whom beatific visions still inspire;
Though fallen, coeval with the’ angelic quire.

‘ Some in the halo’s humid circle play,
What time the pale-eyed moon is faintly seen;
Some o’er the beauteous lunar rainbow stray,
Shifting their checquer’d change of coloursheen,
Better to grace their silver-shafted queen;
And sometimes more irregularly gay,
Portentous, in the glowing north they rise,
And wave their boreal banners o’er the skies.

' Some the refulgent chariot of the sun
Pursue, descending to its western goal;
Some, courierlike, from distant planets run;
Some the huge comet's fiery wonder roll;
Some patient sentry keep at either pole;
And others, by harmonious witchery won,
All heaven responsive to the dulcet sound,
Turn the smooth spheres on tuneful axis round.

' In every twinkling star serenely shine
Those white-robed ministers of placid bliss;
Important is their toil, more pleasing mine;—
To point the transport of the thrilling kiss,
Ne'er known the maiden's throbbing heart to miss;
To anneal the drop that falls on feeling's shrine;
To soothe the lover's soul when frenzy-fraught;
Or lift sublime the poet's towering thought.

' Arise! arise! do not thy pulses beat
More lively marches, to forego thy lot?
Feels not thy breast a more exalted heat,
Loosed from mortality, and yon dim spot?
Surpassing joys, beyond conception wrought,
In my embrace thy purer sense await.'—
Embayed in ecstacies, my humil head
I reared; and lo! the fair phantasma fled.

And now, dank-seething from the dewy earth,
The vaporous exhalation stole away;
The faggot blazed upon the cottage hearth;
And Palmer Twilight, clad in amis gray,
Resign'd to ebon Night his shadowy sway.
Musing on descant high, whose future birth
Haply may not my humble name abase,
Homeward I bent my desultory pace.

DERMODY.

FLORA.

NOTE from scenes where the o'erwearied mind
 nks from the crimes and follies of mankind,
 n hostile menace and offensive boast,
 ce and her train of home-born pleasures lost;
 Fancy's reign who would not gladly turn,
 l lose awhile the miseries they mourn
 weet oblivion? Come then, Fancy! deign,
 en of ideal pleasure, once again
 lend thy magic pencil, and to bring
 a lovely forms as in life's happier spring,
 the green margin of my native Wey,
 re mine infant eyes were wont to play;
 l with that pencil teach me to describe
 enchanting goddess of the flowery tribe,
 ose first prerogative it is to chase
 clouds that hang on languid beauty's face;
 l, while advancing suns and tepid showers
 d on the laughing Spring's delicious hours,
 the wan maid the hues of health assume,
 rm with new grace, and blush with fresher
 bloom.

The vision comes!—while slowly melt away
 ht's hovering shades before the eastern ray,
 yet declines the morning's humid star,
 r Fancy brings her; in her leafy car
 ra descends to dress the' expecting earth,
 ake the germs, and call the buds to birth;
 each hybernacle its cell unfold,
 l open silken leaves and eyes of gold!
 If forest foliage of the firmest shade,
 rove by magic hands, the car was made;

M. H.

DD

Oak and the ample plane without entwined,
And beech and ash the verdant concave lined;
The saxifrage, that snowy flowers emboss,
Supplied the seat; and of the mural moss
The velvet footstool rose, where lightly rest
Her slender feet in cypripedium dress'd.
The tufted rush, that bears a silken crown,
The floating feathers of the thistle's down,
In tender hues of rainbow lustre dyed,
The airy texture of her robe supplied;
And wild convolvuli, yet half unblown,
Form'd, with their wreathing buds, her simple zone
Some wandering tresses of her radiant hair
Luxuriant floated on the' enamour'd air:
The rest were by the scandix' points confined,
And graced, a shining knot, her head behind—
While, as a sceptre of supreme command,
She waved the anthoxanthum in her hand.

Around the goddess, as the flies that play
In countless myriads on the western ray, [en
The sylphs innumerable throng, whose magic pow
Guard the soft buds and nurse the infant flowers
Round the sustaining stems weak tendrils bind,
And save the pollen from dispersing wind;
From suns too ardent shade their transient hues,
And catch in odorous cups translucent dews.
The ruder tasks of others are to chase
From vegetable life the insect race,
Break the polluting thread the spider weaves,
And brush the aphids from the' unfolding leaves.

For conquest arm'd these pigmy warriors wield
The thorny lance, and spread the hollow shield
Of lichen tough; or bear, as silver bright,
Lunaria's pearly circlet, firm and light.

the helm'd head the crimson foxglove glows,
 scutellaria guards the martial brows,
 while the leontodon its plumage rears,
 and o'er the casque in waving grace appears.
 A stern undaunted eye one warlike chief
 supports the tall club from arum's blood-dropp'd
 leaf;

as with the burdock's hooks annoys his foes,
 purple thorn that borrows from the rose.
 Ionian nectaries couch'd, some drive away
 fork'd insidious earwig from his prey;
 while the scaled libellula assail,
 thrust their keen lances at the encroaching snail;
 and the winged ant, on pinions light,
 will strike the headlong beetle in his flight.
 For less assiduous round their lovely queen
 lighter forms of female fays are seen;
 as was the purple vest Floscella wore,
 from the tufts the tradescantia bore;
 as cistus' flowers minute her temple graced,
 and threads of yucca bound her slender waist.
 From the wild bee, whose wondrous labour
 weaves

artful folds the rose's fragrant leaves,
 as borrow'd fair Petalla's light cymar;
 and the hypericum, with spangling star,
 as her fair locks its bloom minute inwreathed;
 as, while voluptuous odours round her breathed,
 the Nectarynia; as the arrowy rays
 of lambent fire round pictured seraphs blaze,
 as did the passiflora's radii shed
 aurean glory o'er the sylphid's head,
 while round her form the pliant tendrils twined,
 and clasp'd the scarf that floated on the wind.

More grave the para-nymph Calyxa d
A brown transparent spatha form'd her v
The silver scales that bound her raven h
Xeranthemum's unfading calyx bear ;
And a light sash of spiral ophrys press'd
Her filmy tunic on her tender breast.

But where shall images or words be fo
To paint the fair ethereal forms that roun
The queen of flowers attended? and the
Bask'd in her eyes and wanton'd in her
Now towards the earth the gay processio
Lo! from the buoyant air the car descen
Anticipating then the various year,
Flowers of all hues and every month ap
From every swelling bulb its blossoms ri
Here blow the hyacinths of loveliest dye
Breathing of heaven; and there her roya
Begemm'd with pearl, the crown-imperia
Peeps the blue gentian from the softening
Jonquils and violets shed their odours re
The honeysuckle rears his scallop'd horn
A snow of blossoms whiten on the thorn
Here like the fatal fruit to Paris given,
That spread fell feuds throughout the
The yellow rose her golden globe display
There lovelier still, among the spiny spre
Her blushing rivals glow with brighter
Than paints the summer's sun on western
And the scarce tinged and paler rose un
Their modest beauties to the sighing gal
Through the deep woodland's wild un
scene,

Spreads the soft influence of the floral qu
See a fair pyramid the chesnut rear,
Its crimson tassels on the larch appear

, dark native of the sullen North,
her soft sway ; and slowly springing forth
rough oak are buds minute unfurl'd,
giant produce may command the world !
rest thicket feels the balmy air,
ants that love the shade are blowing there.
ocks with filices and bryums smile,
astes are gay with thyme and camomile.
yet prolong the dear delicious dream,
ace her power along the mountain stream.
om its rude and rocky source, o'erhung
male fern and glossy adder's-tongue,
it wells, in pure and crystal drops,
als, soft gliding, through the upland copse ;
urmuring on, along the willowy sides,
ed-bird whispers, and the halcyon hides ;
among sallows pale, and birchen bowers,
ks in Fancy's eye the queen of flowers.
her light skiff, of woven bulrush made, &
sterlily lends a polish'd shade ;
galium there, of pale and silver hue,
ilobiums on the banks that grew,
er soft couch ; and as the sylphs divide,
liant arms, the still increasing tide,
sand leaves along the stream unfold ;
ts waving swords in flaming gold
s towers ; and here the arrowhead
ater crowfoot, more profusely spread,
e the quiet current ; higher there,
scious of her claims, in beauty rare,
ry umbels rears the flowering rush,
with reflected charms the waters blush.
iad now the year's fair goddess leads
h richer pastures and more level meads

Down to the sea, where even the briny sands
Their product offer to her glowing hands ;
For there, by seadews nursed and airs marine,
The chelidonium blows ; in glaucous green
Each reflux tide the thorn'd eryngium laves ;
And its pale leaves seem tinctured by the waves ;
And half way up the cliff, whose rugged brow
Hangs o'er the ever toiling surge below,
Springs the light tamarisk.—The summit bare
Is tufted by the staticé : and there,
Crush'd by the fisher as he stands to mark
Some distant signal or approaching bark,
The saltwort's starry stalks are thickly sown,
Like humble worth unheeded and unknown !

From depths where corals spring from crystal
caves,
And break with scarlet branch the eddying waves,
Where algæ stream, as change the flowing tides,
And where, half flower, half fish, the polyp hides,
And long tenacious bands of sealace twine
Round palm-shaped leaves impearl'd with co-
ralline,
Enamour'd Fancy now the seamajds calls,
And from their grottos dim and shell-paved halls,
Charm'd by her voice the shining train emerge,
And buoyant float above the circling surge ;
Green byssus, waving in the seaborn gales,
Form'd their thin mantles and transparent veils ;
Panier'd in shells, or bound with silver strings
Of silken pinna, each her trophy brings
Of plants, from rocks and caverns submarine,
With leathery branch and bladder'd buds betwixt
There its dark folds the pucker'd laver spread,
With trees in miniature of various red ;

ere flag-shaped olive leaves depending hung,
 d fairy fans from glossy pebbles sprung ;
 en her terrestrial train the nereids meet,
 d lay their spoils saline at Flora's feet.
 O ! fairest of the fabled forms ! that stream,
 ess'd by wild Fancy, through the poet's dream,
 ll may thy attributes of leaves and flowers,
 y gardens rich, and shrub-o'ershadow'd bowers,
 d yellow meads, with Spring's first honours
 bright,
 e child's gay heart and frolic step invite ;
 d while the careless wanderer explores
 e' umbrageous forest or the rugged shores,
 mbs the green down, or roams the broom-clad
 waste,
 y Truth and Nature form his future taste !
 dness ! on youth's bless'd hours thy gifts bestow ;
 d the fair wreath on virgin Beauty's brow,
 l still may Fancy's brightest flowers be wove
 nd the gold chains of hymeneal love.
 most for those, by Sorrow's hand oppress'd,
 thy beds blossom and thy wilds be dress'd ;
 where, by Fortune and the world forgot,
 ousner droops in some sequester'd spot
 ' luxury to vulgar minds unknown'),
 lighted happiness for ever gone,
 e dear image seeks not to forget,
 os his grief and cherishes regret ;
 with fond and lingering pain to mourn
 ys and hopes that never will return ;—
 isionary power ! mayst bid him view
 ot less lovely, and as transient too ;
 le they soothe the wearied pilgrim's eyes
 : antepast of Paradise.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

TO A LADY WITH A ROSE.

WHEN Venus first from ocean sprung,
With rapture earth exulting rung,
And gave, on that auspicious morn,
The Rose, for Beauty then was born.
The blooming stranger Venus views,
Its balmy blush and daybright hues,
Marks the green fence that guards it round,
For then no jealous thorn was found.
Sweet was her kiss:—The Rose receives
The charm through all the' empassion'd leaves:
In nectar now she bathes the bud,
Now plunges in the purple flood:
Instant, the finish'd Wonder grows
The Type of Love and Beauty's Rose.

To Paphos then she bore the flower,
And planted in her favourite bower,
And watch'd and nursed and tended there,
As yet too young the blast to bear;
Now fearing, folded from the night,
Now waked to meet the morning light;
With her own breath perfumed and fann'd,
Her breath as Zephyr's whisper bland;
And the warm sunshine of her eyes
A soul of fragrant life supplies.
Then ever fair and ever young,
The triumphs of the Rose she sung,
And thus the Daughter of the Main
Prophetic raised the Teian strain—

' Fairest, fondest child of earth,
Pledge of pleasure's infant birth!
When thine early blooms appear,
All shall own our season near.

Thou shalt crown the mantling bowl,
 Thou shalt cheer the Lover's soul.
 Dear to beauty, dear to love,
 Dear to every Muse above!
 With the Rose's annual praise
 Bards shall purple all their lays;
 And when chaplets they compose,
 Change the Laurel for the Rose.
 Does the swain his wishes breathe?
 Rosy bands his brow shall wreath.
 Does he sing the charmer's cheek?
 There shall rosy blushes break.
 Rise the rosy-bosom'd hours?
 Each shall hail the queen of flowers.
 Loves the morn with rosy finger?
 'er thy bud her hand shall linger,
 Whilst to thee her melting eyes
 Pay their dewy sacrifice.
 The dance delight our Graces?
 Thy feet shall print their paces;
 Their golden ringlets fall,
 Bathed with rosy coronal.
 I should either sister dare
 See the rival Rose to tear,
 Will spring a thorn around,
 Invidious touch to wound.
 I with sickness faints the heart,
 The cordial shalt impart;
 I vase of China's earth
 Shalt gain a second birth,
 Be dead, beyond the tomb,
 From thee a lasting bloom.
 I sang the Queen of Soft Desire,
 So resounding on her lyre;
 I.

Then to the boy that bears the bow
Of power to lay the mighty low,
The Rose she gave with rosy smile:—
And ‘haste,’ she said, ‘to Erin’s Isle;
There seek the swain whose heart beats high
At once with love and poesy;
Bid him his softest song employ
To hymn this happy child of joy;
And charge him, as he hopes to gain
One smile of mine, one favour’d strain,
To celebrate our Rose, and sing
This matchless marvel of the spring;
This brightest emblem of our flames,
That Nature gives, that Beauty claims,
That Love’s own hand delights to rear,
And Delia best deserves to wear.’

THEOPHILUS SWIFT.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster’s deathful cry?
In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face
A god in strength, with more than godlike grace
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows
Through heaving vein no mantling life blood flows
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone

Bright-kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
 his keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight *;
 turns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
 and his lip kindles with insulting ire:
 firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high
 he walks the' impalpable and pathless sky:
 the rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
 in graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
 that lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
 proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian†! with an eagle's flight
 thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
 viewed the bright concave of heaven's bless'd
 and the cold marble leapt to life a god: [abode,
 contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
 and nations bowed before the work of man.

or mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bowers,
 resting in careless ease the joyous hours;
 mighty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
 ruling the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
 muteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
 the holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
 the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
 fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form in wild delirious trance
 more than reverence gazed the Maid of
 France‡;

after day the lovesick dreamer stood
 him alone, nor thought it solitude;

Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which
 he serpent Python.

his of Ephesus.

foregoing fact is related in the work of M. Fœd. Sur

To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sense beguiled,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble
smiled:

Oft breathless listening heard, or seem'd to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and, cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied,
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and died.

MILMAN.

THE TEMPLE OF ASTARTE.

'Twas now the hallow'd eve; her feast ordain'd,
The lunar deity, heaven's empress, hight
Astarte, or horn'd Ashtaroth, far famed
Of heathen worshippers. There Moloch's priests
Led Israel's chief. Mid oaks of antique growth,
In the close circuit of a myrtle grove,
That o'er the lawn a lighter shade diffused,
Her temple rose. It crown'd the smooth ascent
Of a green hill, and cast, at hour of eve,
Its shadow o'er the sleepy water wide
Of a clear lake; the consecrated haunt
Of fowls and finny multitudes. Beneath
The myrtle grove, bowers of inwoven shade
Bloom'd odoriferous foliage. There the rose,
The jasmine, and the lily flourish'd fair:
And vines and wanton eglantines entwined
Their wedded tendrils. Nor the perfumed breath

Of orange bloom, or Gilead's fragrance failed:
 Nor aught in leaf or painted flower, whose hues
 Embroider earth. At every arbour served
 Boys and fair girls, that round an altar heaped,
 Not without hymn of youth and joy and love,
 The treasures of the orient, spice and gum,
 And nard delicious: so that every gale
 Fann'd odours, and the genial air around
 Seem'd burden'd with voluptuous languor sweet.
 The birds there sweetly sang; and murmuring
 doves,

That round the sculptured frieze their cradles hung,
 Cooed on the temple's golden brow. Before
 Its porch a curtain fell, embroider'd web
 Of Tyre. In midst a mystic orb inwrought,
 Half sun, half moon. Its broad circumference hung
 Poised, where a wavy shadow ran athwart,
 Severing the veil in twain. The upper limb,
 And all above, as by its light illumed,
 Blazed in the radiance bright of burnish'd gold.
 All forms of life there gather'd, and each form
 Glow'd, full of life. The eagle soar'd aloft
 On balanced wing: the steed, in stretch of race:
 The kid danced wanton on fresh-springing flowers:
 The green tree budded, and the bright rill flowed.
 Midst these, in bloom of beauty, from the shades
 Thammuz ascendant. In his hand a spear,
 Poised, ere yet lanced. O'er him, in air suspense,
 A goddess hung, and in his lips imbreathed
 The spirit of life and love. Above, appear'd
 Gods, gay at feast. The lower limb, and all
 Beneath its influence, seem'd with night o'ercast:
 If night that may be named, wherein each form
 In silver wrought shone plainly vision'd forth;

But pale in the comparison of gold.
All shone: but it was the shining of the moon,
Faint image of the sun. Each figure bore
Similitude of languor and decay.
There humankind sunk down in senseless swoon,
Half life, half death. On the herbless plain the
steed
Lay panting. There the kid, in act to fall,
Hung o'er the sere flower, withering 'neath his foot.
The eagle closed his eye, and folded in
Each feather smooth: lower'd his crest, and gleams
Soft flow'd along his glossy back, upraised
In heave of slumber. There the leafless tree
Droop'd; and what water seem'd stood icy still.
In midst of these, Sidonian skill had wrought
The form of Thammuz, bending o'er his wound,
Whence the large life-drops struggled. At his feet
A bow was broken, and its shaft in twain.
Near him a boar his blood-strain'd trunk upraised.
There bent the form of Thammuz: but, below,
His spirit, like a shadow, gliding on
In guidance of a minister of death,
With ringlets shorn, and torch extinct, sank down
To Hades and the unembodied shades.

Such was the mystic veil that hid from view
Astarte and her rites. Without, in choirs,
Fair youths, of either sex, in light robes loose,
Cerulean dye, with golden stars bedropp'd,
Their brows with myrtle garlanded, came on
In dance to dulcet flutes: or, where the bowers
Woo'd them, withdrew. Some on the mystic web
Intently gazed: ere clang of cymbals spake
Heaven's empress radiant on her zenith throne.
What time the veil uplifted shouts expose

In full illumination, amid blaze
 Of lamps and flame of torches, sparkling wide,
 And fires, like suns, irradiate round her shrine,¹
 Making the midnight brighter than noonday,
 The secret mysteries of Astarte's rites
 In act of celebration. On through these,
 Perforce, the Hebrew pass'd. Oft to his gaze
 Idolatrous Gath, in mockery of God,
 Had lifted up her deities; horned front
 Of bull or ram, beak'd bird, and scaly coat:
 And many a monstrous image, mixture vile
 Of uncongenial natures: Dagon foul,
 Derceto, and Atargatis: and some
 Of loathsome birth, that to their shapes abhorr'd
 Challenged the glory of the eternal God,
 The' Invisible: the kind that crept, or crawled,
 And the wing'd generation of the sun,
 Breathed up in pestilence from marsh and fen:
 And the webbed foot that haunts both land and
 flood,
 Terror alike of both. To each its shrine
 And worshipper, to creatures of all kinds
 Rites, prayer, and praise. To thee, Creator! none.
 But in this grove no idol met his gaze:
 Sight fouler far, the living image of God
 In man abused.

SOTHEBY.

DESCRIPTION OF A SCULPTURE ON THE TEMPLE OF MARS..

UPON the eastern pediment stood out
A fierce relief, where the tumultuous stone
Was nobly touched into a fit device
For the' immortal homicide within: it show'd
His coming on the earth; the God had burst
The gates of Janus, that fell shattering back
Behind him, from the wall the rearing steeds
Sprung forth, and with their stony hoofs the air
Insulted. Them Bellona urged, abroad
Her snaky locks from her bare wrinkled brow
Went scattering; forward the' haggard charioteer
Lean'd, following to the coursers' reeking flanks
The furrowing scourge with all herself, and hung
Over their backs, half fury and half joy,
As though to listen to their bruising hoofs
That trampled the thick massacre. Erect
Behind, with shield drawn in and forward spear,
The coned helm finely shaped to the' arching brow,
The god stood up within the car, that seem'd
To rush whenever the fleet wind swept by.
His brow was glory, and his arm was power,
And a smooth immortality of youth,
Like freshness from Elysium newly left,
The' embalming of celestial airs inhaled,
Touch'd with a beauty to be shudder'd at
His massy shape, a lightninglike fierce grace,
That makes itself admired while it destroys.

MILMAN.

THE VISION OF THE ANGEL OF DESTRUCTION.

GRANDEURS there are to which the gates of heaven
 Set wide their burning portals: midnight feels
 Cherubic splendours ranging her dun gloom,
 The tempests are ennobled by the state
 Of high seraphic motion. I have seen,
 I, Merlin, have beheld! It stood in light,
 Its spake in sounds for earth's gross winds too pure.
 Between the midnight and the morn 'twas here
 I lay, I know not if I slept or woke,
 Yet mine eyes saw. Long, long this heart had
 yearn'd,
 Mid those rich passings and majestic shows,
 For shape distinct and palpable clear sound.
 It burst at length, yea, front to front it stood,
 The' Immortal Presence. I clench'd up the dust
 In the' agony and rapture of my fear,
 And my soul wept with terror and deep joy.
 It stood upon the winds, an angel plumed
 And mail'd and crown'd; his plumes cast forth
 a tinge
 Like blood on the' air around: his arms, in shape
 Ethereal panoply complete, in hue
 The moonlight on the dark Llanberi's lake,
 A bright blue rippling glitter, for the crown,
 Palm leaves of orient light his brow enwreath'd,
 That bloom'd in fair divinity of wrath,
 And beautiful relentlessness austere.

Knowledge was in my heart and on my lips;
I felt him, who he was.—‘ Archangel! hail,
Destroyer! art not thou God’s Delegate,
To break the glassy glories of this world?
The gem-knosp’d diadem, the ivory ball,
Sceptre and sword, imperial mantle broad,
The Lord of Nations, Thundershaft of War
Are glorious on the pale submissive earth:
Thou comest, and lo! for throne, for sword, for
king,

Bare ashes and thin dust. Thou art, that aye
The rich-tower’d cities smoulder’st to pale heaps
Of laxy moss stones, and aye after thee
Hoots Desolation like a dank-wing’d owl
Upon the marble palaces of kings.
Thou wert, when old Assyrian Nineveh
Sank to a pool of waters, waste and foul;
Thou, when the Median’s brow the massy tiar
Let fall, and when the Grecian’s brazen throne
Sever’d and split to the four winds, and now
Consummatest thy work of wreck and scorn,
Even on Rome’s Cæsars, making the earth sick
Of its own hollowness. Archangel! hail,
Vicegerent of destruction, cupbearer,
That pour’st the bitter liquor of Heaven’s wrath,
A lamentable homage pay I thee,
And sue thee tell if Britain’s days are full,
Her lips for thy sad beverage ripe?

MILMAN.

THE PALACE OF DISEASE.

In a desert vale, a palace frowns
 grimely mournful: to the eye it seems
 mansion of Despair, or ancient Night.
 Graces of the Seasons never knew
 had their bounty here, or, smiling, bless,
 a hospitable foot, its bleak domain
 cultivated. Nor the various robe
 washing Spring, with purple gay, invests
 lighted plains; nor Summer's radiant hand
 hensive scatters o'er its baleful fields
 rich abundance of her glorious days;
 golden Autumn here forgets to reign.
 Here only hemlock, and whatever weeds
 sea gather'd, or Canidia brew'd,
 with Avernus' waves, or Pontus yields,
 Colchos, or Thessalia, taint the winds,
 choke the ground unhallow'd. But the soil
 uses to embrace the kindly seeds
 healing vegetation, sage, and rue,
 any, and amello, blooming still
 Virgil's rural page. The bitter yew, [arms,
 churchyard's shade! and cypress' wither'd
 formidable ranks surround its courts
 in umbrage dun; administering a roof
 birds of ominous portent; the bat,
 raven boding death, the screaming owl
 heavy wing; while serpents, rustling, hiss;
 croaking toads the odious concert aid.
 The peevish east, the rheumy south, the north
 giant with storms are all the winds that blow:
 here, distant far the pure Etesian gales,

And western breezes fan the spicy
Of Araby the bless'd, or shake the
O'er fair Britannia's plains, and wal
Eternal damps, and deadly humours
In poisonous exhalations from the
Conglomerated into solid night,
And darkness, almost to be felt, fo
The sun, with cheerful beams, to p
But roll their suffocating horrors re
Incessant, banishing the blooming t
Of Health and Joy for ever from th

In sad magnificence the palace n
Its mouldering columns; from thy
Of sable marble, and Egyptian min
Embowel'd. Nor Corinthian pillar
With foliaged capitals and figured
Nor feminine Ionique, nor, though
The fluted Doric, and the Tuscan p
In just proportions rise: but Gothic
Irreconciled in ruinous design:
Save in the centre, in relieve high,
And swelling emblematically bold,
In gold the apple rose, ' whose mo
Brought Death into the world, and
Malignantly delighted, dire Diseas
Surveys the glittering pest, and gri
With hellish glee. Beneath totters
Of jarring elements; earth, water,
Where hot and cold and moist and
Unnatural war. Shapeless her frig
(A chaos of distemper'd limbs in on
Huge as Megæra, cruel as the grav
Her eyes, two comets; and her bre

• Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book

High in her wither'd arms she wields her rod,
 With adders curl'd, and dropping gore; and points
 To the dead walls, besmear'd with cursed tales
 Of Plagues red-spotted, of blue Pestilence,
 Walking in darkness; Havoc at their heels;
 Lean Famine, gnawing in despite her arm:
 Whatever Egypt, Athens, or Messine,
 Constantinople, Troynovant, Marseilles,
 Or Cairo felt, or Spagnolet could paint.
 A sickly taper, glimmering feeble rays
 Across the gloom, makes horror visible,
 And punishes, while it informs, the eye.
 A thousand and ten thousand monstrous shapes
 Compose the group; the execrable crew
 Which Michael, in vision strange, disclosed
 To Adam, in the lazar-house of woe;
 A colony from Hell. The knotted Gout,
 The bloated Dropsy, and the racking Stone
 Tolling her eyes in anguish; Lepra foul;
 Strangling Angina; Ephialtic starts;
 Innerv'd Paralysis; with moist Catarrhs;
 Neuritis bending o'er its side, in pain;
 Vertigo; murderous Apoplexy, proud
 With the late spoils of Clayton's honour'd life:
 Layton the good, the courteous, the humane;
 Unconscious of his purpose, and his word
 As the fabled throne of Grecian Jove.
 Just, O Memory! again recall
 How looks illumined by his honest heart,
 How open freedom and that cheerful ease,
 How bounteous emanations of his soul:
 British honour, Christian charity,
 Mild benevolence for humankind.
 In every quarter lamentations loud

And sighs resound, and rueful peals of groans
Roll echoing round the vaulted dens, and screams
Dolorous, wrested from the heart of Pain,
And brain-sick Agony. Around her throne
Six favourite Furies, next herself accursed,
Their dismal mansions keep; in order each,
As most destructive. In the foremost rank,
Of polish'd steel, with armour blood-distain'd,
Helmets and spears and shields and coats of mail,
With iron stiff, or tin, or brass, or gold,
Swells a triumphal arch; beneath, grim War
Shakes her red arm: for War is a disease,
The fellest of the fell! Why will mankind,
Why will they, when so many plagues involve
This habitable globe (the curse of Sin),
Invent new desolations to cut off
The Christian race? At least in Christian climes
Let olives shade your mountains, and let Peace
Stream her white banner o'er us, bless'd from War,
And laurels only deck your poets' brows.
Or, if the fiery metal in your blood
And thirst of human life your bosom sting,
Too savage! let the fury loose of War,
And bid the battle rage against the breasts
Of Asian infidels: redeem the towers
Where David sung, the Son of David bled;
And warm new Tassos with the epic flame.

Right opposite to War a gorgeous throne
With jewels flaming, and emboss'd with gold
And various sculpture, strikes the wondering eye
With jovial scenes (amid destruction gay)
Of instruments of mirth, the harp, the lute,
Of costly viands, of delicious wines,
And flowery wreaths to bind the careless brow

Of Youth or Age ; as Youth or Age demand
 The pleasing ruin from the' enchantress, vile
 Intemperance : than Circè subtler far,
 Only subdued by Wisdom ; fairer far
 Than young Armida, whose bewitching charms
 Rinaldo fetter'd in her rosy chains ;
 Fill, by Ubaldo held, his diamond shield
 Blazed on his mind the virtues of his race,
 And, quick, dissolved her wanton mists away.
 See, from her throne, slow-moving, she extends
 A poison'd goblet ! fly the beauteous bane ;
 The adder's tooth, the tiger's hungry fang
 Are harmless to her smiles : her smiles are death.
 Beneath the foamy lustre of the bowl,
 Which sparkles men to madness, lurks a snake
 Of mortal sting : fly : if you taste the wine,
 Machaon swears that moly cannot cure.
 Though innocent and fair her looks, she holds
 A lawless commerce with her sister Pests,
 And doubly whets their darts : away—and live.
 Next, in a low-brow'd cave, a little hell,
 A pensive hag, moping in darkness, sits
 Mournfully sad : her eyes (so deadly dull !)
 Are from their stonied sockets, widely wild ;
 Forever bent on rusty knives and ropes ;
 poniards, bowls of poison, daggers red
 With clotted gore. A raven by her side
 Eternal croaks ; her only mate Despair ;
 She, scowling in a night of clouds, presents
 A thousand burning hells, and damned souls,
 Lakes of stormy fire, to mad the brain
 To-stricken. Melancholy is her name ;
 Melancholy's bitter bane. Thou gracious Power
 Whose judgments and whose mercies who can tell !

With bars of steel, with hills of adamant
Crush down the sooty fiend ; nor let her blast
The sacred light of heaven's all-cheering face,
Nor fright, from Albion's isle, the angel Hope. .

Fever the fourth : adust as Afric wilds,
Chain'd to a bed of burning brass : her eyes
Like roving meteors blaze, nor ever close
Their wakeful lids : she turns, but turns in vain,
Through nights of misery. Attendant Thirst
Grasps hard an empty bowl, and shrivel'd strives
To drench her parched throat. Not louder groans
From Phalaris's bull, as fame reports,
Tormented with distressful din the air,
And drew the tender tear from pity's eye.

Consumption near ; a joyless, meagre wight,
Panting for breath, and shrinking into shade, .
Eludes the grasp : thin as the' embodied air
Which, erst, deceived Ixion's warm embrace,
Ambitious of a goddess ! scarce her legs
Feebly she drags, with wheezing labour, on,
And motion slow : a willow wand directs
Her tottering steps, and marks her for the grave.

The last, so turpid to the view, affrights
Her neighbour hags. . Happy herself is blind,
Or madness would ensue ; so bloated black,
So loathsome to each sense, the sight or smell,
Such foul corruption on this side the grave ;
Variola ycleped ; ragged, and rough, [scenes
Her couch perplex'd with thorns.—What heavy
Hang o'er my heart to feel the theme is mine !
But Providence commands ; His will be done !
She rushes through my blood ; she burns along,
And riots on my life.—Have mercy, Heaven !—
Variola, what art thou ? whence proceeds

This virulence, which all, but we, escape?
 Thou nauseous enemy to humankind;
 In man, and man alone, thy mystic seeds,
 Quiet, and in their secret windings hid,
 Lie unprolific; till Infection rouse
 Her poisonous particles, of proper size,
 Figure, and measure, to exert their power
 Of impregnation; atoms subtle, barb'd,
 Infrangible, and active to destroy;
 By geometric or mechanic rules
 Yet undiscover'd: quick the heaven runs
 Destructive of the solids, spirits, blood
 Of mortal man, and agitates the whole
 In general conflagration and misrule.
 As when the flinty seeds of fire embrace
 Some fit materials, stubble, furze, or straw,
 The crackling blaze ascends; the rapid flood
 Of ruddy flames, impetuous o'er its prey,
 Rolls its broad course, and half the field devours.

W. THOMPSON.

THE DESCENT OF HYGEIA.

WHILE on this isthmus of my fate I lie,
 Jutting into Eternity's wide sea,
 And leaning on this habitable globe,
 The verge of either world! dubious of life,
 Dubious, alike, of death; to Mercy thus,
 Inspirited with supplicating zeal,
 My guardian angel raised his potent prayer:
 (For angels minister to man, intent
 On offices of gentleness and love).

‘Hear, Mercy! sweetest daughter of the skies,

Thou loveliest image of thy Father's face, [flow,
Thou blessed fount, whence grace and goodness
Auspicious, hear! extend thy helping arm,
With pitying readiness, with willing aid,
O lift thy servant from the vale of death,
Now groveling in the dust, into the fields
Of comfort, and the pastures green of health.
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies!
If e'er thy servant to the poor his soul
Drew out, and taught the fatherless to sing;
If e'er by pity warm'd, and not by pride,
He clothed the naked, and the hungry fed;
If e'er distress and misery, forlorn,
Deceived his cheek, and stole his untaught tear,
An humble drop of thy celestial dew!
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies.

‘ Sprung from the bosom of eternal bliss,
Thy goodness reaches farther than the grave;
And near the gates of hell extends thy sway,
Omnipotent! All, save the cursed crew
Infernal, and the black rebellious host
Of Lucifer, within thy sweet domain
Feed on ambrosia, and may hope the stars.
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies!
By thee, the great Physician from the bed
Of darkness call'd the sick, the blind, the lame;
He burst the grave's relentless bars by thee,
And spoke the dead to life and bloom again.
His miracles, thy work; their glory, thine:
Then, O thou dearest Attribute of God!
Thy saving health to this thy servant lend!
Hear, Mercy, sweetest daughter of the skies!’

Inclined upon a dewy skirted cloud,
Purpled with light, and dropping fatness down,

Plenty and bliss on man, with looks as mild
 As evening suns (when flowery footed May
 Leads on the jocund hours, when Love himself
 Flutters in green), effusing heartfelt joy
 Abundant, Mercy shone with sober grace,
 And majesty at once with sweetness mix'd
 Ineffable. A rainbow o'er her head,
 The covenant of God, betokening peace
 'Twixt heaven and earth, its florid arch display'd,
 High bended by the' Almighty's glorious hand ;
 The languish of the dove upon her eyes
 In placid radiance melted, from the throne
 Of grace infused, and fed with light; her smiles
 Expansive cheer'd the undetermined tracks
 Of all creation, from the' ethereal cope,
 August with moving fires, down to the shades
 Infernal, and the reign of darkness drear.
 E'en men refine to angels from her gaze,
 Gracious, invigorating, full of Heaven!

This daughter of the Lamb, to fervent prayers
 And intercession, opes her ready ear,
 Compassionate; and to Hygeia thus—
 ' Hygeia, hie thee to the well of life;
 There dip thy fingers; touch his head and breast;
 Three drops into his mouth infuse, unseen,
 Save by the eye of Faith: he yonder lies—
 Descend, and take the evening's western wing.'

She said. Hygeia bow'd; and, bowing, fill'd
 The circumambient air with odorous streams,
 Pure essence of ambrosia! not the breath
 Of Lebanon, from cedar alleys blown,
 Of Lebanon, with aromatic gales
 Luxuriant, spikenard, aloes, myrrh, and balm;
 Nor the *wise eastern monarch's* garden vied

In fragrance, when his fair Circassian spouse,
Enamour'd, call'd upon the south to fan
Its beds of spices, and her bosom cool,
Panting with languishment and lovesick fires.

Forth from the' eternal throne the well of Life,
Pouring its crystal, laves the streets of God
(Where Sickness never comes, nor Age, nor Pain).
Fast trickling o'er the pebble gems. Beneath
Unfading amarant and asphodel,
A mirror spreads its many colour'd round,
Mosaic work, inlaid by hands divine
In glistening rows, illuminating each,
Each shading: beryl, topaz, chalcedon,
Emerald, and amethyst. Whatever hues
The light reflects celestial quarries yield,
Or melt into the vernant showery bow,
Profusive, vary here in mingling beams.
Collected thus the waters, dimpling, end
Their soft progressive lapse. The Cherubs hence
Immortal vigour quaff and bliss unblamed.
Nor only flow for you, ye sons of Light,
The streams of comfort and of life, but flow
To heal the nations. Wonderful to tell,
The aged, they renew, the dead revive,
And more, the festers of the wounded soul,
Corrupted, black, to pristine white relume
And saintlike innocence. The mystic Dove
Broods, purifying o'er them, with his wings.
The angel, who Bethesda's troubled pool
Stirr'd, first his pinions with these vital drops
Sprinkled; then pour'd himself into the flood,
Instilling health and nutriment divine,
Its waves to quicken, and exalt its powers.

Here lights Hygeia, ardent to fulfil

Mercy's behest. The bloom of Paradise
 Lived on her youthful cheek, and glow'd the Spring.
 The deep carnations in the eastern skies,
 When ruddy Morning walks along the hills,
 Illustriously red, in purple dew,
 Are languid to her blushes; for she blush'd
 As through the opening file of winged flames
 Bounding she lighted, and her sapphire eyes
 With modest lustre bright, improving heaven,
 Cast sweetly round, and bow'd to her compeers,
 An angel amid angels. Light she sprung
 Along the' empyreal road: her locks distill'd
 Salubrious spirit on the stars. Full soon
 She pass'd the gate of pearl, and down the sky,
 Precipitant, upon the evening wing
 Cleaves the live ether, and with healthy balm
 Impregnates, and fecundity of sweets.

Conscious of her approach, the wanton birds,
 Instinctive, carol forth, in livelier lays
 And merrier melody, their grateful hymn,
 Brisk fluttering to the breeze. Eftsoons the hills,
 Beneath the gambols of the lamb and kid,
 Of petulant delight, the circling maze
 (Brush'd off its dew) betray. All Nature smiles
 With double day delighted. Chief, on man
 The goddess ray'd herself: he, wondering, feels
 His heart in driving tumults, vigorous, leap,
 And gushing ecstasy: bursts out his tongue
 In laud, and unpremeditated song,
 Obedient to the music in his veins.
 Thus, when at first, the instantaneous light
 Sprung from the voice of God, and, vivid, threw
 Its golden mantle round the rising ball,
 The cumbrous mass, shot through with vital warmth
 And plastic energy, to motion roll'd

The drowsy elements, and active rule :
Sudden the Morning stars together sang,
And shouted all the sons of God for joy.

Enters Hygeia, and her task performs,
With healing fingers touch'd my breast and head ;
Three drops into my mouth infused, unseen,
Save by the eye of Faith : then reascends.

As snow in Salmon, at the tepid touch
Of southern gales, by soft degrees, dissolves
Trickling, yet slow, away ; and loosen'd frosts
The genial impress feel of vernal suns,
Relenting to the ray ; my torpid limbs
The healing virtue of Hygeia's hand
And salutary influence perceive,
Instant to wander through the whole. My heart
Begins to melt, o'errunning into joy,
Late froze with agony. Kind tumults seize
My spirits, conscious of returning health,
And dire disease abating from the cells
And mazy haunts of life. The judging leech
Approves the symptoms, and my hope allows.

The hostile humours cease to bubble o'er
Their big distended channels ; quiet now
And sinking into peace. The organs heave
Kindlier with life : and Nature's fabric near
To dissolution shatter'd, and its mould
To dust dissolved, though not its pristine strength
(The lusty vigour of its healthy prime),
Yet gentle force recovers ; to maintain,
Against the tyrant Death's battering assaults,
The fort of Life.—But darkness, present still,
And absent sweet repose, best medicine, sleep,
Forbid my heart the full carouse of joy.

W. THOMPSON.

THE INVISIBLE GIRL*.

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you are not a daughter of ether and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms ;
That, in short, you 're a woman, your lip and your
breast

As mortal as ever were tasted or press'd !
But I will not believe them—no, science ! to you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu :
Still flying from nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
Oh ! who that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet ;
How rays are confused, or how particles fly
Through the medium refined of a glance or a sigh !
Is there one, who but once would not rather have
known it

Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it ?
No, no—but for you, my invisible love,
I will swear you are one of those spirits that rove
By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue !

* The Invisible Girl was an acoustical deception, exhibited in Leicester Fields. From a glass globe, suspended in the midst of a room, and having no apparent communication with anything else, a female conversed with the spectators in four languages, and played upon the pianoforte: her breath might even be felt.

Oh! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears!
Sweet spirit of mystery! how I should love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
To have you for ever invisibly nigh,
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh!
Mid the crowds of the world and the murmur of
care,

[air,
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the
And turn with disgust from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Oh! come and be near me, for ever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As sweet, as of old, was imagined to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart is weighed down and the eyelid
is light,

You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above!

Oh spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
The voice of the one upon earth, who has twined
With her essence for ever my heart and my mind!
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
An exile and weary and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment that voice on my ear,
I will think at that moment my Cara is near,
That she comes with consoling enchantment to
speak,

And kisses my eyelid and sighs on my cheek,

tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
 the dawn of our hope, of our heaven is nigh!
 sweet spirit! if such be your magical power,
 will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;
 let fortune's realities frown as they will,
 me, Fancy, and Cara may smile for me still!

T. MOORE.

THE ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY.

WHEN I go musing all alone,
 thinking of divers things foreknown,
 when I build castles in the air,
 void of sorrow, and void of fear,
 amusing myself with phantasms sweet,
 thinks the time runs very fleet.
 All my joys to this are folly,
 thought so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie waking all alone,
 counting what I ill have done,
 thoughts on me then tyrannize,
 and sorrow me surprise;
 whether I tarry still or go,
 thinks the time moves very slow.
 All my griefs to this are jolly,
 thought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
 with pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
 a brook side, or wood so green,
 heard, unsought for, or unseen,
 VOL. II. H H

A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.

All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and furies, then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.

All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends, my fantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes :
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as melancholy.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now embrace my miss :
O blessed days, O sweet content !
In Paradise my time is spent !

Such thoughts may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love !

All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits ; O, mine hard fate
I now repent, but 'tis too late.

No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so harsh as melancholy.

Friends and companions, get you gone !
'Tis my desire to be alone ;
Ne'er well but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.

No gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.

All my joys to this are jolly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone ;
I am a beast, a monster grown ;
I will no light, nor company,
I find it now my misery.

The scene is turn'd, my joys are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so fierce as melancholy.

I'll not change life with any king ;
I ravish'd am ! can the world bring
More joy than still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant toys time to beguile ?

Do not, O, do not trouble me,
So sweet content I feel and see.

All my joys to this are folly,
None so divine as melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from gaol or dunghill fetch :
My pain past cure; another hell;
I may not in this torment dwell;
Now, desperate, I hate my life;
Lend me a halter or a knife.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so damn'd as melancholy.

BURTON.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

SOFT power of slumbers, dewy-feather'd Sleep;
Kind nurse of Nature! whither art thou fled,
A stranger to my senses, wearied out
With pain, and aching for thy presence? Come,
O, come! embrace me in thy liquid arms;
Exert thy drowsy virtue, wrap my limbs
In downy indolence, and bathe in balm,
Fast flowing from the' abundance of thy horn,
With nourishment replete, and richer stored
Than Amalthea's; who (as poets feign)
With honey and with milk supplied a god,
And fed the thunderer. Indulgent quit
Thy couch of poppies! steal thyself on me
(In rosy mists suffused and clouds of gold),
On me, thou mildest cordial of the world!

The shield his pillow, in the tented field,
By thee, the soldier, bred in iron war,

its the mimic thunders of the day,
 envies Luxury her bed of down.
 'd by the blast, and cabin'd in the storm,
 sailor hugs thee to the doddering mast,
 ipwreck negligent, while thou art kind.
 aptive's freedom, thou! the labourer's hire;
 eggar's store; the miser's better gold;
 ealth of Sickness; and the youth of Age!
 y approach the wrinkled front of Care
 des into the smooth expanse of smiles.
 stranger far! the monarch, crown'd by thee,
 ith his weight of glory gains repose.
 at guilt is mine, that I alone am wake,
 though my eyes are seal'd, am wake alone?
 seal'd, but not by thee! the world is dumb;
 led by air, an awful silence rules,
 is thy brother's reign, or foot of time;
 nightingales are mute, and lovers rest,
 'd in thy influence, and cease to sigh,
 dy sigh in slumbers. Fifteen nights
 moon has walk'd in glory o'er the sky;
 t the Sun has shone her from the sphere,
 , gentle Sleep, I felt thy cordial dews.
 listen to my moaning; nor delay
 othe me with thy softness; to o'ershade
 uppliant with thy pinions: or at least
 ly to touch my temples with thy wand.
 full and frequent, may the crimson fields
 poppies blush, nor feel a Tarquin's hand.
 y the west winds sigh, the murmuring brook,
 melody of birds, Ianthe's lute,
 music of the spheres, be all the sounds
 dare intrude on thy devoted hour.
 boreas bluster, nor the thunder roar,
 reechowl flap his wing, nor spirit yell,

As 'neath the trembling of the moon he walks,
Within the circle of thy still domain.
He comes ! he comes ! the reconciling Power
Of pain, vexation, care, and anguish comes !
He hovers in the lazy air :—He melts,
With honey heaviness, my senses down.

W. THOMPSON.

DELIRIOUS DREAMS.

THOUGH, at their visual entrance quite shut out,
External forms, forbidden, mount the winds,
Retire to chaos, or with night commix ;
Yet, Fancy's mimic work, ten thousand shapes,
Antic and wild, rush sweeping o'er my dreams,
Irregular and new ; as pain or ease
The spirits teach to flow, and in the brain
Direction diverse hold : gentle and bright
As hermits, sleeping in their mossy cells,
Lull'd by the fall of waters ! by the rills
From Heliconian cliffs devolved ; or where,
Thy ancient river, Kishon, sacred stream !
Soft murmurs on their slumbers : peace within,
And conscience, e'en to ecstasy sublimed
And beatific vision. Sudden, black,
And horrible as murderers ; or hags,
Their lease of years spun out, and bloody bond
Full flashing on their eyes ; the gulf, beneath,
Maddening with gloomy fires ; and heaven, behind,
With all her golden valves for ever closed.
Now in Elysium lapp'd, and lovely scenes,
Where honeysuckles rove, and eglantines,
Narcissus, jessamin, pinks, profusely wild,
In every scented gale Arabia breathe :

As blissful Eden fair ; the morning work
 Of Heaven, and Milton's theme ! where Innocence
 Smiled and improved the prospect.—Now, anon,
 By Isis' favourite flood supinely laid,
 In tuneful indolence, behold the bards
 (Harps in each hand, and laurel on each brow),
 A band of demigods, august to sight,
 In venerable order sweetly rise,
 (The Muses sparkling round them) who have trod
 In measured pace its banks, for ever green,
 Enamel'd from their feet ! Harmonious notes,
 Warbled to Doric reeds, to Lesbian lyres,
 Or Phrygian minstrelsy, steal on the ear
 Enamour'd with variety : and loud
 The trumpet's shrilling clangors fill the sky
 With silver melody.—Now, happier still !
 Round thy Italic cloisters, musing slow,
 Or in sweet converse with thy letter'd sons,
 Philosophers and poets and divines,
 Enjoy the sacred walk, delighted, Queen's* !
 Where Addison and Tickell lay inspired,
 Inebriated from the classic springs,
 And tuned to various-sounding harps the song,
 Sublime or tender, humorous or grave,
 Quaffing the Muses' nectar to their fill.
 Where Smith in hoary reverence presides
 (Crown'd with the snow of virtue for the skies),
 With graceful gravity and gentle sway ;
 With perfect peace encircled and esteem.
 Whose mild and bright benevolence of soul,
 By reason cool, and by religion warm,
 And generous passion for the college weal,
 More than a Muse inspire.—Momentary bliss !
 For sudden rapt, the midnight howl of wolves,

* Queen's College in Oxford.

The dragon's yell, the lion's roar astound
My trembling ear. Ha! down a burning mount
I plunge deep, deep: sure Vulcan's shop is here—
Hark, how the anvils thunder round the dens
Flammivomous! What? are those chains to bind
This skeleton! the Cyclops must be mad:
Those bolts of steel, those adamantine links
Demand Typhoeus' strength to burst.—Away—
Venus and Mars—beware.—In giddy whirls
I ride the blast, and towering through the storm
Enjoy the palace of the morn. The Sun
Resigns the reins of Phlegon to my hands:
His mane waves fire: he scorches me to dust:
Avaunt, thou fiend!—I'll hurl thee down the deep
Of heaven, with bolted thunder, and enwrapp'd
With forky lightning. Now staggering I reel,
By murderers pursued: my faithless feet
Scarce shift their pace: or down rushing amain,
I cease to recollect my steps, and roll
Passive on earth.—Sure, 'twas Astolpho's horn
Pour'd on my ear the' annoying blast: at which
Rogero trembled, Bradamant grew pale,
And into air dissolved the' enchanted dome.

Now starting from this wilderness of dreams,
I wake from fancied into real woe.
Pain empties all her vials on my head,
And steeps me o'er and o'er. The' envenom'd shirt
Of Hercules enwraps my burning limbs
With dragon's blood: I rave and roar like him,
Writhing in agony. Devouring fires
Eat up the marrow, frying in my bones.
O whither, whither shall I turn for aid?

W. THOMPSON.

DREAMS.

'HAT sage hath never laid on Fancy's lap
 His charmed head, by sweet ideal sounds
 Of melody entranced, who deems the sense
 Of conscious life in gentle slumber lost!
 Who, yielding up himself to stealing sleep
 As to a sad necessity, beholds
 Late the dawnlight's golden glimmering streak
 Its curtain'd couch; then springs impatient forth,
 And boasts he feels existence. But to me
 Sweet is the trance of slumber: sweet the' escape
 From life's realities to fancy's world
 Of vision'd happiness: the throbs of hope,
 The smiles of rapture; voices breathing love,
 Delightful shapes, and scenes of faery land;
 O memory's pleasures and the fleeting joys
 That seem'd for ever flown; but nightly wing
 Their backward flight, and hover o'er my brow.
 Such recognitions vivid and soul-felt,
 The work of wonder-shaping intellect,
 Wake when the body sleeps. No day-dream wild
 On river-brink, beneath the beech tree's gloom,
 Can with such clear distinctness to the soul
 Picture the groups of faded bliss; or call
 Such light aerial phantasies of joy
 To float around the brain. Thou lovely moon,
 Companion of my bed! I would invoke
 Thy influence; now from ocean's trembling verge
 Lift thy full orb, that reddening through the woods
 Gleams like a sanguine shield; till slow it climbs,
 And lessens as it climbs; and, hovering high
 In the blue calm of ether, sheds abroad

Its white effulgence. Through my heart I feel
Thy influence glide, thy beams of snowy light
Steal on mine eyes, and swimming slumber veils
The consciousness of vision : then awake
The eye and ear of fancy : then the soul
Slides round the visionary sphere more swift
And wildly sportive than the swallow's wing
That hovering skims the surface of the stream.
Oh happy ! whom imagination seeks
Where'er he rests his head ; on feathery down,
Or the hard pallet ; on the reeling deck,
Scourged by the waves ; or on the moonshine bank,
Bower'd by the hazel's foliage, where the dew
On primrose and on violet hangs its gems.
The lover—no, reality itself
Scarce equals that bless'd moment when he grasps
The hand so long withheld, that trembles soft
Within his trembling pressure : when his eyes
-Drink in the lucid languishment of look
That thrills the shivering nerves ; the mystic glance
Avowing all unutterable things,
And kindling hope to madness. Rise not yet,
Unwelcome sun ! for never shall he know
So sweet a moment : never, though he clasp
Possession, shall he feel an hour like that ;
When even impossibility gave way
At Fancy's bidding : and the sighs, the smiles,
The murmur'd accents, and the glowing touch,
Heard, felt, and seen in slumber's ecstasy,
Mingled the zest of mystery with bliss,
The tumult of amazement ! These are thine,
Creative slumber ! by thy magic power
Consign'd to more than mortal blessedness
The poet smiles ; and muses that the bough

Of ivy wreathes his temples : that the car
 Triumphal bears him to the fane on high,
 Where sat Petrarca with his laurel crown :
 That blushing maidens roll their sparkling eyes
 To gratulate his coming : and intwine
 With ivory fingers myrtle and the rose,
 To shadow him with showers of paradise.
 By slumber's charm whole oceans interposed
 Shrink, and are dry : the friend whom chance of war
 Had severed from thee sits beside thee now,
 As in time past : the selfsame oak above
 Expands its dome of leaves ; the rivulet sends
 The same cool murmur to thy tranquil ear :
 And sweet it is to stretch thy limbs in shade
 Beside the man thou lovest, and feel the hours
 In blithest converse with the rivulet's haste
 Glide fast away. By secret sympathy
 The tender wife, amid the city's crowds
 Perchance awhile forgotten, twines in sleep
 Around the fibres of the conscious brain ;
 And the heart melts to know that placid smile
 So fond and so confiding : then the gloom
 Of midnight brightens : 'tis the scene of home!—
 Beneath noon's azure arch the sunny field
 Spreads green its flowery grass ; he looks, he sees
 The graceful boy's clear eye, and forehead pure
 As very snow ; he sees his crisped locks
 Unraveling on the breeze their flaxen rings,
 The whilst his bounding feet elastic leap
 Among the meadow-lambs and hedge-row birds,
 The fellows of his pastime : lo ! again—
 The fireside light reflects on rubied cheeks,
 And little hands are twined within his grasp ;
 The prattled tale, the scream of merriment,

The babe's sweet laughter and half tottering step,
The mother's gaze of modest ardency,
All, all are present; and the well known group
Dawns like a vision on the slumbering man.
Oh gentle sleep! thy silent potency
Can teach the happy keener happiness;
Can cheer the wretched with a glimpse of bliss.
Nay—the dark grave is open'd, and the form
Of loveliness that slept once more awakes,
And blooms, and smiles, and musically speaks,
And fires the brain with such delirious joy
That oh! it were felicity to dream
For ever thus, nor wake, unless in heaven.

ELTON.

THE FAIRY TEMPLE;

OR,

Oberon's Chapel.

DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN MERRIFIELD.

RARE temples thou hast seen I know,
And rich for in and outward show;
Survey this chapel, built alone,
Without or lime or brick or stone;
Then say if thou hast seen more fine
Than this, the fairies' once, now thine.

A way enchased with glass and beads
There is, that to the chapel leads,
Whose structure, for his holy rest,
Is here the halcyon's curious nest;
Into the which who looks shall see
His temple of idolatry,

Where he of godheads has such store,
 As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
 His house of Rimmon* this he calls,
 Girt with small bones instead of walls:
 First, in a niche more black than jet
 His idol cricket there is set;
 Then, in a polish'd oval by
 There stands his idol beetle-fly;
 Next, in an arch akin to this
 His idol canker seated is;
 Then in a round is placed by these
 His golden god Cantharides:
 So that where'er ye look ye see
 No capital, no cornice free,
 Or frieze, from this fine frippery.
 Now this the fairies would have known,
 Theirs is a mix'd religion;
 And some have heard the elves it call
 Part pagan, part papistical.
 If unto me all tongues were granted,
 I could not speak the saints here painted—
 Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,
 Who against Mab's state placed here right is;
 Saint Will-o'-the-wisp, of no great bigness,
 But alias called here Fatuus ignis;
 Saint Frip, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, Saint Filly;
 Neither those other saintships will I
 Here go about for to recite,
 Their number almost infinite;
 Which one by one here set down are
 In this most curious calendar.
 First, at the entrance of the gate,
 A little puppet-priest doth wait,

* A Hebrew word signifying a pomegranate, and was an idol mentioned in Scripture. *Kings* ii. ch. v. 18.

Who squeaks to all the comers there,
'Favour your tongues, who enter here;
Pure hands bring hither without stain.'
A second pules, 'hence, hence, profane!'
Hard by i'the shell of half a nut
The holy water there is put;
A little brush of squirrel's hairs,
Composed of odd, not even pairs,
Stands in the platter, or close by,
To purge the fairy family.
Near to the altar stands the priest,
There offering up the holy grist,
Ducking in mood, and perfect tense,
With, much good do't him, reverence.
The altar is not here foursquare,
Nor in a form triangular;
Nor made of glass or wood or stone,
But of a little transverse bone,
Which boys and bruckled * children call,
Playing for points and pins, cockall;
Whose linen drapery is a thin
Subtile and ductile codling's skin;
Which o'er the board is smoothly spread,
With little seal-work damasked:
The fringe that circumbinds it too
Is spangle-work of trembling dew,
Which, gently gleaming, makes a show
Like frost-work glittering on the snow.
Upon this feateous board doth stand
Something for showbread; and at hand,
Just in the middle of the altar,
Upon an end, the fairy psalter,
Graced with the trout-fly's curious wings,
Which serve for watchet ribandings.

* Dirty, a north country word.

Now we must know the elves are led
 Right by the rubric which they read ;
 And, if report of them be true,
 They have their text for what they do ;
 Ay, and their book of canons too ;
 And as Sir Thomas Parsons tells,
 They have their book of articles ;
 And, if that fairy knight not lies,
 They have their book of homilies,
 And other scriptures, that design
 A short but righteous discipline.
 The bason stands the board upon,
 To take the free oblation ;
 A little pindust, which they hold
 More precious than we prize our gold ;
 Which charity they give to many
 Poor of the parish, if there's any.
 Upon the ends of these neat rails,
 Hatch'd with the silver light of snails,
 The elves, in formal manner, fix
 Two pure and holy candlesticks ;
 In either which a small tall bent
 Burns for the altar's ornament.
 For sanctity, they have to these
 Their curious copes, and surplices
 Of cleanest cobweb, hanging by
 In their religious vestry.
 They have their ash-pans, and their brooms,
 To purge the chapel and the rooms ;
 Their many mumbling mass-priests here,
 And many a dapper chorister ;
 Their ushering vergers here likewise,
 Their canons and their chanteries ;
 Of cloister monks they have enow,
 Ay, and their abbey lubbers too ;

And if their legend do not lie
They much affect the papacy ;
And since the last is dead, there's hope
Elf Boniface shall next be pope.
They have their cups and chalices,
Their pardons and indulgences ;
Their beads of nits, bells, books, and wax
Candles, forsooth, and other knacks ;
Their holy oil, their fasting spittle,
Their sacred salt here not a little ;
Dry chips, old shoes, rags, grease, and bones,
Besides their fumigations ;
Many a trifle too, and trinket,
And for what use scarce man would think it.
Next then, upon the chanter's side
An apple-core is hung up dried,
With rattling kernels, which is rung
To call to morn and even song.
The saint to which the most he prays,
And offers incense nights and days,
The lady of the lobster is,
Whose footpace he doth stroke and kiss,
And humbly chives of saffron brings
For his most cheerful offerings ;
When, after these, he's paid his vows,
He lowly to the altar bows ;
And then he dons the silkworm's shed,
Like a Turk's turban on his head,
And reverently departeth thence,
Hid in a cloud of frankincense ;
And, by the glowworm's light well guided,
Goes to the feast that's now provided.

HERRICK.

OBERON'S FEAST.

SHAPCOT*, to thee the fairy state
 I with discretion dedicate;
 Because thou prizest things that are
 Curious and unfamiliar.
 Take first the feast; these dishes gone,
 We'll see the fairy court anon.

A little mushroom table spread;
 After short prayers they set on bread,
 A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glittering grit, to eat
 His choicest bits with; then in a trice
 They make a feast less great than nice.
 But all this while his eye is served
 We must not think his ear was starved;
 But that there was in place to stir
 His spleen the chirring grasshopper,
 The merry cricket, puling fly,
 The piping gnat for minstrelsy:
 And now we must imagine first
 The elves present, to quench his thirst,
 A pure seedpearl of infant dew,
 Brought and besweeten'd in a blue
 And pregnant violet; which done,
 His kitling eyes begin to run
 Quite through the table, where he spies
 The horns of papery butterflies,

* Mr. Thomas Shapcot, to whom these verses are addressed, was a celebrated lawyer. Another of Herrick's poems, which bears the title of 'Oberon's Palace,' is addressed to the same gentleman.

Of which he eats; and tastes a little
Of what we call the cuckoo's spittle:
A little furze-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse; but then forthwith
He ventures boldy on the pith
Of sugared rush, and eats the sag
And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag;
Gladding his palate with some store
Of emmet's eggs: what would he more,
But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated earwig, and a fly;
With the red-capp'd worm, that is shut
Within the concave of a nut,
Brown as his tooth; a little moth,
Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth;
With wither'd cherries; mandrakes' ears;
Moles' eyes; to these, the slain stag's tears;
The unctuous dewlaps of a snail;
The broke heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music; with a wine
Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering vine,
But gently press'd from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daisy, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height! This done, commendèd
Grace by his priest, the feast is ended.

HERRICK.

OLD TIME'S HOLIDAY,

SUGGESTED ON SEEING A PICTURE OF TIME
PLAYING ON A HARP.

Though swift the moments pass along,
To some they scarcely seem to move ;
Whilst Fancy sings her elfin song,
Of Hope, of Joyance, and of Love.

As through a valley far remote I stray'd,
Methought, beside a mouldering temple's stone,
The tale of whose dark structure was unknown,
I saw the Form of Time : his scythe's huge blade
Lay swathed in the grass, whose gleam was seen
Fearful, as oft the wind the tussocks green
Moved stirring to and fro : the beam of morn
Cast a dim lustre on his look forlorn ;
When touching a responsive instrument,
Stern o'er the chords his furrow'd brow he bent :
Meantime a naked boy, with aspect sweet,
Play'd smiling with the hourglass at his feet !
Apart from these, and in a verdant glade,
A sleeping infant on the moss was laid,
O'er which a female form her vigils kept,
And watch'd it, softly breathing, as it slept.
Then I drew nigh, and to my listening ear
Came, stealing soft and slow, this ditty clear :

‘ Lullaby, sing lullaby,—
Sweetest babe, in safety lie ;
I, thy mother, sit and sing,
Nor hear of Time the hurrying wing.

ling thee Hope and Pleasure last not long;
 at Age will come, like pilgrim poor and old,
 d wan Disease, with cheerless aspect cold;
 t listen to my mirth-inspiring song:
 e shadow'd landscape, and the golden sun,
 e skies so pure, the vernal pastures green,
 d hills and vales, at distance, softer seen,
 rite thee life's glad race secure to run;
 ine every joy the smiling prospect yields—
 -morrow to fresh streams and fairer fields*.'

As light of heart they passed along,
 once the dark musician changed his song:

Who, in tender transports lying,
 While the gentle wizard sings,
 Thinks not of the hour that's flying,
 Or the noise of human things?

ook'd, and saw upon a lake, alone,
 Stealing beneath the bank, a little boat
 pon whose sail the beams of morning shone)
 Soft on its shade without a murmur float.
 real rocks gleam'd o'er the woods remote:
 On all things round there was a silence deep,
 ve when at times was heard the turtle's note,
 Or distant pipe, or bell of wandering sheep.
 on the bank myrtles and lilies grew,
 And spreading woodbines mark'd a silvan cave,
 d sometimes, deck'd with flowers of various hue,
 The green-sward slope descended to the wave.
 d in that boat, with look that witness'd joy
 d hope, a beautiful and winged boy †

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new. *Milton.*
Ipse gubernator residens in puppe Cupido. Ovid.

bat at the helm. and as the breezes fann'd
His yellow-stirring hair, filling the sail
Gently, he smiled, and lifted in his hand
A blooming Maythorn whilst the wizard sung,
Old Time, as he himself were beautiful and young,
And seem'd with moody joy the fairy sight to hail:

' Bless the hour Endearment gives !
Who on earth's cold climate lives
But has felt his heart rejoice,
When woman's smile and woman's voice
Hath sent, with magical control,
All sweetness to the soften'd soul.
Oh! Happiness, where art thou found
(If indeed on mortal ground),
But with faithful hearts alone,
That Love and Friendship have made one—
In tenderness and faith sincere,
In affection's sweetest tear.'

It was a livelong holiday ;
And in that boat, far from the faithless crowd,
They who true love and mutual trust avow'd
Pursued in peace their solitary way.
And it was bliss to see the manly youth,
Whose look bespoke sincerity and truth,
Gaze upon her he loved, as he could bless
The Almighty Being, in the living light
Of whose warm sun he felt such happiness,
Whilst tears of transport almost dimm'd his sight.
To tenderness and confidence resign'd
On his protecting bosom she reclined
Her head : and so, beneath the gleamy sail,
They pass'd, amid the summer-shining vale.

Meantime the hoar musician sings,
 Hiding the shadow of his sable wings:—
 ‘ Come, and forget the coil of human things !
 The sound of many sorrows, that dismay
 The shrinking heart of man, here dies away !
 Come, pure Endearment, be this moment thine ;
 Kiss from the lid the tears that rapturous shine,
 And let one Spirit of Affection say,
 Bless’d hours, but ah ! too transient, could ye stay
 Your rapid flight, how sweet were Life’s long way !’

Now, where a gloom of thicker myrtles grew,
 The fading vision lessen’d from my view.
 As far away the stealing shadows float,
 Still evening slowly sheds her umbrage hoar,
 One streak of light strays from the parting boat,
 And softest sounds die on the distant shore.
 I stood like one who with delighted eyes
 Pursues the noontide rainbow as it flies ;
 When from a cloud that sapphire-bright appear’d,
 Words, like the sound of waves remote, I heard :

‘ Mortal, would thy search obtain
 True wisdom in a world of pain?
 Oh, when all the valleys ring
 To music of life’s opening spring,
 Let not Flattery’s siren lay
 Lure thy trusting heart astray.
 Let Gaiety’s glad dance and song
 Detain, but not detain thee long.
 Love’s enchanting visions gleam,
 But, ah ! they are not what they seem !
 Nor yet let sullen Care destroy
 Vernal hopes and summer joy !
 Use the present, but not so
 That it may lead to years of woe.

Take the joys the Heavens impart,
 With a meek, a thankful heart;
 And think them, when they steal away,
 But as companions of a day.
 Love, and youth's delightful spring,
 Time shall bear with rapid wing;
 But, when Passion's hour is pass'd,
 Fidelity and Truth shall last;
 Last till life's few sands are run!
 And Nature views the sinking Sun!
 Nor think that then the parting knell
 Sounds o'er the grave a last farewell;
 For higher purer joys remain,
 Far beyond yon starry plain;
 Where sorrow shall no loss deplore,
 Where Time and change shall be no more.'

I look'd, and saw no more the boat; the stream
 Pass'd like the silent pictures of a dream:—
 I turn'd me to the spot, where with white beard
 That phantom-minstrel o'er his harp inclined,
 I saw alone his shadow vast, and heard
 The sound of mighty pennons clanging in the wind!

BOWLES.

THE WINDS.

When dark November bade the leaves adieu.
 And the gale sang amid the searoy's shrouds,
 I thought I saw four winged forms that flew,
 With garments streaming light amid the clouds—
 From adverse regions of the sky.
 In due succession, they went by—

The first, as o'er the billowy deep he pass'd,
Blew from his brazen trump a far resounding blast.

Upon a beaked promontory high,
With streaming beard, and cloudy brow severe,
Mark'd ye the Father* of the frowning year?

Dark vapours roll'd o'er the tempestuous sky
When creeping Winter from his cave came forth;
'Stern Courier of the Storm,' he cried, 'what from
the North?

NORTH WIND.

' From the vast and desert deeps,
Where the lonely Kraken sleeps,
Where fix'd, the icy mountains high
Glimmer to the twilight sky;
Where, six lingering months to last,
The night is closed, the day is pass'd,—
Father, lo! I come, I come:
I have heard the wizard's drum,
And the wither'd Lapland hag
Seal, with mutter'd spell, her bag:
O'er mountains white and forests sere
I flew, and with a wink am here.'

WINTER.

' Spirit of unwearied wing,
From the Baltic's frozen main,
From the Russ's bleak domain,
Say, what tidings dost thou bring?

* Then comes the Father of the Tempest forth.

Thomson.

‘ Shouts, and the noise of battle!’ and again
The winged wind blew loud a deadly blast;
‘ Shouts, and the noise of battle!’ the long main
Seem’d with hoarse voice to answer as he pass’d.

The moody South went by, and silence kept;
The cloudy rack oft hid his mournful mien,
And frequent fell the showers, as if he wept
The’ eternal havoc of this mortal scene.

He had heard the yell and cry
And howling dance of Anarchy,
Where the Rhone, with rushing flood,
Murmur’d to the main through blood:—
He seem’d to wish he could for ever throw
His misty mantle o’er a world of woe.

But, rousing him from his desponding trance,
Cold Eurus blew his sharp and shrilling horn;
In his right hand he bore an icy lance,
That far off glitter’d in the frost of morn;
The Old Man knew the clarion from afar,
‘ What from the East?’ he cried.

EAST WIND.

‘ Shouts, and the noise of war!
Far o’er the land has been my flight,
O’er many a forest dark as night,
O’er champains where the Tartar speeds,
O’er Wolga’s wild and giant reeds,
O’er the Carpathian summits hoar,
Beneath whose snows and shadows froze
Poland’s level length unfolds
Her trackless woods and wildering wolds,

Like a spirit, seeking rest,
I have pass'd from east to west,
While sounds of discord and lament
Rose from the earth where'er I went!
I care not; hurrying, as in scorn,
I shook my lance, and blew my horn;
The day shows clear; and merrily
Along the' Atlantic now I fly.'

Who comes in soft and spicy vest
From the mild regions of the West?
An azure veil bends waving o'er his head,
And showers of violets from his hands are shed.
'Tis Zephyr—with a look as young and fair,
As when his lucid wings convey'd
That beautiful and gentle maid
Psyche*, transported through the air,
The blissful couch of Love's own god to share.

Winter avaunt! thy haggard eye
Will scare him as he passes by,
Him and the timid butterfly.
He brings again the morn of May.
The lark, amid the clear blue sky,
Carols, but is not seen so high,
And all the Winter's winds fly far away!
I cried, 'O Father of the world! whose might
The storm, the darkness, and the winds obey,
Oh, when will thus the long tempestuous night
Of warfare and of woe be roll'd away!
Oh, when will cease the uproar and the din,
And Peace breathe soft, "Summer is coming in!"'

BOWLES.

* See the poem of *Cupid and Psyche*, in this volume.

Shouts, and the noise of battle!" and again
 The winged wind blew loud a deadly blast;
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 Seem'd with hoarse voice to answer as he pass'd.

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 The cloudy mark set out his mournful men,
 And frequent fell the starwens, as if he wept
 The eternal havoc of this mortal scene.

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 And howling dance of Anarchy,
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EAST WIND.

"Shouts, and the noise of war!"
 Far o'er the land has been
 O'er many a fierce day
 O'er campaigns when
 (O'er Wolga's wild
 The Caucasus

DESCRIPTIVE, PASTORAL, AND NARRATIVE. 21

Like a spirit, seeking rest.
I have pass'd from east to west.
While sounds of discord and lament
Rose from the earth where'er I went:
I care not: hurrying, as in scorn,
I shook my lance, and blew my horn.
The day shows clear: and merrily
Along the Atlantic now I fly.

Who comes in soft and spicy breath
From the mild regions of the West
An azure veil bends waving o'er his head
And showers of violets from his hands are shed
Tis Zephyr—with a look as young and gay
As when his lucid wings first saw the day.
That beautiful and gentle breeze
Psyche*, transported through the air
The blissful couch of Love's sweet power has seen.

Winter's quaint thy messenger
Will scare him as he passes by
Flies and the timid butterfly
He brings again the snow of May
The bark amidst the trees and flowers
Carnival, but is not seen of ours
And all the Winter's vana frons is gone.



“ This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true love be the crop shall mow.”
I straight look’d back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen sithe behind me came the youth.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
Afield I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do):
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true love be.
See, Lubberkin! each bird his partner take,
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ Last May-day fair I search’d to find a snail
That might my secret lover’s name reveal;
Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seized the vermin, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milkwhite embers spread:
Slow crawl’d the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark’d a curious *L*:

Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove;
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and love. [ground,

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And, to each nut I gave a sweetheart’s name;

This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest colour blazed :
As blazed the nut so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ As peascods once I pluck’d, I chanced to see
One that was closely fill’d with three times three,
Which when I cropp’d I safely home convey’d,
And o’er the door the spell in secret laid :
My wheel I turn’d, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew ;
The latch moved up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin !
I broke my yarn, surprised the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join’d it with my wonted slight ;
So may again his love with mine unite !

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, lady-bird ; north, south, or east, or west,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.
He leaves my hand ; see to the west he’s flown,
To call my true love from the faithless town.

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ This mellow pippin, which I pare around,
My shepherd’s name shall flourish on the ground ;
I fling the’unbroken paring o’er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read ;

Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen
Than what the paring marks upon the green.
‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ This pippin shall another trial make ;
See from the core two kernels brown I take ;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on the’ other side is borne :
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love’s unsound ;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last ;
Oh ! were his lips to mine but join’d so fast !

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch’d his dangling garter from his knee ;
He wist not when the hempen string I drew ;
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue ;
Together fast I tie the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain ;
“ Three times a true-love’s knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.”

‘ With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around.

‘ As I was wont, I trudged last market day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserved in hay.
I made my market long before ’twas night ;
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Straight to the ’pothecary’s shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent :
Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
When to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,

These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

' With my sharp heel I three times mark the
ground,

And turn me thrice around, around, around.

' But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his
ears,

O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.

He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown;
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

GAY.

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

WRITTEN ON MIDSUMMER EVE, 1786.

SWEET to the fond poetic eye
The evening cloud that wanders by;
Its transitory shadow pale
Brushing, so still, the purpled vale!
And sweet, beyond the misty stream,
The wild wood's scatter'd tuftings gleam
(Where the horizon steals from sight),
Cool tintured in the fainting light!

Yet, sweeter than the silent scene,
The manners of yon cottaged green;
Where nature breathes the genuine heart,
Unvarnish'd by the gloss of art!

Now glimmer scarce the hill-tops near,
As village murmurs catch mine ear:
And now yon cot, beside the lea
(Whence oft I hear the peasant's glee),

Fades to the glimpse of twilight gray,
And, in the gloom, slow sinks away!
There, as just lit, the light of rush
Twinkles through the white-thorn bush,
Reflected from the scanty pane,
The rustic maid invokes her swain;
And hails, to pensive damsels dear,
This eve, though direst of the year!

Oft on the shrub * she casts her eye,
That spoke her true love's secret sigh;
Or else, alas! too plainly told,
Her true love's faithless heart was cold.

The moss-rose that, at fall of dew
(Ere eve its duskier curtain drew),
Was freshly gather'd from its stem,
She values as the ruby gem;
And, guarded from the piercing air,
With all an anxious lover's care,
She bids it for her shepherd's sake,
Await the new-year's frolic wake—
When, faded, in its alter'd hue
She reads—the rustic is untrue!
But if its leaves the crimson paint,
Her sickening hopes no longer faint.
The rose upon her bosom worn,
She meets him at the peep of morn:
And lo! her lips with kisses press'd,
He plucks it from her panting breast.

Dearer than seas of glowing pearl,
The' illusion soothes the cottage girl,
Whilst, upon this thrice hallow'd eve,
Her wishes and her fears believe
All that the credulous have taught
To stir the quivering pulse of thought.

* Midsummer-men.

Now, to relieve her growing fear,
 That feels the haunted moment near
 When ghosts in chains the churchyard walk,
 She tries to steal the time by talk;
 But hark! the church clock swings around
 With a dead pause each sullen sound,
 And tells the midnight hour is come
 That wraps the groves in spectred gloom!

To issue from beneath the thatch,
 With trembling hand she lifts the latch,
 And steps, as creaks the feeble door,
 With cautious feet the threshold o'er;
 Lest, stumbling on the horseshoe dim,
 Dire spells unsinew every limb.

Lo! shuddering at the solemn deed,
 She scatters round the magic seed,
 And thrice repeats, 'The seed I sow,
 My true love's sithe the crop shall mow.'
 Straight, as her frame fresh horrors freeze,
 Her true love with his sithe she sees.

And next she seeks the yew-tree shade,
 Where he who died for love is laid;
 There binds, upon the verdant sod
 By many a moonlight fairy trod,
 The cowslip and the lily wreath
 She wove, her hawthorn hedge beneath:
 And, whispering, 'Ah, may Colin prove
 As constant as thou wast to love!' .
 Kisses, with pale lip, full of dread,
 The turf that hides his clay-cold head!
 Then, homeward, as through rustling trees
 She hears a shriek in every breeze,
 In forms her flutter'd spirits give,
 Each twinkling leaf appears to live.

At length, her lovesick projects tried,
She gains her cot the lea beside ;
And on her pillow sinks to rest,
With dreams of constant Colin bless'd ;
While, east along, the ruddy streak
Colours the shadows at daybreak !

Such are the phantoms love can raise ;
At first his gradual ardour strays
O'er the young virgin's thrilling frame ;
A sweet delirium in the flame !
Her bosom's gently rising swell
And purple light the tumult tell—
The melting blush upon her cheek,
The sigh, the glance her passion speak !
And now, some favourite object near,
She feels the throb of hope and fear ;
And, all unknowing to conceal
The ingenuous soul by fashion's veil,
Tries every art to feed her fires,
That fond credulity inspires.

Nor love alone, in vernal youth,
Bids airy fancy mimic truth :
The villager, or maid or wife,
Each dear deception owns through life :
Whether, as superstitions sway,
O'er upland dews she shapes her way,
Hailing, on Easter's holy morn,
The spotless lamb through ether borne,
Which her adoring eyes behold
Mid orient skies, bedropp'd with gold ;
Or whether, if disease assail
In shape of shivering tertian pale,
For Tray, what time the fit began,
She breaks the salted cake of bran,

Transferring with the charmed bit
 To fawning Tray her ague fit ;
 Or, as the recent grave she delves
 (Ere dawn dissolves the circling elves),
 Where the last youth was lock'd in sleep,
 The sacred salt she buries deep—
 Thus nine times (no companion nigh
 To cheer the night-enveloped sky)
 Revisiting the charnel ground,
 ' Her tongue chain'd up without a sound.'

'Tis thus fantastic visions rise
 To cheat the' unweeeting damsel's eyes !
 Nor bending age nor pining want
 The fairy prospect disenchant !
 But, stored with many a trancing charm,
 A thousand phantoms round her swarm ;
 Till now the villagers, o'erawed,
 Her various feats in wonder laud ;
 And, arm'd with her associate switch,
 She dwindles to a wither'd witch !

REV. R. POLWHELE.

LOBBIN: A PASTORAL.

If we, O Dorset, quit the city throng,
 To meditate in shades the rural song,
 By your command, be present ; and, O bring
 The Muse along ! The Muse to you shall sing :
 Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
 And I forgive the famed Sicilian swain.

Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
 When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,

Lobbin, a shepherd boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cool'd the sultry air,
His number'd sheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary discontent;
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,
He solitary sat to breathe his vows,
Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
As passion taught, in accents free of art :
And little did he hope, while night by night
His sighs were lavish'd thus on Lucy bright :
 ' Ah, well-a-day! how long must I endure
This pining pain, or who shall speed my cure?
Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows :
And now the moon begins in clouds to rise ;
The brightening stars increase within the skies ;
The winds are hush ; the dews distil ; and sleep
Hath closed the eyelids of my weary sheep :
I only, with the prowling wolf, constrain'd
All night to wake : with hunger he is pain'd,
And I with love. His hunger he may tame ;
But who can quench, O cruel Love, thy flame?
Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
Upraise my heedless head, then void of care,
'Mong rustic routs the chief of wanton game :
Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherds' arts,
To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts!
How deftly, to mine oaten reed so sweet,
Wont they upon the green to shift their feet!
And, wearied in the dance, how would they yearn
Some well devised tale from me to learn!
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chase the loitering sun adown the sky :

But, ah! since Lucy coy deep wrought her spite
 Within my heart, unmindful of delight,
 The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
 To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
 Oh! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair!
 Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair.
 Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind, [kind.
 Though not so fair, she would have proved more
 O, think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
 How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
 Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay,
 And flowers, though left ungather'd, will decay:
 The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring;
 But beauty faded has no second spring.
 My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
 Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
 Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
 She gads where'er her roving fancy leads;
 Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chase!
 Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
 She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
 Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.
 No cruel purpose, in my speed, I bear;
 'Tis only love; and love why shouldst thou fear?
 What idle fears a maiden breast alarm!
 Stay, simple girl: a lover cannot harm.
 Two sportive kidlings, both fair fleck'd, I rear;
 Whose shooting horns like tender buds appear:
 A lambkin too, of spotless fleece, I breed,
 And teach the fondling from my hand to feed:
 Nor will I cease betimes to cull the fields
 Of every dewy sweet the morning yields:
 From early spring to autumn late shalt thou
 Receive gay girlonds, blooming o'er thy brow.

And when—But why these unavailing pains?
The gifts alike and giver she disdains:
And now, left heiress of the glen, she'll deem
Me, landless lad, unworthy her esteem:
Yet was she born, like me, of shepherd sire;
And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
O! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
Or could I half the warmth I feel impart,
How would I wander, every day, to find
The choice of wildings, blushing through the rind!
For glossy plums how lightsome climb the tree,
How risk the vengeance of the thrifty bee!
Or, if thou deign to live a shepherdess,
Thou Lobbin's flock and Lobbin shalt possess:
And, fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not; and why
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show [grow?
The bordering flowers less beauteous than they
O! come, my love; nor think the' employment
mean,
The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean;
To drive afield, by morn, the fattening ewes,
Ere the warm sun drink up the cool dew;
While, with my pipe, and with my voice, I cheer
Each hour, and through the day detain thine ear.
How would the crook beseem thy lily hand!
How would my younglings round thee gazing
stand!
Ah, witless younglings! gaze not on her eye:
Thence all my sorrow; thence the death I die.
O, killing beauty! and O, sore desire!
Must then my sufferings but with life expire?
Though blossoms every year the trees adorn,
Spring after spring I wither, nipp'd with scorn:

Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end,
Or if yon stars will e'er my vows befriend.
Sleep, sleep, my flock; for happy ye may take
Sweet nightly rest, though still your master wake.'

Now to the waning moon, the nightingale,
In slender warblings, tuned her piteous tale;
The lovesick shepherd, listening, felt relief,
Pleased with so sweet a partner in his grief,
Till by degrees her notes and silent night
To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

A. PHILIPS.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

TO HIS BROTHER, THOMAS HERRICK.

THRICE, and above bless'd, my soul's half, art thou
In thy both last and better vow;
Couldst leave the city, for exchange, to see
The country's sweet simplicity,
And it to know and practise; with intent
To grow the sooner innocent,
By studying to know virtue; and to aim
More at her nature than her name:
The last is but the least; the first doth tell
Ways less to live than to live well;
And both are known to thee, who now canst live
Led by thy conscience, to give
Justice to soon pleased nature, and to show
Wisdom and she together go,
And keep one centre; this with that conspires
To teach man to confine desires,
And know that riches have their proper stint
In the contented mind, not mint;

And canst instruct, that those who have the itch
Of craving more are never rich :
These things thou know'st to the height, and
dost prevent

That plague, because thou art content
With that Heaven gave thee with a wary hand,
More blessed in thy brass than land,
To keep cheap nature even and upright ;
To cool, not cocker, appetite :

Thus thou canst tersely live to satisfy

The belly chiefly, not the eye ;
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet
Less with a neat than needful diet.

But that, which most makes sweet thy country life,
Is the fruition of a wife ;

Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
Got, not so beautiful as chaste ;

By whose warm side thou dost securely sleep,
While Love the sentinel doth keep,

With those deeds done by day, which ne'er affright
Thy silken slumbers in the night.

Nor has the darkness power to usher in
Fear to those sheets, that know no sin.

The damask'd meadows and the pebbly streams
Sweeten and make soft your dreams ;

The purling springs, groves, birds, and well
weaved bowers,

With fields enameled with flowers,
Present their shapes ; while fantasy discloses
Millions of lilies mixed with roses :

Then dream ye hear the lamb by many a bleat
Woody to come suck the milky teat ;

While Faunus in the vision comes, to keep
From ravening wolves the fleecy sheep :

With thousand such enchanting dreams that meet
 To make sleep not so sound as sweet:
 Nor can these figures so thy rest endear,
 As not to rise when chanticleer
 Warns the last watch; but with the dawn dost rise
 To work, but first to sacrifice;
 Making thy peace with Heaven, for some late fault,
 With holy meal and spiriting salt;
 Which done, thy painful thumb this sentence tells us,
 ' Jove for our labour all things sells us.'
 Nor are thy daily and devout affairs
 Attended with those desperate cares
 The' industrious merchant has, who, for to find
 Gold, runneth to the Western Ind
 And back again; tortured with fears, doth fly,
 Untaught to suffer poverty.
 But thou at home, bless'd with securest ease,
 Sitt'st, and believest that there be seas
 And watery dangers; while thy whiter hap
 But sees these things within thy map;
 And viewing them with a more safe survey,
 Makest easy fear unto thee say,
 ' A heart thrice walled with oak and brass that man
 Had first durst plough the ocean !'
 But thou at home, without or tide or gale,
 Canst in thy map securely sail,
 Seeing those painted countries; and so guess
 By those fine shades their substances;
 And, from thy compass taking small advice,
 Buy'st travel at the lowest price.
 Nor are thine ears so deaf but thou canst hear,
 Far more with wonder than with fear,
 Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and kings,
 And believe there be such things;

When of these truths, thy happier knowledge lies
More in thine ears than in thine eyes ;
And when thou hear'st by that too true report
Vice rules the most or all at court ;
Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,
Virtue had, and moved her sphere.
But thou livest fearless ; and thy face ne'er shows
Fortune when she comes or goes ;
But with thy equal thoughts prepared dost stand
To take her by the either hand :
Nor carest which comes the first, the foul or fair ;
A wise man every way lies square ;
And, like a surly oak with storms perplex'd,
Grows still the stronger, strongly vex'd :
Be so, bold spirit ! stand centrelike unmoved ;
And be not only thought, but proved
To be what I report thee ; and inure
Thyself, if want comes, to endure ;
And so thou dost ; for thy desires are
Confined to live with private Lar :
Not curious whether appetite be fed
Or with the first or second bread :
Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates ;
Hunger makes coarse meats delicacies :
Canst, and unurg'd, forsake that larded fare,
Which art, not nature, makes so rare,
To taste boil'd nettles, coleworts, beets, and eat
These, and sour herbs, as dainty meat,
While soft opinion makes thy genius say,
' Content makes all ambrosia.'
Nor is it that thou keep'st this stricter size
So much for want as exercise ; [haste it,
To numb the sense of dearth, which, should sin
Thou might'st but only see't, not taste it.

thy humble roof maintain a quire
 singing crickets by thy fire ;
 brisk mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
 that the green-eyed kitling comes ;
 her cabin bless'd she can escape
 sudden danger of a rape.
 As thy little well kept stock doth prove
 that cannot make a life, but love.
 thou so close-handed, but canst spend,
 well concurring with the end,
 as spare ; still conning o'er this theme,
 upon the first and last extreme.
 O that thy small stock find no breach,
 exceed thy tether's reach ;
 live round, and close, and wisely true
 in one's own self, and known to few.
 ; thy rural sanctuary be
 a home to thy wife and thee ;
 disport yourselves with golden measure ;
 seldom use commends the pleasure.
 And live bless'd, thrice happy pair ! let
 breath,
 cost to one, be the' other's death ;
 there is one love, one faith, one troth ;
 one death, one grave to both :
 then, in such assurance live, ye may
 fear nor wish your dying day.

HERRICK.

ODE TO MR. ANTHONY STAFFORD.

COME, spur away !
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the changeable noise of this great town;
I will the country see,
Where old Simplicity,
Though hid in gray,
Doth look more gay
Than Foppery in plush and scarlet clad,
Farewell, you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war ! [mad.
'Tis time that I grow wise when all the world grows
More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise :
Or to make sport
For some slight puny of the inns of court.
Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day,
With what delights
Shorten the nights,
When from this tumult we are got secure ?
Where Mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose, [is pure.
Where every word is thought, and every thought
There, from the tree,
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry ;
And every day
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay ;
Whose brown has lovelier grace
Than any painted face

That I do know
 Hyde Park can show ;
 Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
 (Though some of them in greater state
 Might court my love with plate) [Street.
 The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard

But think upon
 Some other pleasures ; these to me are none.
 Why do I prate
 Of women, that are things against my fate ?
 I never mean to wed
 That torture to my bed.
 My Muse is she
 My love shall be.
 Let clowns get wealth and heirs !—when I am gone,
 And the great bugbear, grisly Death,
 Shall take this idle breath,
 If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more—
 We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store :
 No fruit shall scape
 Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
 Then full, we'll seek a shade,
 And hear what music's made ;
 How Philomel
 Her tale doth tell,
 And how the other birds do fill the quire ;
 The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
 Warbling melodious notes.
 We will all sports enjoy, which others but desire.

Ours is the sky, [fly-
 Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall

Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'll choose:
The buck shall fall,
The stag and all:
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be;
For to my Muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free;
Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.
And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody,
Which he that hears
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take,
And Doric music make
To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

RANDOLPH.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING*.

GET up, get up for shame; the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the God unshorn:
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:

* The ceremony of *going a Maying* and the *May festivities* were once of great notoriety; though now almost in disuse, or but faintly shadowed in the lower orders of people: they were observed by royalty even. Stowe, quoting Hall, gives an account of Henry the Eighth's *riding a Maying*, with his queen, Catherine, to the high ground, on Shooter's Hill, accompanied by a train of the nobility.

Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree :
Each flower has wept, and bowed towards the
east,

Above an hour since ; yet you not dress'd ;
Nay not so much as out of bed ;
When all the birds have mattins said,
And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin,
Nay profanation to keep in ;
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May !

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the spring time fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair :
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you :
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :
Come and receive them, while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth.—Wash, dress, be brief in
praying ;
Few beads are best when once we go a Maying !

Come, my Corinna, come ; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees ; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch ; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is

Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying!

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May :
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with whitethorn laden home :
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream ;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted
troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green gown has been given ;
Many a kiss, both odd and even ;
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament ;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked ; yet we're not a
Maying!

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time :
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty :
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun :
And, as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;

So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night;
 Then, while time serves and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying !
HERRICK.

THE HAY FIELD.

A Morning Scene.

THY joys, gay spirit of the social plain,
 And useful labours, renovate my strain;
 Rising, it vibrates to thy oaten reed,
 And sings the artless pleasures of the mead.
 No frown the Muse from Truth and Nature fears,
 Though pale Refinement sicken as she hears.

Now is it June's bright morn, and Beauty twines
 The glowing wreaths that deck her thousand
 shrines;

On the lark's wing sweet music hails the day,
 And o'er the sunbeam pours his liquid lay;
 While the blithe spirit of the social plain
 Leads health, and love, and gladness in his train.

Crown'd with her pail, lightrocking as she steps,
 Along the fresh moist grass young Lucy trips;
 The rustic vest is from her ankle drawn,
 Yet catches many a dewdrop of the lawn.
 Warm on her downy cheek health's deepest glow,
 And in her eyes its lavish lustres flow;
 And in her voice its wildly warbled song
 Floats, and returns, the echoing glades among.

Her nut-brown tresses wanton on the gale;
Her breath perfumes afresh the blossom'd vale.

Nine blooming maidens meet her in the grove,
And ask, and tell the tender tale of love;
With their prone fork a mystic scroll they frame,
Tracing on sand each heart-recorded name.
O'er each bared shoulder hangs the idle rake,
And busy fancy paints the coming wake.
But from the lip the' unfinish'd periods break,
And Joy's warm blushes deeper tinge the cheek;
For see the' expected youths, in manhood's pride,
Stoutly are striding down the mountain's side;
High o'er the rapid brook, at once, they bound,
And gay good morrows through the plain resound.

And now is Labour busy in the dale;
The cow stands duteous by the cleanly pail,
Where the rich milk descends in eddyng tides,
Pure as the virgin hands through which it glides.

The youths, with shortening arm and bending
head,
Sweep their bright sithes along the shiver'd mead.
Three blithesome maids the grassy treasure shake;
Three draw, with gentle hand, the thrifty rake;
And three, mid carol sweet, and jocund tale,
Scatter the breathing verdure to the gale.

Where yonder cottages' ascending smoke,
In spiral columns, wreaths the sun-gilt oak,
The careful parents of the village dwell,
And mix the savoury pottage in the cell;
Their little rosy girls and boys prepare
The steaming breakfast through the vale to bear.

See, with pleased looks, gay Ceres' happy train
Watch their young donors, loaded on the plain;

Inhale the grateful fumes that round them rise,
 Mark their slow heedful step and earnest eyes;
 The chubby hands, that grasp the circling rim,
 Where health's warm viand rises to the brim.

Light on the violet bank recline the band,
 And take the present from the willing hand.
 With eager appetite, and poignant taste,
 Thank the kind bearers, and enjoy the feast.

Yon tall, white spire, that rises mid the trees,
 Courting, with golden vane, the passing breeze,
 A peal, far heard, sends merry down the dale,
 The notes of triumph tell a bridal tale.
 The hallow'd green sod the swift river laves,
 Dark alders trembling o'er the sunny waves;
 Its rippling breast receives each measured round,
 Mellowing the shrillness of the silver sound.

Our youthful lovers hail the harmonious noise,
 And Hope anticipates *their* bridal joys;
 Pours all her magic influence o'er the scene,
 Laughs in their eyes, and triumphs in their mien.
 Sportful their little friends around them rove,
 And all is frolic, innocence, and love.

May equal bliss the varying year adorn,
 And gild the labours of each future morn;
 Whether the wanton hours, that lead the spring,
 Catch the translucent raindrops from her wing;
 Or zoneless summer, flaunting o'er the meads,
 Empurpled bloom, and richest fragrance sheds;
 Or auburn autumn, from her full lap throws
 The mellow fruits upon the bending boughs;
 Or winter, with his dark relentless train,
 Wind, snow, and sleet, shall desolate the plain,
 Howl o'er the hill, and, as the river raves,
 In drear *stagnation* warp the' arrested waves.

See here a malkin, there a sheet
 As spotless, pure, as it is sweet;
 The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
 Clad all in linen white as lilies:
 The harvest swains and wenches bound
 For joy to see the hock-cart crowned:
 About the cart, hear, how the rout
 Of rural younglings raise the shout,
 Pressing before, some coming after,
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter:
 Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
 Some prank them up with oaken leaves;
 Some cross the thill-horse, some with great
 Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat,
 While other rustics, less attent
 To prayers than to merriment,
 Run after with their breeches rent.
 Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth
 Glittering with fire; where, for your mirth,
 Ye shall see first the large and chief
 Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
 With upper stories, mutton, veal,
 And bacon, which makes full the meal;
 With several dishes standing by,
 As here a custard, there a pie,
 And here all tempting frumenty:
 And, for to make the merry cheer,
 If smirking wine be wanting here,
 There's that which drowns all care, stout beer;
 Which freely drink to your lord's health,
 Then to the plough the commonwealth;
 Next to your flails, your fanes, your fats,
 Then to the maids with wheaten hats,
 To the rough sickle, and crook'd sithe,
Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe:

Feed and grow fat; and, as ye eat,
Be mindful that the labouring neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat:
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke;
And go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hanged up now:
And ye must know your lord's word's true,
'Feed him ye must, whose food fills you:'
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

HERRICK.

THE

GAMEKEEPER'S RETURN AT NIGHT.

THROUGH the long morning have I toil'd
O'er heath and lonely wood,
And cross the dark untrodden glen
The fearful game pursued:
But deeper now the gathering clouds
Collect along the sky,
And, faint and weary, warn my steps
Their homeward course to hie.

And now the driving mist withdraws
Her gray and vapoury veil;
I mark again the sacred tower
I passed in yonder dale:
A little while and I shall gain
Yon hill's laborious height;
And then, perhaps, my humble cot
Will cheer my grateful sight!

Ah, now I see the smoke ascend
 From forth the glimmering thatch;
 Now my heart beats at every step;
 And now I lift the latch;
 Now starting from the blazing hearth
 My little children bound,
 And loud with shrill and clamorous joy
 Their happy sire surround.

How sweet when night first wraps the world
 Beneath her sable vest,
 To sit beside the crackling fire,
 With weary limbs at rest;
 And think on all the labours past
 That morn's bright hours employ'd;
 While all, that toil and danger seem'd,
 Is now at home enjoy'd.

The wild and fearful distant scene,
 Lone covert, whistling storm,
 Seem now in memory's mellowing eye
 To wear a softer form;
 And while my wanderings I describe,
 As froths the nut-brown ale,
 My dame and little listening tribe
 With wonder hear the tale!

Then soft enchanting slumbers calm
 My heavy eyelids close,
 And on my humble bed I sink
 To most profound repose;
 Save that by fits the scenes of day
 Come glancing on my sight,
 And, touch'd by fancy's magic wand,
 Seem visions of delight!

SIR E. BRYDGES.

SHOOTER'S HILL.

HEALTH! I seek thee!—dost thou love
The mountain top or quiet vale,
Or deign o'er humbler hills to rove
On showery June's dark southwest gale?
If so, I'll meet all blasts that blow,
With silent step, but not forlorn;
Though, goddess, at thy shrine I bow,
And woo thee each returning morn.

I seek thee where with all his might
The joyous bird his rapture tells,
Amidst the half excluded light
That gilds the foxglove's pendent bells;
Where cheerly up this bold hill's side
The deepening groves triumphant climb:
In groves Delight and Peace abides,
And Wisdom marks the lapse of time.

To hide me from the public eye,
To keep the throne of Reason clear,
Amidst fresh air to breathe or die,
I took my staff and wander'd here.
Suppressing every sigh that heaves,
And coveting no wealth but thee,
I nestle in the honied leaves,
And hug my stolen liberty.

O'er eastward uplands, gay or rude,
Along to Erith's ivied spire,
I start, with strength and hope renew'd,
And cherish life's rekindling fire.

Now measure vales with streaming eyes,
 Now trace the churchyard's humble names;
 Or, climb brown heaths, abrupt that rise,
 And overlook the winding Thames.

I love to mark the floweret's eye,
 To rest where pebbles form my bed,
 Where shapes and colours scatter'd lie
 In varying millions round my head.
 The soul rejoices when alone,
 And feels her glorious empire free;
 Sees God in every shining stone,
 And revels in variety.

Ah me! perhaps within my sight
 Deep in the smiling dales below,
 Gigantic talents, Heaven's pure light,
 And all the rays of genius glow;
 In some lone soul, whom no one sees
 With power and will to say 'arise,'
 Or chase away the slow disease,
 And Want's foul picture from his eyes.

A worthier man by far than I,
 With more of industry and fire,
 Shall see fair Virtue's meed pass'd by,
 Without one spark of fame expire!
 Bleed not, my heart, it will be so,
 The throb of care was thine full long;
 Rise, like the Psalmist from his woe,
 And pour abroad the joyful song.

Sweet health, I seek thee! hither bring
 The balm that softens human ills;
 Come, on the long-drawn clouds that fling
 Their shadow o'er the Surry hills.

Yon green top hills, and far away
Where late, as now, I freedom stole,
And pass'd one dear delicious day
On thy wild banks, romantic Mole.

Ay, there's the scène* beyond the sweep
Of London's congregated cloud,
The dark-brow'd wood, the headlong steep,
And valley paths without a crowd!
Here, Thames, I watch thy flowing tides,
Thy thousand sails am proud to see;
But where the Mole all silent glides
Dwells Peace—and Peace is wealth to me.

Of Cambrian mountains still I dream;
And mouldering vestiges of war;
By time-worn cliff or classic stream
Would rove, but prudence holds a bar.
Come then, O health, I'll strive to bound
My wishes to this airy stand;
'Tis not for me to trace around
The wonders of my native land.

Yet the loud torrent's dark retreat,
Yet Grampian hills shall Fancy give,
And, towering in her giddy seat,
Amidst her own creation live;
Live, if thou'lt urge my climbing feet,
Give strength of nerve and vigorous breath,
If not, with dauntless soul I meet
The deep solemnity of death.

* Boxhill, and the beautiful neighbourhood of Dorking, in Surrey.

This far seen monumental tower
 Records the' achievements of the brave,
 And Angria's subjugated power,
 Who plunder'd on the eastern wave.
 I would not that such turrets rise /
 To point out where my bones are laid;
 Save that some wandering bard might prize
 The comforts of its broad cool shade.

O vanity! since thou'rt decreed
 Companion of our lives to be,
 I'll seek the moral songster's meed,
 An earthly immortality;
 Most vain!—O, let me, from the past
 Remembering what to man is given,
 Lay virtue's broad foundations fast,
 Whose glorious turrets reach to heaven!

R. BLOOMFIELD.

A FIRST VIEW OF THE SEA.

ARE these the famed, the brave South Downs,
 That like a chain of pearls appear;
 Their pale green sides and graceful crowns?
 To freedom; thought, and peace how dear!
 To freedom, for no fence is seen;
 To thought, for silence soothes the way:
 To peace, for o'er the boundless green
 Unnumber'd flocks and shepherds stray.

Now, now we've gain'd the utmost height!
 Where shall we match the vale below?
 The Weald of Sussex, glorious sight,
 Old Chankbury, from thy tufted brow.

Oaks, British oaks form all its shade,
Dark as a forest's ample crown ;
Yet by rich herds how cheerful made,
And countless spots of harvest brown !

But what's yon southward dark blue line
Along the horizon's utmost bound,
On which the weary clouds recline,
Still varying half the circle round ?
The Sea ! the Sea ! my God ! the Sea !
Yon sunbeams on its bosom play !
With milkwhite sails expanded free,
There ploughs the bark her cheerful way !

I come, I come, my heart beats high ;
The greensward stretches southward still ;
Soft in the breeze the heath-bells sigh ;
Up, up we scale another hill ;
A spot where once the eagle tower'd
O'er Albion's green primeval charms ;
And where the harmless wild thyme flower'd,
Did Rome's proud legions pile their arms.

And here Old Sissa, so they tell,
The Saxon monarch, closed his days ;
I judge they play'd their parts right well,
But cannot stop to sing their praise.
For yonder, near the ocean's brim,
I see, I taste the coming joy ;
There Mary binds the wither'd limb,
The mother tends the poor lame boy.

My heart is there——Sleep, Rómans, sleep ;
And what are Saxon kings to me ?
Let me, O thou majestic Deep,
Let me descend to love and thee.

And may thy calm, fair flowing tide
 Bring Peace and Hope, and bid them live;
 And, Night, whilst wandering by thy side,
 Teach wisdom—teach me to forgive.

Then, when my heart is whole again,
 And Fancy's renovated wing
 Sweeps o'er the terrors of thy reign,
 Strong on my soul those terrors bring.
 In infant haunts I've dream'd of thee,
 And, where the crystal brook ran by,
 Mark'd sands and waves and open sea,
 And gazed—but with an infant's eye.

'Twas joy to pass the stormy hour
 In groves, when childhood knew no more;
 Increase that joy, tremendous power,
 Loud let thy world of waters roar.
 And, if the scene reflection drowns,
 Or draws too often rapture's tear,
 I'll stroll me o'er these lovely Downs,
 And press the turf, and worship here.

R. BLOOMFIELD.

ON GOING TO OXFORD.

ADIEU, O ye thoughtless gay train!
 That tread Pleasure's flowery path,
 Where Sloth, idly busy, in vain
 Ever seeks fresh enjoyments at Bath:
 Adieu!—That from you I retire,
 No tear shall swell into my eye;
 Nor, pining with hopeless desire,
 For your joys shall I heave the fond sigh.

Adieu, O ye seats still so loved!

Dear scenes of my childhood, adieu!

Ye vales too, where happy I roved

Ere the sharpness of sorrow I knew!

No more on his willowy shore

Avon sees me lone-wandering at eve;

Avon hears me deep-musing no more;—

These meads and these plains I must leave.

Hark! Isis now calls me away;

‘Haste; spurn these soft pleasures,’ she cries;

‘Oh! why dost thou fondly delay?

Oh! why turn so often thine eyes?

Amid the bright circle to shine,

Each varying fashion to guide,

To warm the fair breast is not thine;

Haste; spurn these soft pleasures aside.

‘If yet the green mead can delight;

If Philomel sweetly can sing;

If the distant streams glittering bright

Amid the gay landscape of spring,

Or the spires that high-bosom’d in trees

Reflect the slope sun’s golden ray,

Have yet aught of beauty to please,

O, haste, to my banks haste away.

‘Say, where smile the meadows more green?

Where does Philomel warble more sweet?

What stream rolls more pure through a scene

Where Spring’s various pleasures so meet?

O, say, what can Avon compare

To the towers that crown my proud side!

Or when did the Muses sport there?

When deign’d Phoebus to bathe in his tide?

‘ Erewhile thou to Phoebus wast dear,
 When Ichin was calm’d by thy strains;
 And fondly I deem’d I should hear
 Thy pipe echoing shrill through my plains.
 Go, Corydon, throw that pipe down,
 Thy lips now no longer it breathes;
 Go, Corydon, pluck off that crown,
 Those laurels ill brook pleasure’s wreaths.’

Oh Isis! thy taunts are in vain;
 Far other cares tear my sad heart!
 Nor can Phoebus e’er soothe my fix’d pain;—
 Ah me! Love but laughs at his art.
 In vain Nature pours o’er the ground
 Her beauties—no beauties to me
 If wherever I roll them around
 These eyes can no Maryanne see.

F. LAURENCE.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

O! SHARE my cottage, dearest maid,
 Beneath a mountain, wild and high,
 It nestles in a silent glade,
 And a clear river wanders by;
 Each tender care, each honest art
 Shall chase all future want from thee;
 If thy sweet lips consent impart
 To climb these craggy hills with me.

Far from the city’s vain parade
 No scornful brow shall there be seen;
 No dull impertinence invade,
 Nor Envy base, nor sullen Spleen;

The shadowy rocks, that circle round,
From storms shall guard our silvan cell,
And there shall every joy be found
That loves in peaceful vales to dwell.

When late the tardy sun shall peer,
And faintly gild yon little spire;
When nights are long, and frosts severe,
And our clean hearth is bright with fire;
Sweet tales to read, sweet songs to sing!—
O! they shall drown the wind and rain,
E'en till the soften'd year shall bring
Merry springtime back again!

Then hawthorns, flowering in the glen,
Shall guard the warbling feather'd throng;
Nor boast the busy haunts of men
So fair a scene, so sweet a song.
Thy arms the new-year'd lamb will shield,
And to the sunny shelter bear,
While o'er the rough and breathing field
My hands impel the gleaming share.

Ne'er doubt our wheaten ears will rise,
And full their yellow harvest glow,
Then taste with me the sprightly joys
That Love and Industry bestow.
Their jocund power shall banish strife;
Her clouds no passing day will see,
Since all the leisure hours of life
Shall still be spent in pleasing *thee*.

MISS SEWARD

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

HERE, here I live with what my board
 Can with the smallest cost afford;
 Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
 They well content my Prur-and me:
 Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,
 Whatever comes content makes sweet:
 Here we rejoice, because no rent
 We pay for our poor tenement
 Wherein we rest, and never fear
 The landlord or the usurer:
 The quarter day does not affright
 Our peaceful slumbers in the night:
 We eat our own; and batten more,
 Because we feed on no man's score;
 But pity those whose flanks grow great,
 Swell'd with the lard of others' meat:
 We bless our fortunes when we see
 Our own beloved privacy;
 And like our living, where we're known
 To very few, or else to none.

HERRICK.

THE COUNTRY MAID.

A Pastoral Ballad.

AN easy heart adorns the vale
 And gilds the lonely plain;
 No sighs of mine increase the gale,
 No peevish tears the rain.

From happy dreams the orient beams
Awake my soul to pleasure,
With cheek that glows, I milk my cows,
And bless the flowing treasure.

To tend the flock through summer's day
Is surely no disgrace;
A wreath of leaves from noontide ray
Defends my shaded face,
Industrious heed the hours shall speed,
On pinions gay and light;
The rising thought, with virtue fraught,
Shall consecrate their flight.

A maple dish, a cedar spoon
Seem fair and sweet to me,
When, on a violet bank, at noon,
I sit, and dine with glee;
From crystal rill my cup I fill,
And praise the bounteous Giver;
Nor with the great would change my state,
But dwell in vales for ever.

I love to mark the sultry hour,
When Phoebus ardent glows,
How deeply still are plain and bower
In undisturb'd repose;
All but the rills, that down the hills
Their glittering waters fling,
And round the bowers, on sweet wild flowers,
The bees that murmuring cling.

When Eve's gray mantle veils the sun,
And hill's late gilded height,
When green banks whiten, as the moon
Sheds wide her milky light.

I mark the vales, and shadowy dales
 In soft perspective showing;
 Their winding streams beneath her beams
 In trembling lustre flowing.

Then homeward my pleased steps I bend,
 To yonder ivied cottage,
 Where parents dear and gentle friend
 Prepare the savoury pottage;
 The wholesome fare, the pious prayer
 Conclude my day so pleasant!
 Ye rich and proud, confess aloud
 Right happy such a peasant!

MISS SEWARD.

TO PHILLIS.

TO LOVE AND LIVE WITH HIM.

LIVE, live with me; and thou shalt see
 The pleasures I'll prepare for thee;
 What sweets the country can afford
 Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board:
 The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
 With crawling woodbine overspread;
 By which the silver-shedding streams
 Shall gently melt thee into dreams:
 Thy clothing, next, shall be a gown
 Made of the fleece's purest down;
 The tongues of kids shall be thy meat;
 Their milk thy drink; and thou shalt eat
 The paste of filberts for thy bread,
 With cream of cowslips buttered:

Thy feasting tables shall be hills
With daisies spread, and daffodils;
Where thou shalt sit, and redbreast by,
For meat, shall give thee melody?
I'll give thee chains, and carcanets
Of primroses and violets;
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought, and this as brave;
So that as either shall express
The wearer's no mean shepherdess:
At shearing times, and yearly wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
Nay more, the feast and grace of it:
On holidays, when virgins meet
To dance the hays with nimble feet,
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
The queen of roses for that year;
And, having danced 'bove all the best,
Carry the garland from the rest:
In wicker baskets maids shall bring
To thee, my dearest shepherdling,
The blushing apple, bashful pear,
And shamefaced plum, all simpering there:
Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phillis in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skin'd tree;
Where, kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee:
To thee a sheephook I will send,
Beprank'd with ribands, to this end;
That this alluring hook might be
Less for to catch a sheep than me:
Thou shalt have possets; wassails fine,
Not made of ale, but spiced wine;

To make thy maids and self free mirth,
 All sitting near the glittering hearth :
 Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,
 Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
 Of winning colours, that shall move
 Others to lust, but me to love :
 These, nay, and more thine own shall be,
 If thou wilt love and live with me.

HERRICK.

A PASTORAL REMONSTRANCE.

O, TARRY, gentle traveller ;
 O, tarry now at setting day ;
 Nor haste to leave this lowly vale
 For lofty mountains far away.
 O, tell me what has tempted thee
 Through woods and dreary wilds to roam ;
 O, tell me what has tempted thee
 To quit thy cot and peaceful home.
 Say, hast thou not a partner dear
 That's constant to thy love and kind ?
 And wilt thou leave her faithful side,
 Nor cast one sorrowing look behind ?
 Yon sun that gilds the village spire,
 And gaily flings his parting ray,
 Say, smiles he not as sweetly o'er
 Thy native village far away ?
 Does mad ambition lure thy steps
 To wander in the paths of strife ?
 Oh, think how swift thy minutes fly !
 Ah, think how short thy span of life !

For life is like yon crimson beam
That trembles in the western skies;
Full soon, alas! its glories cease;
It sparkles—glimmers—fades—and dies.

O, waste not then thy fleeting hours
In foreign climes and paths unknown;
Return thee to the happy plains
That bounteous nature made thy own.

For me, nor gold, nor princely power,
Nor purple vest, nor stately dome,
Nor all that trophied grandeur boasts
Shall lure me from my tranquil home.

This rustic cot and silent shade
Shall evermore my dwelling be;
E'en when my destined days are spent
I'll rest beneath yon aged tree.

Beside the brook a simple stone
Shall serve to guard my cold remains,
And tell the pilgrims, as they pass,
I died amidst my native plains.

Return then, gentle traveller,
Return thee with the morning ray;
Nor leave again thy lowly vale,
For distant mountains far away.

ANONYMOUS.

PASTORAL ODE.

O SWEETEST of the feather'd quire,
O! thrush and blackbird of the wood,
Where will ye now to rest retire?
Where seek ye now your wonted food?

Lo! how around the wintry snows
Fast from the darken'd sky descend,
With hollow sound the north wind blows,
While to its blast the tall trees bend.

O hapless birds! in vain the lake
Or stream ye seek with weary wings,
No more the pool your thirst can slake,
The frost has bound the limpid springs.

In vain ye seek the well known fields,
The well known wood in vain ye try;
The naked wood no shelter yields,
No food the barren fields supply.

Nor may ye yet of man implore
To save you from the storms awhile;
O, may his gun not wound you sore,
Nor may his net your feet beguile!

More cruel than the wintry wind,
With level'd gun and fatal snare,
The tyrant of your gentle kind,
He spares not whom the tempests spare.

And have ye sung, sweet birds, so long
Beneath the summer sun in vain?
And will no one requite your song,
Which wont so oft to charm the plain?

Lo! in this bower, within these bounds,
Where oft melodious voices swell,
Where oft the tuneful flute resounds;
Lo, in this bower the Muses dwell.

The Muses, gentle maids, bemoan
The sorrows of the feathered throng,
Whose voices, tuneful as their own,
Warble, untaught, the woods among.

The Muses smile not that the quire
Of birds are barr'd their notes of joy,
Nor will they with the winds conspire
The harmless songsters to annoy.

O, seek ye then this friendly bower,
Which to the Muses still belongs ;
Here shall ye prove their sacred power
To save the feather'd race from wrongs :

Here from the northern winds that blow
The hill with pine-trees clad defends,
While its soft lap the vale below
Fair to the noontide sun extends.

And here the sullen months to cheer
The flowering laurestine will bloom,
The holly shows its berries near,
That shine amid the wintry gloom.

And many a shady walk is found,
Where twining laurels form a grove,
Where firs their green tribes scatter round,
And yew with cypress dark is wove.

And where the sheltering groves extend,
Due food for hapless birds we fling ;
The fruits that reddening hawthorns lend,
The grain that yellow harvests bring.

O, seek ye then this green retreat,
And through these groves of laurel stray,
Till vernal suns with genial heat
Shall chase the wintry clouds away.

Here first the balmy zephyr blows,
And first the woods are clad with green,
Here earliest yellow crocus grows,
And earliest are blue violets seen.

For him who thus in pious lay
 Invites you to the Muses' bowers,
 O, gentle birds, his care repay,
 When spring revives your tuneful powers.

Then when ye breathe those notes along
 That melt your mates to soft desire,
 O, lend to him awhile your song,
 O, lend those notes that love inspire.

So may his happy numbers move
 The tender fair to whom he sings,
 So Love's soft pleasures may he prove,
 Like you, beside the silver springs.

SHAW.

THE MAYPOLE.

THE Maypole is up ;
 Now give me the cup,
 I'll drink to the garlands around it ;
 But first unto those
 Whose hands did compose
 The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my girls,
 Whose husbands may earls
 Or lords be, granting my wishes ;
 And when that ye wed
 To the bridal bed,
 Then multiply all like to fishes.

HERRICK.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

TO MR. ENDYMION PORTER.

SWEET country life ! to such unknown,
Whose lives are others', not their own ;
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam,
To seek and bring rough pepper home ;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove,
To bring from thence the scorched clove ;
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West :
No, thy ambition's masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece,
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year ;
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds ;
For well thou know'st 'tis not the' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which though well soil'd, yet thou dost know,
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands :
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them ;
And cheer'st them up by singing, how
The kingdom's portion is the plough :

This done ; then to the' enamel'd meads
 Thou go'st ; and as thy foot there treads,
 Thou seest a present godlike power
 Imprinted in each herb and flower ;
 And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
 Sweet as the blossoms of the vine :
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
 Unto the dewlaps up in meat ;
 And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
 The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
 To make a pleasing pasture there :
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
 Of sheep safe from the wolf and fox ;
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grass as backs with wool ;
 And leavest them, as they feed and fill,
 A shepherd piping on a hill.

For sport, for pageantry, and plays,
 Thou hast thy eves and holidays,
 On which the young men and maids meet
 To exercise their dancing feet,
 Tripping the comely country round,
 With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
 Thy wakes, thy quintels* here thou hast,
 Thy maypoles too with garlands graced,
 Thy morris dance, thy Whitsun ale,
 Thy shearing feasts which never fail,
 Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl
 That's toss'd up after fox i' the' hole,
 Thy mummeries, thy twelfth-tide kings,
 And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
 Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
 And no man pays too dear for it :

* Or quintins.

To these thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i' the' treacherous snow,
Thy witty wiles to try and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood† and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made,
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.

O happy life! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood;
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have none to' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

HERRICK.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

* This word, which Herrick writes 'cockrood,' means, according to Phillips and Bailey 'a sort of net contrived chiefly for the catching of woodcocks.' But I should rather interpret it—'a beat or haunt, where nets and springes are laid for that purpose.'

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The song that makes her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land !

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay—

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and virgin shame ;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace ;
And, bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

COLERIDGE.

LINES

COPIED FROM THE WINDOW OF AN OBSCURE
LODGING IN ISLINGTON.

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, whose restless mind
Like me within these walls is cribb'd, confined,
Learn how each want that heaves our mutual sighs
A woman's soft solicitude supplies.
From her white breast retreat all rude alarms,
Or fly the circle of her magic arms;
While souls exchanged alternate grace acquire,
And passions catch from passions mutual fire.

What though to deck this roof no arts combine
Such forms as rival every fair but mine;
No nodding plumes our humble couch above
Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;
No silver lamp, with sculptured Cupids gay,
O'er yielding beauty pours its midnight ray;
Yet Fanny's charms could Time's slow flight be-
guile,

Soothe every care, and make this dungeon smile;
In her what kings, what saints have wish'd is
given;

Her heart is empire, and her love is heaven.

ANONYMOUS.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

A MYTHOLOGICAL TALE, FROM THE GOLDEN ASS
OF APULEIUS.

A female relation of the author having seen a manuscript version of the story of Cupid and Psyche, mentioned it to him as a subject peculiarly susceptible of poetical embellishment, and recommended to him to attempt it. He at one time thought of giving an analysis of the fable, but finding that each commentator explained almost every subordinate circumstance in a different manner, he resolved to decline the task. It may, however, be proper to remark, that in the main point they all agree; and when we consider that Apuleius was a Platonist and a Mystic, and that he is perpetually recurring to the rites and cabbala of the many religious fraternities into which he had been initiated, we can scarcely doubt that, by the adventures and marriage of Cupid and Psyche, he meant to typify, after various trials and probations, the final union of the soul of man to Divine Love in a state of immortality: although it must at the same time be confessed that he throws no small degree of obscurity over his allegory, by substituting the person and attributes of Cupid, the son of Venus, for those of the elder Cupid, born of the egg of Night, and coeval with Chaos.

The story runs through the fourth, fifth, and sixth Books of the *Romance of the Golden Ass*, and is told by an old woman to a captive lady in a cave of robbers.

I.

O, STAY those tears! the beldam cries,
 Ill dreams good fortunes oft forerun,
 Like clouds which skirt the morning skies,
 But melt before the noon-day sun.
 Chase from thy soul this idle grief,
 And let my words thine ear engage;
 Thy fears perchance may find relief
 E'en from the garrulous tales of age.

II.

Once stately reign'd a king and queen,
As bards of other times have told,
The happiest that were ever seen
To flourish in the days of old.

Three daughters bless'd their nuptial bed;
Two daughters exquisitely fair,
Who many a fond youth captive led,
Made many a hapless youth despair.

The youngest—but no tongue so warm,
Though matchless eloquence be given,
May dare portray her finish'd form,
The 'prodigality of heaven!'

Say, to delight the wondering earth,
Does she amongst us mortals roam
Who from the blue deep took her birth,
Her nurture from the sparkling foam?

O'er her warm cheek's vermilion dye,
Waves, lightly waves her dark brown hair,
Bright as the winter star her eye,
Yet peaceful as the summer air.

No one to Paphos takes his way,
Cnidos, Cythera charm no more;
No throngs, with votive chaplets gay,
The 'immortal Venus now adore.

Her temples all in ruin lie,
Her altars cold, to dust resign'd,
Her withering garlands flap and fly,
And rustle in the hollow wind.

Whilst on the mortal maid they shower
 The incense they to *her* should bring,
 And offer to this fairest flower
 The fairest flowerets of the spring.

From isles afar, from distant lands,
 Unnumber'd votaries press around,
 And view entranced, with clasped hands,
 Celestial footsteps print the ground.

To her young girls their wishes breathe,
 Commend the fond youth to her care ;
 Bind round her brows the rosy wreath,
 And sigh to her the ardent prayer.

III.

Can then Devotion's sainted glow,
 By Heaven's creating hand impress'd
 (A moon to gild the nights of woe,
 A sunbeam in the days of rest),

For changeful Fancy's glittering sway
 Quit steadfast Reason's chaste control,
 The will with meteor-gleams betray,
 And guide with dubious light the soul?

Yet, if the weak erratic mind
 Pour forth to living beauty warm
 The' unutterable praise assign'd
 Alone to thine ethereal form,

Parent of nature! nurse of joy!
 From whom the elements arise,
 Thou to whom *Ida's* shepherd boy
Adjudged aright the golden prize,

O Venus! will thy better part,
Unbounded love, incline to spare,
Or female envy taint thy heart,
And plant the fiend of Vengeance there?

And shall the rays of life's fair morn
Prove but the lightning flash of fate?
And shall they wake the smile of scorn,
Or shall they move the scowl of hate?

Venus has call'd her winged child,
And with malignant pleasure laugh'd,
That boy who, lawless, wicked, wild,
At random aims the flaming shaft;
Him who all deeds of darkness owns,
Who breaks so oft the nuptial tie,
And, whilst his luckless victim groans,
On careless pinions flutters by.—

The dangerous power to Psyche's bower
She with vindictive fury led,
And bade him thus his vengeance shower
On the detested virgin's head :—

‘ By a mother's sacred name,
By thine arrows tipp'd with flame,
By thy joys which often borrow
Of Despair most bitter sorrow,
Make thy parent's rival know
Unimaginable woe !
May her youth's unequal'd bloom
Unrequited love consume,
For some wretch of abject birth,
Wandering outcast of the earth;
Be for him her fond heart torn,
May e'en he her torments scorn,
That all womankind may see
What it is to injure me.

Make thy parent's rival know
Unimaginable woe!

Then kiss'd her son, and fleet as wind
She seeks old Ocean's dark-green caves—
Her ivory feet, with roses twined,
Brush lightly o'er the trembling waves.

IV.

Young Psyche still more beauteous grows,
Ah, not unconscious of her charms!
Yet no one plucks this opening rose,
She takes no suitor to her arms.
Each sister shines a regal bride,
In sweet connubial union bless'd;
Each moves conspicuous in the pride
Of sceptred state and ermined vest.
But Psyche owns no lawful lord,
She walks a goddess from above;
All saw, all praised, and all adored,
But no one ever dared to love.
Yet half form'd wishes still will ply
With feverish dreams the' unpractised mind,
When 'the closed eye, unknowing why,'
Its wonted slumbers fails to find.
Though the blank heart no passion owns,
Some soft ideas will intrude,
And the sick girl in silence moans
Her dull unvaried solitude.

V.

Her father sees his darling's grief,
Suspects the jealous wrath of Heaven,
Hopes from the Oracle relief,
And asks the fate the gods had given.

‘ On the mountain summit laid
In her grave-clothes be the maid,
Never shall thine eye behold
Son in law of mortal mould ;
But a monster girt with wings,
Fiercest of created things,
Scattering flames his hours employing,
Heaven alike and earth annoying :
Him the dread decrees of fate
Destine for thy daughter’s mate.’

Graceful his silver tresses flow—
He does not rend his hoary hair,
He utters not the shriek of woe,
Nor vents the curses of despair ;
He does not wring his aged hands,
No tear-drop fills his frozen eye ;
But as a statue fix’d he stands
In speechless, senseless agony !

VI.

There is a stern and hateful power
Who flies from Pleasure’s wish’d embrace,
But lingers in Affliction’s bower,
And tracks her with a lover’s pace.
A sithe he for a sceptre bears,
O’er earth’s vast charnel stalks sublime,
Compass’d by ministering Cares,
And loathing mortals call him Time.
He now leads on the joyless morn,
Mantling in clouds the louring skies,
When from her parents must be torn
The victim of the Destinies.

Loud wailings fill the troubled air,
Cold tremors every heart assail,
And the low murmurs of despair
Ride sullen on the hollow gale.

Onward the sad procession goes:
Do wedding guests then creep so slow?
Say, is it from the bridemaid flows,
The long and sable stole of woe?

And who are they who, robed in white,
Their black funereal torches wave,
Which shed around such pale blue light,
As issues from the dead man's grave?

They are the bridal train—yet mark,
They carol loud with tuneful breath;
'Tis not the song of marriage—hark!
They slowly chant the dirge of Death.

The mountain's utmost height they gain,
They pour the agonizing prayer;
For soon the melancholy train
Must leave the sad devoted fair.

Yet Psyche chides the tears that fall,
E'en in her shroud o'ermasters fear,
Wraps round her beauteous limbs the pall,
And dauntless mounts the bridal bier.

VII.

O Sleep! sweet friend of humankind,
Whose magic chains all joy to wear,
Who, soother of the afflicted mind,
Strew'st roses on the bed of care,

Thou now o'er Psyche's fluttering soul
Benignly shedd'st thine opiate charms;
Spell-bound she owns thy mild control,
Soft cradled in thy downy arms,

Till, wafted on his winnowing wings,
To a fair vale's sequester'd bowers
Zephyr the' unconscious maiden brings,
And lays her on a couch of flowers.

VIII.

She wakes—and to her glad survey
Rise round her high o'erarching trees,
Whose branches, gemm'd with blossoms gay,
Throw perfumes to the lingering breeze.

And, shaded from the noontide beam,
There slowly, slowly curling, roll'd
Its silvery waves a lucent stream
O'er sands of granulated gold.

And in the centre of the wood,
Not such as kings inhabit here,
A vast and tower-flank'd palace stood,
Nor such as mortal hands could rear.

Of ivory was the fretted roof,
On golden columns proudly raised,
And silver carvings massy proof
The walls of ebony emblazed.

Round lustres wreaths of diamonds fix'd
Their prisms rays profusely pour,
And amethysts with emeralds mix'd
Inlay the tessellated floor.

While thus the startled stranger greet,
 Within no earthly form confined,
 Voices, as distant music sweet,
 That floats upon the evening wind :

‘ Lull to rest this causeless fear ;
 Psyche ! thou art mistress here.
 Happy beyond human measure,
 Slake thy thirsting soul in pleasure ;
 Slaves to thy majestic lover,
 Air-form’d sprites around thee hover,
 Ever for thy bidding stay,
 Instant thy commands obey.’

—And ere the lingering word is said,
 Quick as the lightning glance of thought,
 With sumptuous fare the banquet’s spread,
 By her aerial servants brought.

And flute and harp and voice, to fill
 The choral harmony, unite,
 And make each raptured nerve to thrill
 And vibrate with intense delight.

Swiftly the happy hours are fled !
 For night invites her to repose,
 And on the silk-embroider’d bed
 Her wearied frame the virgin throws.

Now Darkness o’er the silent sphere
 Her raven-tinctured reign assumes—
 She stops her breath—she chills to hear
 The rustling sound of fluttering plumes.

All hush’d around—no friend beside—
 Her heart beats high with new alarms !
 —The dreaded husband claims his bride,
 And folds her in his eager arms !

Yet while thick shades are o'er them spread,
 (How hard that lovely couch to scorn!)
Soft-gliding from the nuptial bed,
 He flies before the golden morn.

While viewless harps incessant ring
 To greet her on her bridal day,
And viewless minstrels gaily sing
 The hymeneal roundelay.

And aye when Eve in grateful hour
 Sheds odours from his dewy wings,
The Unknown seeks his mystic bower,
 And to the' expectant fair one springs:

In frantic passion's giddy whirl
 Past, quickly past, his transient stay,
He still eludes the curious girl,
 And steals unseen, unfelt away;

Ere from the bosom of the Night
 Young Twilight scents the matin air,
And in her gray vest rises light,
 Spangled with gems her musky hair.

IX.

Though circling o'er the laughing hours
 In still increasing raptures roll'd,
Oft gleams the path besprent with flowers
 With tints too clear, too bright to hold!

Thus speaks the' Invisible, and sighs,
 And clasps her in his warm embrace,
While the large tear-drops from his eyes
 Fall frequent on her burning face—

- ‘ Life of my beating heart! o’er thee
 Impending danger scowls; beware!
 With anxious soul I shuddering see
 The cruel Fates their lures prepare.
- ‘ Soon shall thy sisters seek thee near,
 Lament thee lost with piercing wail,
 And thou each well known voice shalt hear
 With piteous accents lead the gale.
- ‘ Then, though thy very soul will yearn
 To bid thy messengers convey
 The wish’d-for visitants; O turn!
 Turn from their plaints thine ear away.
- ‘ If Nature’s feelings conquer still,
 And thou must wayward tempt thy fate,
 Thou know’st, obedient to thy will,
 What mystic menials on thee wait.
- ‘ Yet, as thou’dst shun eternal bale,
 Or never ceasing misery dread,
 Our dark mysterious union veil
 In the deep silence of the dead.
- ‘ For these the truths the Fates unfold:
 We in these bowers may ever dwell,
 If mortal eye shall ne’er behold
 This form, nor tongue my secrets tell.
- ‘ While from our glad embrace will rise,
 Pure from all taint of earthly leaven,
 An infant inmate of the skies,
 The fairest of the host of heaven.
- ‘ Then spare thyself, thy husband spare,
 And spare thy child, as yet unborn;
 Dash not the dark clouds of despair
 Upon the ruddy hues of morn!’

L

Sails we launch our little bark.

The sunbeams on the waters play,
While close around the ravenous shark
Expecting waits his destined prey.

We sail along the whirlpool's brink,
Unheeding join the song of glee ;
But, ah ! too late aghast we shrink,
When whirlm'd beneath the treacherous sea.

Psyche has heard the warning strain—
Resistless wishes restless spring,
She slights the strain, and bids her train
Of swift-wing'd sprites her sisters bring.

Her childhood's friends she joys to meet,
No shade of danger here can find :
Though mingled in communion sweet,
They cannot sound the viewless mind.

Look'd in her ever faithful breast,
Her secret all discovery braves,
Safe as the orient pearl will rest
Beneath unfathomable waves.

' And who is he whose natal star
With such unrival'd splendour shines,
Whose countless stores exceed so far
All India's inexhausted mines ?

' O ! 'tis a youth whose ruddy cheek
Glow with the morn's vermilion dye,
Or emulates the clouds that streak
With crimson tints the evening sky.

‘ And mantled he in lively green
Up the high mountain joys to go,
Or in the wild wood chase is seen
The foremost with his silver bow.’

Homeward the sisters now return,
Their bosoms charged with deadly hate,
And with excessive envy burn,
And curse their own inferior fate.

XI.

Exulting Psyche bids again
The’ obedient sprites her sisters bear ;
Borne by the ministering train,
Again arrive the baleful pair.

‘ And who is he whose natal star
With such unrival’d splendour shines,
Whose countless stores exceed so far
All India’s inexhausted mines?’

‘ O! he is one unbroke by care,
The rose of beauty lingers yet,
Though here and there a hoary hair
Gleams silvery midst his locks of jet.’

‘ Cease, cease those fables,’ swift replied
One sister with unfeeling scorn,
And ‘ cease thy tales,’ the other cried,
Nor strive to hide thy fate forlorn.

‘ Still ever erring from the truth,
Thy childish tongue deceitful ran—
Thy husband neither glows with youth,
Nor the gray honours boasts of man.

- ‘ He wears no human form—we know
Unerring are the words of Heaven ;
And of all humankind the foe
Thee for a mate the gods have given.
- ‘ We know him well—then wherefore hide
From thy dear sisters’ love thy care,
Nor to our kindred breasts confide
The ills that thou art doom’d to bear?’
- Then as they wipe the artful tear,
Loud on the pitying gods they call,
Till soothed by love, or urged by fear,
The trembling Psyche tells them all.
- ‘ We knew it well! nay, do not start,’
Each base malignant fury cried,
‘ We know, unhappy girl! thou art
A vast and venom’d serpent’s bride.
- ‘ We learn’d it from the neighbouring hinds,
Who every night his form survey,
As through yon crystal stream he winds
In slimy folds his sinuous way ;
- ‘ Or as at daybreak he along
In many a spiral volume trails,
And vibrates quick his forky tongue,
And glitters in his burnish’d scales.
- ‘ Yes! though with heaven’s own transport warm
Thy soul in boundless rapture swims,
Soon, coil’d around thy slender form,
He’ll writhing crush thy mangled limbs.’
- Thus the hyena speaks and weeps—
Cold damps on Psyche’s forehead start,
Her tingling flesh with horror creeps,
The lifeblood curdling in her heart.

All ghastly pale her beauteous cheek,
 She throws her moonstruck gaze around,
 Utters a feeble, faltering shriek,
 And senseless sinks upon the ground.

Then as some parch'd and withering flower
 Reviving sucks the evening dew,
 To bide the' insufferable power
 Of the meridian sun anew;

So when the' Unknown's distracted wife
 Recovers her unwelcome breath,
 She only hails returning life
 To shudder at approaching death.

XII.

The sisters still their schemes pursue,
 Their vengeance ripens in the bud,
 And thus they urge her to imbrue
 Her weak and innocent hands in blood.

' Cut thou the knot the Fates have tied,
 Nor let dismay thine efforts damp,
 But in the figured tapestry hide
 To guide thy stroke, this faithful lamp.

' And take this dagger keen and bright,
 And when his eyes are closed in rest,
 Directed by the friendly light,
 Deep plunge it in the monster's breast.'

Thou who in love's soft dreams hast felt,
 Whilst envying gods were hovering near,
 Thy soul in sweet delirium melt,
 Say, canst thou slay thy lover dear?

And canst thou spread thy murderous toils
For him thy soul's best joy of late?
Ah me! her sickening heart recoils,
Disgusted from her viperous mate.

XIII.

Her mantle o'er them Darkness throws,
On the Unknown soft languors creep,
Who leaves his false one to repose,
And sinks into the arms of Sleep.

Now trembling, now distracted; bold,
And now irresolute she seems;
The blue lamp glimmers in her hold,
And in her hand the dagger gleams.

Prepared to strike she verges near,
The blue light glimmering from above,
The hideous sight expects with fear,
—And gazes on the God of Love!

Not such a young and frolic child
As poets feign, or sculptors plan;
No, no, she sees, with transport wild,
Eternal beauty veil'd in man.

His cheek's ingrain'd carnation glow'd
Like rubies on a bed of pearls,
And down his ivory shoulders flow'd
In clustering braids his golden curls.

Soft as the cygnet's down his wings,
And as the falling snowflake fair,
Each light elastic feather springs
And dances in the balmy air.

The pure and vital stream he breathes
 Makes even the lamp shine doubly bright,
 Which its gay frame enamour'd wreathes,
 And gleams with scintillating light.

There loosely strung that bow was hung,
 Whose twanging cord immortals fear,
 And on the floor his quiver flung,
 Lay stored with many an arrow, near.

Grasp'd in her sacrilegious hands,
 She with the arrows play'd, and laugh'd—
 The crimson on her finger stands,
 She's wounded by the poison'd shaft.

The red blood riots in her veins,
 Her feverish pulses wildly beat,
 Whilst every waken'd fibre strains
 And throbs with palpitating heat.

With eyes, where sparkling rapture swims,
 She contemplates his sleeping grace,
 Hangs fondly o'er his well turn'd limbs,
 And joins to his her fervid face.

But as her views intent to foil,
 Or as that form it long'd to kiss,
 Dropp'd from the lamp, the burning oil
 Aroused him from his dreams of bliss.

Sudden loud thunders shake the skies,
 The' enchanted palace sinks around,
 And sanguine-streaming fires arise
 Meteorous from the trembling ground.

And swift as when in fury hurls
 Jove's red right arm the forky light,
 The wounded godhead eddying whirls
 Into the heaven of heavens his flight.

XIV.

In vapoury twilight damp and chill
The languid star fades pale away,
The high peak of the distant hill
Is gilded by the gleams of day.

And who is that distracted fair
Reclined beneath yon spreading yew,
Swoln are her eyes, her dark brown hair
Is pearly with the morning dew?

Her spring of life now seems to flag,
In wild delirium now she raves—
O, see! from that o'erjutting crag
She plunges in the foaming waves!

But he who o'er the stream presides
The frantic girl in pity bore,
Upheaved on his slow rolling tides,
In safety to the opposing shore.

There in a bower with wood moss lined,
With violets blue, and cowslips gay,
Old Pan, by Canna's side reclined,
Sung many a rustic roundelay.

While wandering from his heedless eyes,
His white goats cropp'd the neighbouring brake,
The God, in this unfashion'd guise,
With no ungentle feelings spake:—

‘ Sweet girl, though rural is the air
That I, the king of shepherds, wear,
As assay'd silver, tried and sage,
And prudent are the words of age.

Then list, O, list, sweet girl, to me !
 For with divining power I see,
 Both from thy often reeling pace,
 And from thy pale and haggard face,
 And from thy deep and frequent sigh,
 While grief hangs heavy on thine eye,
 That all the ills thou'rt doom'd to prove,
 Are judgments of the God of Love.—
 Then list, O, list, sweet girl, to me ;
 Seek not by death thy soul to free,
 But cast thy cares thy griefs away,
 To Cupid without ceasing pray,
 And soon that soft luxurious boy
 Will tune anew thy mind to joy !'

XV.

The shipman seeks his native vales,
 He's come afar from o'er the sea,
 He longs to tell his wondrous tales
 Of dangers on the stormy lee.

He'll tell the wonder-stirring tales
 To those dear friends he left behind—
 Ah me! within his native vales
 His sickening soul no friend can find.

Thus Psyche to one sister goes,
 That sister's vital spark is fled :
 To meet the other next she rose,
 But she is number'd with the dead.

And she will seek her father's state,
 And there her parents' blessings crave—
 Press'd by the heavy hand of Fate,
 They too rest peaceful in the grave!

XVI.

And now the milk-white Albatross,
To Venus who in ocean laves
Circled with sea nymphs, scuds across
On oary wings the rippling waves.

‘ Great queen,’ the feather’d chatterer said,
‘ Know’st thou not what thy hopeful son,
Enamour’d of a worthless maid,
Has in his amorous folly done ?

‘ He sighs not for celestial charms,
No grace, no goddess is his flame,
But woos a mortal to his arms,
And Psyche is the damsel’s name.

‘ E’en now, impatient of his woe,
Wounded he seeks thy courts above,
By the just Fates condemn’d to know
The’ inflicted pangs of faithless love.’

Venus then calls her doves, and soon
With quick step mounts her golden car,
Arch’d inwards like the waning moon,
And brilliant as the morning star.

Around her sparrows chirping play,
Exulting strain their little throats,
And all the warblers of the spray
Pour sweetly their mellifluous notes.

She cuts the clouds, she skims the heaven,
Till, reach’d the palace of the sky,
Her fanciful behest is given
To the wing’d herald Mercury.

‘ Take thou this volume in thy hand,
With Psyche’s history mark’d, and name,
And thus in every clime and land,
And every state aloud proclaim—

‘ If any man shall seize and bring
The flying daughter of a king,
Handmaid of Venus, or will tell
Where Psyche now conceal’d may dwell,
Let him to Murtia straight repair,
Make the much wish’d discovery there,
And Cytherea, queen of charms,
Sole sovereign of ecstatic blisses,
Will clasp him in her grateful arms,
And greet him with seven fervid kisses.’

XVII.

Now four long tedious moons are spent,
She hears no tidings of her lord,
Yet still her wandering steps are bent
In search of him her soul adored.

She pray’d at Ceres’ corn-wreath’d shrine,
And Juno’s altar deck’d with flowers ;
But sternly bound by pact divine,
No succour lend the pitying Powers.

Till wearied with unnumber’d woes,
And render’d valiant by despair,
She to the Murtian temple goes—
Perchance her true love tarries there.

O, turn thee from the perilous way !
Ah! wherefore work thine own annoy ?
Yon priestess, Custom, marks her prey,
And eyes thee with malignant joy !

Instant she on her victim springs,
She mocks the unavailing prayer,
Furious her wither'd hand enrings,
And drags her by the flowing hair.

Then laughing Venus bids with speed
Her handmaids on the pavement throw
Of all the flowering plants the seed
That in the' Hesperian gardens blow.

And she must each assort before
The dew-fall shall the damp grass steep,
While sentry at the chamber door
Solicitude and Sorrow keep.

A little ant the mandate heard,
The' oppressive mandate, with disdain,
For even the weakest, 'tis averr'd,
Will on the oppressor turn again.

And insect myriads never ceased
Their labours till the setting sun,
When Venus, rising from the feast,
With wonder saw the hard task done.

XVIII.

Now rose, in glory rose the morn,
And Venus bids her captive go
To yon fair stream, whose currents, borne
In circling eddies, babbling flow.

' There grazing the wild flock,' she cried,
' With golden fleeces shalt thou see,
Then from the bright ram's shaggy side
The precious wool bring back to me.'

Trembling she goes—she gazes round—
 Say whence that heavenly voice proceeds,
 That like the soft flute's mellow sound
 Breathes sweetly through the whispering reeds?

‘ Fierce while glares the noonday sun
 Thôu the dread adventure shun,
 While the ram his rival scorns,
 Furious with his jutting horns;
 But beneath yon plane tree's shade,
 In concealment be thou laid,
 Till the evestâr, pale and fair,
 Glimmers through the misty air,
 Then in safety mayst thou pull
 From his fleece the golden wool.’

Yet though this labour she performs,
 No grace with Venus can she find,
 Her stony heart no pity warms,
 Another trial waits behind.

XIX.

‘ Down from that cloud-capp'd mountain's brow
 A never ceasing cataract pours,
 Whose feathery surges dash below
 In thunder on the Stygian shores.

‘ Thou on the dangerous brink must stand,
 And dip this goblet in the spring:
 Descending then with steady hand
 The black transparent crystal bring.’

Nimble the mountain steep she'd climb,
 But thence impervious rocks arise,
 Whose awful foreheads frown sublime,
 And lift their bold crags to the skies.

While horrid voices howl around,
‘ Fly, swiftly fly!’ ‘ Forbear! forbear!’
Vast stones, with heart-appalling sound,
Are hurl’d into the groaning air.

And on the right and on the left,
Four ever watchful dragons fly,
Flame breathing through each dizzy cleft,
Their long and flexile necks they ply.

Though beauty’s queen no pity feels,
The bold rapacious bird of Jove
His succour to the afflicted deals,
In reverence to the God of Love.


He sees her blasted hopes expire,
He leaves the liquid fields of light,
And whirling round in many a gyre,
Majestic wings his rapid flight.

High o’er the dragons see him tower,
Updarting through the azure air!
And high above the stony shower
The bowl his crooked talons bear.

Now to the grateful maid he brings
The sparkling waters bright and clear,
Then spreads again his ample wings,
And soaring quits this nether sphere.

XX.

Can beauty no compassion know?
Sure Mercy must her bright beams dart,
And, piercing through those hills of snow,
Melt e’en the adamant heart.



Ah, no! by Venus' stern command
Psyche to Proserpine is sped:
Shivering she seeks the dreary land,
The sunless mansions of the dead.

The' unopen'd casket she must bring,
Whose weak and fragile sides entomb
From beauty's uncreated spring
The essence of eternal bloom.

Fearful and sad she journeyed on,
While silence ruled the midnight hour,
To where the' unsteady moonbeam shone
Reflected from a ruin'd tower.

And thence she heard these warning notes,
Caroll'd as clear as clear might be,
Sweet as the mermaid's lay that floats
Melodious on the charmed sea—

‘ Sunk her spirit, whelm'd in wee,
Does the royal captive go?
Does her heart, oppress'd with dread,
Shudder to approach the dead?
Where the cavern yawns around,
Enter there the dark profound:
Soon thy path a crippled ass,
By a cripple led, shall pass,
Fainting they beneath their task—
He assistance oft will ask,
But in these infernal lands
Touch not with unhallow'd hands;
Cautious thou, without delay,
Onward, onward speed thy way!
In old Charon's creaking boat,
O'er the dead stream thou must float;

There the livid corse thou'lt see
Stretch his blue-swoln hand to thee,
Frown thou on his suit severe,
Mercy were destruction here!
See those crones that on the left
Weave the many-colour'd weft,
See them, how they this way wend
Asking thee thy aid to lend,
But in these infernal lands
Touch not with unhallow'd hands;
Cautious thou, without delay,
Onward, onward speed thy way!
Dipp'd the sop in Hydromel
Charm the three-neck'd dog of hell;
Then from her imperial seat
Thee the shadowy queen shall greet,
Shall for thee the feast prepare—
Thou that feast refuse to share,
But upon the pavement spread
Take the black and mouldy bread—
By the queen soon set at large,
Back now bear thy precious charge:
Over all, thy curious mind
In the chains of prudence bind,
Nor the strict command infringe,
Move not thou the golden hinge!
Gladsome then, without delay,
Onward, onward speed thy way.'

XXI.

—She has seen the secrets of the deep,
And through o'erwhelming horrors pass'd,
How her recovering pulses leap,
To hail the daystar's gleams at last!

‘ Do I then bear eternal bloom
 Alone to make my tyrant shine?
 Say, rather let its tints illumine
 These wan and woe-worn cheeks of mine;

‘ Whilst I will revel in the rays
 Of beauty in the casket hid.’
 Alas! no beam of beauty plays
 Delightful from the lifted lid!

But from the empty casket sprang
 Of Stygian fogs the baleful breath,
 And o’er her quivering members hang
 The damp unwholesome dews of death.

Pale, pale on earth’s green lap she sleeps,
 No perfumed breeze her lips inhale,
 And o’er her fluttering vestment sweeps
 In fitful blasts the moaning gale.

Cold, cold is now that lovely breast,
 And sunk that cheek of late so fair,
 Yet tranquil peace remains impress’d,
 Celestial sweetness lingers there!

Ill fated maid! no sorrowing friend
 Shall steep thy herse in true love showers,
 Thy corse with duteous care shall tend,
 Or strew thy grave with opening flowers.

No songster o’er thy dewy mound
 For thee shall trill the plaintive lay,
 But the dark vulture hovering round
 With broad wing shade his purposed prey!

XXII.

The fields of nature to deform
Not always drives the furious blast,
And shall misfortune's moral storm
Gainst meek endurance ever last?

No, though unnumber'd ills assail,
Though man behold no succour nigh,
Though with the frailest of the frail
Presumption tempt the prying eye;

Yet, if the germ of virtue live,
Let constant faith her sufferings brave;
Goodness is powerful to forgive,
And Heaven omnipotent to save.

Though gathering clouds life's closing hours
With dark distressful fears annoy,
Hope points to Mercy's radiant bowers,
Where Truth triumphant dwells with joy.

Cupid, with downcast, humbled mien,
Has to the Thunderer breathed his care,
The' Almighty Father smiled serene,
And granted his adorer's prayer.

Now flies he to his lost one's aid,
He gently raised her drooping head,
With his bright arrow touch'd the maid,
And roused her from her cheerless bed.

He animates anew her charms,
Warm o'er her breathes the light of love,
Then bears her in his circling arms,
And stands before the throne of Jove.

But on the Sovereign of the Skies
 What fleshly optics dare to gaze?
 And Psyche with averted eyes
 Shrinks trembling from the' excessive blaze.
 Till, Hebe raising to her lips
 The ambrosial goblet foaming high,
 Rapt in ecstatic trance she sips
 The fount of immortality!
 Purpled with roses dance the Hours,
 The Graces scattering odours play,
 And crown'd with never fading flowers
 The Muses hymn the jocund lay.
 And onward up the' ethereal arch
 Glad Hymen leads the festive train,
 As o'er the rainbow's hues they march,
 And links them in his golden chain.
 While soon to bless the faithful pair,
 With eye of laughter, soul of flame,
 Burst into life a daughter fair,
 And Pleasure was the infant's name.

GURNEY.

THE HAMPSHIRE COTTAGERS.

A Tale.

How lovely o'er thy valleys gay,
 Sweet Hampshire, spreads the verdure mild!
 How brightly shines the morning ray
 That quivers on thy woodlands wild!
 Eden of England! thou art fair!
 Thine is each soft and awful grace!
 A Claude might catch his beauty there,
 Or wild Salvator grandeur trace.

And there beneath ' Ytene's oaks,'
Where darkly spreads the forest gloom
That echoes to the woodman's strokes,
The blushing rose delights to bloom.

Fair are thy villas, fairer still
The cots that skirt the green wood side ;
Where some lone, shallow, babbling rill
Pours through the vale its silver tide.

And fairest of the cottage train
That decks fair Hampshire's valleys gay,
Of clustering vine and jasmine vain,
Rose the sweet home of Gerard Grey.

All smiled without the lovely cot,
And all within of comfort spoke ;
The happy peasants bless'd their lot,
And doubly bless'd the nuptial yoke.

Those walls had witness'd Gerard's birth ;
And witness'd thirty years of bliss,
Since she whom best he loved on earth
Blush'd whilst he gave the bridal kiss.

One only daughter bless'd the pair ;—
On the lone shrub one rose bud beam'd,—
Needs it to say how sweet, how fair,
How pure this living blossom seem'd ?

But not the parent's eye alone
Dwelt on that flower without a stain ;
For through the village world was known
The beauty and the worth of Jane.

To win her heart, with rustic wile
Full many a simple peasant strove,
She gave to all a grateful smile,
But William gain'd the blush of love.

A friendless orphan was the youth ;
 But industry, and strength, and health,
 Unblemish'd virtue, spotless truth,
 And faithful love were William's wealth.

They both were young ; but ' ye shall wed,'
 Joyous, the happy father cried,
 ' Together will we seek our bread,
 And work for Jane our mutual pride !

' How bless'd will be the day, to see
 Your lovely babes around you cling,
 Hang fondly on their mother's knee,
 Or infant carols gaily sing !

' Yes, ye shall wed ! soon June will come,
 Bless'd witness of our nuptial vows !
 Then shall my cot be William's home ;
 My blooming Jane be William's spouse.'

Oh ! gaily pass'd fair April's day
 Mid watery suns and balmy showers !
 Now in the pride of early May
 Each meadow beams with dewy flowers ;
 And Jane more fair, more sweet than they
 Trips lightly through the verdant bowers.

To meet her William flies the maid,
 William, for three long days unseen !
 A truant from his native shade,
 To Milbrook fair the youth had been.

He comes, but, oh ! how changed his air !
 How gloomy his o'erclouded brow !
 To his sad breast he clasps the fair,
 Then faltering tells his tale of woe.

Too sad, too common is the tale!

By heat, fatigue, and mirth o'ercome,
Whilst quaffing the inspiring ale,
He hears the spirit-stirring drum.

The serjeant's artful tale he hears;

The fatal oaths are quickly ta'en;—
'And soon,—ah, cease those fruitless tears!
Must William leave thee, gentle Jane.'

I may not tell the mournful scene

When William left her clasping arms,—
Ye that have loved and parted been,
Ah! well ye know her fond alarms!

I may not tell what anguish rent

Her heart, when with the martial train
To injured Lusitania sent,
He sail'd upon the distant main.

Oh! drooping was that lovely flower


That bloom'd so fair in April's ray!
Sad and alone the weary hour
She wept for William far away.

And oft yon towering hill she seeks,

To gaze upon the misty line
That faintly the horizon streaks,
And marks where land and ocean join.

There would she sit and muse and weep,

Dwell on the light bark's shadowy form,
And, as the evening breezes sweep,
Would shudder at the approaching storm.



But youth and health are buoyant still,
 Soon hope display'd her visions gay;
 As on the snow-crown'd Alpine hill
 The wintry suns resplendent play,
 So bright the lovely dreams distill!
 So transitory fade away!

Again her dimpled smiles arise,
 Her mild eyes beam, her roses bloom—
 Ah! fatal are those love-fraught eyes!
 Gay witching smiles, ye seal her doom!

For Fitzroy saw. Detested name!
 Follow'd by curses low and deep;
 He boasts the fell seducer's fame,
 Through him unnumber'd wretches weep:
 Or, happier thus to hide their shame,
 Low in the grave his victims sleep.

He saw her fair; and soon his darts
 Assiduous the destroyer proves.—
 What can avail his thousand arts?
 What shaft can pierce a heart that loves?

But nearer, dearer sorrows press;
 Fell poverty's malignant train,
 Disease and anguish and distress,
 At once o'erwhelm the drooping Jane.

No longer in his sinewy hands
 Her aged father holds the plough;
 Her mother's wheel all useless stands;
 And Cherry dies, their only cow!

The rent day comes; and many a pang
 Pierces the heart of Gerard Grey;
 Till seized by sickness' iron fang,
Gerard had still been first to pay.

But now he from his home must go,—
The cherish'd home of sixty years!
And in the dread abode of woe,
The workhouse! close his days in tears.

Poor hapless Jane! still Fitzroy press'd,
And offered stores of glittering gold;
But faithful still that gentle breast;
To every love but William's cold.

She wept her parents' wretched fate,
But still a lingering hope arose;
That her own William, rich and great,
Would come and banish all their woes.

Toiling and weeping, hoping still,
The dreary hours slow glided by;
When lo! (the messenger of ill!)
A soldier met her eager eye.

He asked her name, she answered not,
But, 'Where is William?' breathless said,—
His dreadful errand soon she caught,—
That William, so beloved, was dead!

'Vails not to tell Corunna's day,
When Britain's sons the war tide stem,
Scatter their foes like ocean spray,
But mourn, alas! their purest gem:
For ever shorn the brightest ray
That shone in Valour's diadem!—

Then William fell; and, ere he died,
Gave to his faithful comrade's care
The ring he destined for his bride
And a bright ringlet of her hair.

' And ere he died, he bade him say
 No pang had he in that dread night,
 Save for that sweet one far away,
 More dear than health or life or light!
 For her my parting breath shall pray,
 And we shall meet in regions bright!'

She sinks subdued; but not in death,
 Though cold and pale as death she lies;
 Again revives her quivering breath!
 Again she opes her weary eyes!

To life, to misery she wakes!
 A heavy sense of endless woe!
 Her frame with trembling chillness shakes;
 Or burns with wildly fevered glow.

She names not him for ever gone!
 Her tears are dried and hushed her sighs;
 Her cold heart seems transform'd to stone;
 But lightning flashes from her eyes,
 And in her wild and hollow tone
 Despair and madness seem to rise.

O'erclouded was that reason bright,
 That mental vision pure and clear,
 Quenched that mild ray of heavenly light,
 Strong to direct, and warm to cheer.

Rose to her eyes that blood-stained beach
 Where William's corse unburied lay;
 Rung in her ears the dismal screech
 Of vultures hovering over their prey.

Oh! is there none to speak of peace,
 To calm that brain to frenzy driven?
 Bid that despairing anguish cease,
 And gently guide her thoughts to Heaven?

Heart-broken, hopeless of relief,
Her parents' bitter sorrows flow;
Not William's death their only grief,
To-morrow from their home they go.

Warm from the heart, her mother's tears
Bathe Jane's cold breast and icy cheek;
The sad appeal her bosom hears,
In fondness strong, in reason weak.

Gone is that guiding ray divine,
Unheard Religion's heavenly call,
Wit, virtue, sense, no more ye shine!
But filial love survives ye all!

Again the tempter comes; nor vain
His offer'd love, his lavish'd gold;
' Give to my parents wealth, and Jane
Shall Fitzroy find no longer cold!'

He came, but fled ere morning ray;
At noon again he sought the cot,—
There Jane a self-slain victim lay,
For ever closed her hapless lot.

O God! in thine eternal day
May Mercy's tears the record blot!
Her virtues shine in bright array!
Her errors and her end forgot!

MISS MITFO

THE HARP.

A Legendary Tale.

PART I.

STILLED is the tempest's blustering roar ;
 Hoarse dash the billows of the sea ;—
 But who on Kilda's dismal shore
 Cries—' Have I burnt my harp for thee !'

'Tis Col, wild raving to the gale,
 That howls o'er heath and blasted lea,
 Still as he eyes the lessening sail,
 Cries—' Have I burnt my harp for thee !'—

Bright was thy fame in Bara's isle,
 Sweet bard ! where many a rival sung ;
 Oft hadst thou waked the tear and smile
 As soft thy harp melodious rung :

Oft hadst thou touched the female heart
 (To love I ween ! and pity true),
 Till Mora came to hear thy art ;—
 Mora, with eye of softening blue.

The maid he prized above the throng
 That press'd to hear his raptured strain ;—
 The maid, who melted at the song,
 But trifled with a lover's pain :

Long had he borne the treacherous smile
 That cherished hope and left despair ;
 The promised bliss which female guile
As oft dispersed in empty air.



Till shunn'd by every constant maid ;

Condemned by friends, by kindred press'd ;
Deceitful thus, in smiles array'd,
Mora the sorrowing youth address'd :

‘ Too long, O Col ! in plaintive moan
Thou’st strung thy harp to strains divine,—
Add but two strings of varied tone,
This heart, this yielding heart is thine.’

Two strings the youth, with anxious care
Half doubtful, to his harp applies ;
And oft, in vain, he turns each air,
And oft each varying note he tries ;

At length (unrivaled in his art !)
With newborn sounds the valley rings ;—
Col claims his Mora’s promised heart
As deep he strikes the varied strings !

Three moons, three honied moons, are pass’d
Since Col, enraptured, laugh’d at care ;
And oft the tuneful harp he bless’d
That won a nymph so good and fair :

Till mindful of those tender ties
That fashion’s sons would blush to name,
With softened voice and melting sighs
He thus accosts his peerless dame—

‘ Three months, dear partner of my bliss !
Three fleeting months have shed their charms,
Since first I snatch’d the bridal kiss,
And clasped perfection to my arms :

‘ Yet happiness, however true,
Must fade if selfish or confined ;
Your friends now claim affections due,
The kindred transports of the mind !

‘ Each parent mourns our cold delay,
 They think of Mora with a tear:
 The gale invites—at early day
 To Cana’s seabeat shore we steer.’

The morn blush’d fair; mild blew the gale;
 The lark to heaven light-warbling springs;
 Col smiles with love, spreads quick the sail,
 And sweeps with ravished heart the strings!

But ah! how short the transient gleams
 That light with joy the human breast!—
 The tempest raves, and wildly screams
 Each frightened seafowl to her nest.

High rage the billows of the deep
 That lately rolled serenely mild,
 And dash’d near Kilda’s awful steep,
 Col clasps his love with horror wild.

For cold’s the form o’er which he hung
 With raptured eye the morn before;
 And mute and tuneless is the tongue
 That charm’d so late on Bara’s shore;

And pale and lifeless is the cheek
 That glow’d so late with rosy hue;
 The eye that melting joys could speak
 Is closed!—the eye of softening blue.

Hard with the furious surge he strove,
 His love and favourite harp to save;
 Till deep in Crona’s seaworn cove
 He bears them safe from storm and wave.

But cove, nor love’s assiduous care
 Could ebbing life’s warm tide restore!—
 Pale, wet, and speechless lay the fair
 On Kilda’s bleak and stormy shore.

Oft, oft her breathless lips of clay
With frantic cries he fondly press'd ;
And while a senseless corse she lay,
He strain'd her madly to his breast.—

But who can paint with pencil true
The scene, when sighs first struggling stole
(Which thus by magic love he drew)
Deep labouring from her fluttering soul!

‘ She breathes!—she lives!’ the minstrel cried,
‘ Life has not fled this beauteous form!—
Protecting Heaven! some aid provide!—
Shield—shield my trembler from the storm!

‘ No roof its friendly smoke displays!
No storm-scaped faggot, turf, nor tree—
No shrub to yield one kindly blaze,
And warm my love to life and me!

‘ Dark grows the night!—and cold and sharp
Beat wind and hail and drenching rain!
Nought else remains—I’ll burn my harp!’
He cries, and breaks his harp in twain.

‘ For thee, O Mora! oft it rung,
To guard thee from each rival’s art;
And now, though broken and unstrung,
It guards from death thy constant heart.’

Bright flamed the fragments as he spoke;
One parting sigh his harp he gave;
The storm-drench’d faggots blazed through smoke,
And snatch’d his Mora from the grave.

PART II.

Now heedless raved the stormy night,
For instant terror frown'd no more,
And cheerful blazed the spreading light
Round Kilda's dark and dismal shore ;

And cheerful smiled the grateful pair,
And talk'd of death and dangers past,
When loud the voice of wild despair
Came rushing on the midnight blast.

Chill horror seized each lover's heart.—
Ah me! what dismal sounds draw near!
' Defend us, Heaven!' with sudden start
Cried Mora, thrill'd with frantic fear.

One hand supports his trembling wife,
The other grasps his trusty glave;
' My harp,' he cries, ' has given thee life,
And *this*, that precious life shall save!'

' No danger comes,' deep sigh'd a form,
As near the cave it shivering stood ;
' A stranger, shipwreck'd by the storm,
Implores the generous and the good ;

' No danger comes—ah me! forlorn!
A wretch by woes and tempests toss'd!
From love, from friends, and kindred torn,
And dash'd on Kilda's frightful coast!

' Restless with grief, at opening day
For Lewis' isle I spread the sail;
Sweet rose the lark with cheerful lay,
And sweetly blew the flattering gale!

‘ Ah fate relentless! thus to cheat
With baneful lure and treacherous smile!—
Were human sufferings not complete ,
Till wreck’d on Kilda’s desert isle!

‘ Lured by the light that gleams afar,
With fainting steps these cliffs I press’d:—
O! may it prove a polar star,
And guide to pity’s sheltering breast!’

Quick from his grasp the falchion flies
As Col each opening arm extends;
‘ Approach, ill fated youth!’ he cries,
Here—here are none but suffering friends!

‘ Like thee, we hail’d the matin song,
The flattering gale, and faithless tide!—
How sweet by zephyrs borne along,
My harp and Mora by my side!

‘ Why starts the youth?—approach—draw near,
Behold the wreck of storm and wave.—
’Tis all that’s left!—my harp so dear
I burn’d, that fair one’s life to save!’

First pale, then crimson grew his cheek,
And sorely shook his manly frame!
His faltering tongue refused to speak,
Save to repeat his Mora’s name.

A name which oft had charm’d his ear,
And even from childhood grew more sweet;
A name which love had render’d dear,
And sorrow taught him to repeat!

Long had he nursed the kindling flame,
Long, long possess’d her virgin heart;
But party feuds and discord came,
And forced the tenderest pair to part.

Torn hapless thus from all he loved,
The wretched wanderer left his home ;
From isle to isle incessant roved ;—
His only wish—to idly roam !

Oft had he braved the tempest's war,
Unaided in his slender bark ;
Oft lonely steer'd by some faint star
That glimmer'd through the involving dark ;

Oft, oft uncertain whither driven,
Or near some rock or breaker borne ;
He'd quit his helm to guiding heaven ;
And sigh his cheerless lot till morn !

Oft had the wild heath been his bed,
On some lone hill, or craggy steep ;
While lightnings flash'd around his head,
And eagles scream'd his woes asleep.

Thus pass'd his wandering life away,
' A wretch by woes and tempests toss'd,'
Till fortune in her changeful play
Wreck'd him on Kilda's fatal coast.

Ah ! little thought he while he strove
Gainst whelming wave and rocky shore,
Yon light would guide him to his love,
For whom these ceaseless ills he bore !

' Why starts the youth?—approach—draw near,
Behold the wreck of storm and wave!—
'Tis all that's left—my harp so dear
I burn'd, that fair one's life to save !'

A glance from Mora's speaking eye
Half calm'd the fond youth's labouring breast :
The tale goes round—the bleak winds sigh,
And Col mistrustless sinks to rest.

Ah! how could cold distrust possess
A breast so generous, kind, and true!
A heart still melting to distress,
To love—false fair one! and to—you.

The morn arose with aspect drear,
The waves still dash with sullen roar.
Col starts from rest—no Mora's near,
The treacherous pair are far from shore!

From Kilda's cliff that towers on high,
He spies the white sail far at sea;
And while the big tear fills each eye,
Cries—' Have I burn'd my harp for thee.'

' O, most ungrateful of thy kind!
And most unjust to love and me!—
O woman! woman! light as wind,
I'll ne'er burn harp again for thee!'

MACNEIL.

LUCY.

DARK was the night, with shrill and piteous moan
Poor Lucy wander'd on the shore alone.
O'er the wild waves she cast her streaming eyes,
While the rude tempest mock'd her tears and sighs.
' For ever then farewell, my native land,
And the dear youth that won my willing hand.
Friends, parents, country, take my last adieu,
I weep for all—but, Henry, most for you!
Two weeks, two little weeks, with wings of down,
Scarce o'er our heads in envious haste had flown,
When to our cot the cruel press-gang stray,
And tear the husband of my heart away.

Scarce on these lips my true love's kiss is cold,
 And my fond arms still seem his neck to fold;
 Scarce on these ears his parting accents die,
 Faint as they sounded in the raging sky,
 When the fierce sailors seized my hapless love,
 And I in vain against their fury strove—
 Savage they threw me on the seabeat rock,
 Half kill'd, and swooning at the dreadful shock;
 Far from my sight my only life they tore,
 And left me widow'd on the wintry shore!

' This rising morn beheld me wholly bless'd,
 By fortune favour'd, and by friends caress'd.
 Though small that fortune, and those friends
 though few,

Still was I rich, for, Henry, thou wert true.
 In boundless confidence our hearts ran o'er,
 And as we longer loved, we loved the more.
 Oft have we felt, in all their pride of state,
 How poor the wealthy, and how low the great!
 'Tis virtue only that the pillow smooths,
 And Love alone or want or sorrow soothes.
 The bloodstain'd tyrant's crown conceals a thorn,
 And all the' unfeeling live and die forlorn.
 But ah! what boots it that our bosoms move
 In sweet accordance to connubial love?
 That Heaven unites us to a kindred soul,
 And grants a bliss beyond this world's control? . .
 If, as we clasp its momentary charms,
 The faithless vision flies our empty arms!
 And in that face where rapture used to speak
 Leaves nought but grief to stain the faded cheek.
 Such was our joy, so sweet, so early flown,
 Cropp'd like the rosebud ere 'tis fully blown.
 O days of pleasure, unalloy'd with care,
 How shall my soul your sad remembrance bear

Oft did I watch his footsteps from the main,
Now never, never to return again!
Oft did I place for him his evening chair,
Trim the bright hearth, and spread our simple fare:
Oft did I listen to his wondrous tale,
Fill'd with domestic joys that never fail;
Bless'd the kind power that saved him from the sea,
And bore him back to welcome home and me.
How can I then that wretched home reseek,
Where every sight shall bid my heartstrings break?
How, Henry, how thy seat forsaken view,
And many a recent trace of love and you?
Weep for the happy days for ever gone,
And walk and meditate and live alone!
O, we were bless'd beyond the common lot,
And love shower'd roses on our strawbuilt cot;
E'en the rude rocks a smiling aspect wore,
And gentler billows seem'd to kiss the shore.

‘ Though late the winds beat hard upon our roof,
And kept each passing vessel far aloof
(Save the dread bark that cleaves e'en now the sea
And bears thee, Henry, far from love and me!)
Still thy light skiff our daily wants supplied,
And braved the storm, kind Providence its guide;
Increased with frequent spoil our little hoard,
While Love sat smiling at the festive board.
How changed, alas, the transitory scene!
Clouds interpose, and darkness spreads between;
And the bright sun that rose upon our joys,
In thunder sets, and every hope destroys.

‘ Torn from these arms to regions far remote,
Or doom'd on distant seas a corpse to float,
Without thy presence, Henry, shall I live?
The frowning heavens forbid me to survive.

Haste and partake,' they cry, 'thy true love's doom,
And seek his image in a watery tomb.'
She spoke, and headlong from the searock's height
'Plunged in the roaring tide to endless night.'
But as the surge closed o'er her sinking head,
Poor Lucy woke—and lo! she lay in bed—
Sol through white curtains shot a golden gleam,
And starting reason chased the frightful dream.

HODGSON.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Argument.

An invitation, v. 1. The approach to a villa described, v. 5. Its situation, v. 17. Its few apartments, v. 57; furnished with casts from the antique, &c. v. 63. The dining room, v. 83. The library, v. 89. A cold bath, v. 101. A winter walk, v. 151. A summer walk, v. 163. The invitation renewed, v. 197. Conclusion, v. 205.

WHEN, with a Reaumur's skill, thy curious mind
Has class'd the insect tribes of humankind,
Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing,
Its subtle web-work, or its venom'd sting;
Let me, to claim a few unvalued hours,
Point the green lane that leads through fern and
flowers;
The shelter'd gate that opens to my field,
And the white front through mingling elms re-
veal'd.

In vain, alas, a village friend invites
To simple comforts and domestic rites,

When the gay months of Carnival resume
Their annual round of glitter and perfume,
When London hails thee to its splendid mart,
Its hives of sweets, and cabinets of art;
And, lo, majestic as thy manly song,
Flows the full tide of human life along.

Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
On the home prospects of my hermit cell;
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard green,
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;
And the brown pathway that, with careless flow,
Sinks and is lost among the trees below.
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass
Browsing the hedge by fits the pannier'd ass;
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.
Far to the south a mountain vale retires,
Rich in its groves and glens and village spires;
Its upland lawns and cliffs with foliage hung,
Its wizard stream nor nameless nor unsung:
And through the various year, the various day,
What scenes of glory burst and melt away!

When April verdure springs in Grosvenor
Square,
And the furr'd Beauty comes to winter there,
She bids old Nature mar the plan no more;
Yet still the seasons circle as before.
Ah, still as soon the young Aurora plays,
Though moons and flambeaux trail their broadest
blaze;

As soon the skylark pours his matin song,
Though Evening lingers at the mask so long.

There let her strike with momentary ray,
As tapers shine their little lives away ;
There let her practise from herself to steal,
And look the happiness she does not feel ;
The ready smile and bidden blush employ
At Faro routs that dazzle to destroy ;
Fan with affected ease the essenced air,
And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare.
Be mine to meditate an humbler flight,
When morning fills the fields with rosy light :
Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,
Repose with dignity, with Quiet fame.

Here no state-chambers in long line unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold ;
Yet modest ornament, with use combined,
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.
Small change of scene, small space his home re-
Who leads a life of satisfied desires. [quires

What though no marble breathes, no canvass
glows,
From every point a ray of genius flows !
Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will ;
And cheaply circulates, through distant climes,
The fairest relics of the purest times.
Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art ;
Here chosen gems, impress'd on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine ;
And here the faithful graver dares to trace
A Michael's grandeur and a Raphael's grace !
*Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls,
And my low roof the Vatican recalls !*

Soon as the morning dream my pillow flies,
To waking sense what brighter visions rise !
O, mark ! again the coursers of the sun
At Guido's call their round of glory run !
Again the rosy Hours resume their flight,
Obscured and lost in floods of golden light !

But could thine erring friend so long forget
(Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret)
That here its warmest hues the pencil flings,
Lo ! here the lost restores, the absent brings ;
And still the few best loved and most revered
Rise round the board their social smile endear'd !

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours ;
There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers !
There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,
Read ancient books, or woo inspiring dreams ;
And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there,
Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.
—Ah, most that art my grateful rapture calls
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls ;
Which gathers round the wise of every tongue,
All on whose words departed nations hung ;
Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet ;
Guides in the world, companions in retreat !

Though my thatch'd bath no rich Mosaic knows,
A limpid spring with unfelt current flows.
Emblem of life ! which, still as we survey,
Seems motionless, yet ever glides away !
The shadowy walls record, with attic art,
The strength and beauty that its waves impart.
Here Thetis, bending, with a mother's fears
Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his tears.
There Venus, rising, shrinks with sweet surprise,
As her fair self reflected seems to rise !

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife,
 And all ' the dull impertinence of life,'
 These eyelids open to the rising ray,
 And close, when Nature bids, at close of day.
 Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape glows;
 There noonday levees call from faint repose.
 Here the flush'd wave flings back the parting light;
 There glimmering lamps anticipate the night.
 When from his classic dreams the student steals,
 Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,
 To muse unnoticed—while around him press
 The meteor forms of equipage and dress;
 Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand
 A very stranger in his native land!
 And (though perchance of current coin possess'd,
 And modern phrase by living lips express'd)
 Like those bless'd youths, forgive the fabling page,
 Whose blameless lives deceived a twilight age,
 Spent in sweet slumbers; till the miner's spade
 Unclosed the cavern, and the morning play'd.
 Ah, what their strange surprise, their wild delight!
 New arts of life, new manners meet their sight!
 In a new world they wake, as from the 'dead';
 Yet doubt the trance dissolved, the vision fled!

O come, and, rich in intellectual wealth,
 Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge
 health!

Long, in this shelter'd scene of letter'd talk,
 With sober step repeat the pensive walk;
 Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,
 The cheap amusements of a mind at ease;
 Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,
 And many an idle hour—not idly pass'd.

*No tuneful echoes, ambush'd at my gate,
 Catch the bless'd accents of the wise and great*

Vain of its various page, no Album breathes
The sigh that Friendship or the Muse bequeaths.
Yet some good Genii o'er my hearth preside,
Oft the fair friend, with secret spell, to guide;
And there I trace, when the gray evening looms,
A silent chronicle of happier hours!

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,
And bids her berries blush, her carols flow;
His spangling shower when Frost the wizard flings;
Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,
O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,
And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves;
—Thy muffled friend his nectarine wall pursues,
What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,
Screen'd from the arrowy North, and duly hies
To meet the morning rumour as it flies;
To range the murmuring marketplace, and view
The motley groups that faithful Teniers drew.

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms through
the vale,
And her wild music triumphs on the gale,
Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile;
Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,
Framing loose numbers, till declining day
Through the green trellis shoots a crimson ray;
Till the west wind leads on the twilight hours,
And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

Nor boast, O Choisy*! seat of soft delight,
The secret charm of thy voluptuous night.
Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power!
Lo, here, attendant on the shadowy hour,

* At the petits soupés of Choisy were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, afterwards carried to perfection by Lorient, the Confidante and the Servante, a table and a sideboard, which descended and rose again covered with viands and wines.

Thy closet-supper, served by hands unseen,
Sheds like an evening star its rays serene,
To hail our coming. Not a step profane
Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite restrain;
And while the frugal banquet glows reveal'd,
Pure and unbought—the natives of my field;
While blushing fruits through scatter'd leaves in-
vite,

Still clad in bloom, and veil'd in azure light;
With wine as rich in years as Horace sings,
With water clear as his own fountain flings,
The shifting sideboard plays its humbler part,
Beyond the triumphs of a Lorient's art.

Thus in this calm recess, so richly fraught
With mental light and luxury of thought,
My life steals on; (O, could it blend with thine!)
Careless my course, yet not without design.
So through the vales of Loire the beehives glide,
The light raft dropping with the silent tide;
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
The busy people wing their various flight,
Culling unnumber'd sweets from nameless flowers
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.

Rise ere the watch-relieving clarions play,
Caught through St. James's groves at blush of day,
Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings
Through trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.
Haste to the tranquil shade of learned ease,
Though skill'd alike to dazzle and to please;
Though each gay scene be search'd with anxious
eye,

Nor thy shut door be pass'd without a sigh.

If, when this roof shall know thy friend no more,
Some, form'd like thee, should once, like thee,
explore;

From the door of the desert retreat,
 The lone walk against with pilgrim feet;
 "There is a task as well as better days,
 (The cry of the desert through the partial praise)—

Unhappily to live, unhappily, not unblest'd;
 Unhappily to live, unhappily, not unblest'd;
 In the other world of the mortal page
 We have the memory of a better age.
 The soul, with that of genuine glory fraught,
 Seeks the true path of immortal thought.
 —The last system from the world he knew,
 The system was that system with various view!
 (The system of man believe the serious strain)
 Seeks for a name, and sings, alas! in vain.
 Through each he sees the transient of a day,
 And with the soulless wings the year away!"

ROBERT.

EPICURE

In Characteristic Verse.

IN THE FOLLOWING VERSE, CHARLES DICKENS WHO
 HAVE WRITTEN IN BLANK VERSE.

No, not in rhyme. I hate that iron chain,
 Forged by the hand of some vain Goth, which
 Hinders the Golem, and with many a field (crump
 Has laid him to the ground. Shall the quick
 thought,

That runs from world to world, and traverses
 The realm of time and space all many free,
 Check'd in his rapid course, obey the call
 Of some barbarian, who, by sound enslaved,
 And deaf to manly melody, proclaims,

' No farther shalt thou go?' Pent in his cage
The' imprison'd eagle sits, and beats his bars,
His eye is raised to heaven. Though many a moon
Has seen him pine in sad captivity,
Still to the thunderer's throne he longs to bear
The bolt of vengeance; still he thirsts to dip
His daring pinions in the fount of light.

Go, mark the letter'd sons of Gallia's clime,
Where critic rules and custom's tyrant law
Have fetter'd the free verse. On the pall'd ear
The drowsy numbers, regularly dull,
Close in slow tedious unison. Not so
The bard of Eden; to the Grecian lyre
He tuned his verse; he loved the genuine muse,
That from the top of Athos circled all
The clustering islands of the Ægean deep,
Or roam'd o'er fair Ionia's winding shore.

Poet of other times, to thee I bow
With lowliest reverence. Oft thou takest my soul,
And waft'st it by thy potent harmony
To that empyreal mansion where thine ear
Caught the soft warblings of a seraph's harp,
What time the nightly visitant unlock'd
The gates of heaven, and to thy mental sight
Display'd celestial scenes. She from thy lyre
With indignation tore the tinkling bells,
And tuned it to sublimest argument.
Sooner the bird that, ushering in the spring,
Strikes the same notes with one unvarying pause,
Shall vie with Philomel, when she pursues
Her evening song through every winding maze
Of melody, than rhyme shall soothe the soul
With music sweet as thine. With vigilant eye
And cautious step, as fearing to be left,

Thee Philips watches, and with taste refined,
Each precept culling from the Mantuan page,
Disdains the Gothic bond. Silurian wines,
Ennobled by his song, no more shall yield
To Setin, or the Strong Falernian juice,
Beverage of Latian chiefs. Next Thomson came:
He, curious bard, examined every drop
That glistens on the thorn; each leaf survey'd
Which Autumn from the rustling forest shakes,
And mark'd its shape, and traced in the rude wind
Its eddying motion. Nature in his hand
A pencil, dipp'd in her own colours, placed,
With which the ever faithful copyist drew
Each feature in proportion just. Had art
But soften'd the hard lines, and mellow'd down
The glaring tints, not Mincio's self would roll
A prouder stream than Caledonian Tweed.

Nor boast wild Scotia's hills and pleasant vales
One bard of freedom only. While the North
Turns his broad canvass, his Siberian van,
Winnowing the noxious air; while luxury breathes
Delicious odours o'er her treacherous meal;
While labour strings the nerves and warms the
blood;

While social sympathy dissolves the soul
In pity or in love, shall Armstrong please.

Sweet is the sound when, down the sloping side
Of some green hill, or on the scented herb
Steep'd in Aurora's aromatic dew,
The full-voiced choir their emulative notes
Tune to the jocund horn. Whoe'er thou art
Whom now on downy couch dull sloth detains,
Hark to the poet's song. Chaste Dian's bard,
Avonian Somerville, through many a wood,

Down many a craggy steep, shall hurry on
Thy glowing fancy. He shall show thee where
The amphibious otter, where the wily fox
Hides his proscribed head. Fresh from the chase
Oft shall some hunter o'er full bowls record
His verse, and with the faithful image fired
Exalt his loud-toned voice. The echoing hall,
Where blaze the roots of elm or oak, where round
Hang all the shaggy trophies of the field,
Shall ring responsive to the vocal strain.

As when red lightning cleaves the clouded sky,
Trees, rocks, and verdant fields, and straw-roof'd
At once are open'd on the traveller's view [cots
Wandering at latest eve; but soon again
The pierced cloud closes, and each objects sinks
In darkness as before; so burst thy strains
And cast a transient gleam, O musing Young,
O'er black obscurity. Poet of night,
How shall I style thee? for thy cadence now
Grates discord on mine ear, now sweetly flows
Harmonious: oft with wonder have I sought
What mean thy words ambiguous; oft my soul,
Soothed by thy pensive minstrelsy, forgets
Her peevish censure. Polish what is rude,
Illumine what is dark, whate'er is low
Exalt, and many a muse of fairer fame
To thee shall bend the laurels of her brow.

Come, Akenside, come with thine Attic urn
Fill'd from Ilissus by a Naiad's* hand.
Thy harp was tuned to freedom: strains like thine,
When Asia's lord bored the huge mountain's side
And bridged the sea, to battle roused the tribes
Of ancient Greece. The sons of Cecrops raised

* Alluding to the Hymn to the Naiads.

Minerva's ægis ; Lacedæmon sent
Her hardy veterans from their frugal board,
Thy troops, Leonidas ; whose glorious death
Stands aye renown'd, fit theme, in British song.

Tell me, O Mason, will thy liberal soul
With tame submission hug the chain, and break
Barbarian bondage ? Shall the Muse, who led
Thy youthful steps through every bosky bourn
That skirts wide Harewood's forest, and before
Thy raptured eye raised Mona's central oak,
Haunt of the Druids old, implore in vain ?
Wilt thou not join, and from her gall'd feet shake
The Northern shackle ? So to every walk
That through thy garden weaves its mazy path,
To every opening glade, each odorous shrub
That scents the horizon round, shall she conduct
Her musing votary : So shall she unfold
Rude nature polish'd, not subdued, by art,
Scenes where thy fancy roves ; and all her flowers
Steep in the living fountains of the spring,
To wreath a chaplet for her poet's brow.

Would I could name thee, Gray ! but Ode is
And plaintive Elegy. Not Pindar soars [thine,
On bolder wing—But hark ! what means that bell
At this still hour slow rising on mine ear ?
It is the voice of Death*. Even while I write,
Cold icy dewdrops chill thy languid limbs,
And life's short date is out. From these high spires,
' These antique towers that crown the watery
glade,'

These fields that echoed to thy moral muse,
Warbling in childhood's happiest hour, accept

* This was written at the time of Mr. Gray's death.

This boon ; and, O sweet melancholy bard,
Rest to thy cares, and mercy to thy soul !

Return, my Muse ; thy wild unfetter'd strains
Suit not the mournful dirge. Rhyme tunes the pipe
Of querulous elegy ; 'tis rhyme confines
The lawless numbers of the lyric song.
Who shall deny the quick-retorted sound
To Satire, when with this she points her scorn,
Darts her keen shaft, or whets her venom'd fang ?
Pent in the close of some strong period stands
The victim's blasted name : the kindred note
First stamps it on the ear ; then oft recalls
To memory what were better wrapp'd at once
In dark oblivion. Still unrival'd here
Pope through his rich dominion reigns alone ;
Pope, whose immortal strains Thames echoes yet
Through all his winding banks. He smoothed
the verse,

Tuned its soft cadence to the classic ear,
And gave to rhyme the dignity of song !

As when the cheerful bells some wake proclaim,
The village maid loads not her head with gems,
Ruby, or diamond, but from every field
Culls daffodils and harebells, sprent with dew,
Her loveliest ornaments ; in humble style
Let Pastoral appear. Let rhyme supply
The majesty of nobler sentiment,
Which ill might suit the peasant. Gay felt this ;
And banish'd from his woods Arcadian swains,
And mark'd the manners of the British hind,
And uncouth dialect. He too could veil
In fable's mystic garb the form of truth ;
And by his sprightly tale could often draw
The tear of laughter even from the dim eye

Of churlish gravity. Nor be forgot
The grotesque mirth of Butler's errant Knight,
Nor Swift, strange child of fancy and of spleen,
Nor he, whose labour'd line flows smoothly on,
The gallant, easy Prior. Subjects light,
Swoln by heroic phrase, like some poor slave
Who, robed in royal mantle, struts his hour,
Betray their base original the more.

Pardon, my Anstey, that I name thee last,
Though last, not least in fame. For thee the Muse
Reserved a secret spot, unknown before,
And smiled, and bade thee fix thy banner there,
As erst Columbus on his new found world
Display'd the' Iberian ensign. Graceful sit
Thy golden chains, and easy flows the rhyme
Spontaneous. While old Bladud's sceptre guards
His medicinal stream, shall Simkin raise
Loud peals of merriment. Thou too canst soar
To nobler heights, and deck the fragrant earth
' Where generous Russel lies.' With thee, my
friend,

Oft have I stray'd from morn to latest eve,
And stolen from balmy sleep the midnight hour
To court the Latian Muse. Though other cares
Tore me from that sweet social intercourse,
I cannot but remember how I roved
By Camus, sedgy stream, and on the pipe,
The rustic pipe, while yet it breathed thy lips,
Essay'd alternate strains. Accept this verse,
Pledge of remembrance dear and faithful love.

DR. ROBERTS.

THE DEVOTED LEGIONS*.

WHEN sordid Crassus led his destined band
 To fall unpitied on the Parthian strand,
 Before the city gate, his fatal way,
 He stood, and silent mark'd the long array.
 While through the glittering files he darts his eyes,
 Unusual transports in his bosom rise;
 He tastes the glories of the distant war,
 Sees captive monarchs struggle at his car,
 The Parthian trembling in his wild domains,
 And Rome's proud eagle towering o'er the plains.
 Thus while, to fate and future evils blind,
 He rolls imagined triumphs in his mind,
 The mournful prophet of his country's woes,
 In sullen majesty the tribune rose,

* To Crassus, on the formation of the celebrated Triumvirate, were allotted the Eastern Provinces, in which his avarice had long meditated an unprovoked war, to gratify itself with the spoils and riches of those favoured countries. He was therefore no sooner invested with these new powers than he made preparations for an expedition against the Parthians. This people were at that time in alliance with his own nation, and therefore the injustice of attacking them was too flagrant not to excite horror and detestation even in the minds of the corrupted and degenerated Romans themselves: particularly Attellus, one of the tribunes of the people, after having ineffectually opposed this impious war, arrayed himself in the solemn vestments which were used in the dreadful ceremonies of devoting any one to the Infernal Gods, and placed himself at the gate through which Crassus was to lead his troops to the Parthian expedition. In this habit he met that general, and, scattering incense over a fire which burned before him, muttered the most horrid execrations, and devoted Crassus and his legions to destruction. The Romans believed that these execrations were never ineffectual; but their effects were thought so fatal even to the person who pronounced them that they were very rarely practised. The fate of Crassus is well known.

One hand, stretch'd out, invokes celestial ire,
And one, extended o'er a glimmering fire,
Feeds with incessant toil the fatal flame
Which gleams portentous to the Roman name—
A sudden fear the starting host impedes—
Back roll the legions—back recoil the steeds—
Even he, the haughty chief, beyond the rest,
Felt secret horrors tear his guilty breast ;
While a loud voice, that shook the dark abodes,
Thus utter'd dreadful words, and call'd the' aveng-
ing gods.

‘ With every power of heaven and earth thy foe,
Whither, O gloomy warrior, dost thou go?
What moves thy mind to quit thy glittering home,
The pomps and glories of imperial Rome?
Where song and dance chase gently down the light,
And Pleasure strews her roses o'er the night ;
Where smiling Beauty offers all her charms,
And every Siren woos thee to her arms—
Is it in vain that ravaged Nature pours
Her choicest gifts on yon rapacious shores?
To glut thy pride, mild Asia yields her spoils,
Vex'd Europe bleeds, and groaning Afric toils.—
Is it too little to content thy soul,
That from the scorch'd Equator to the Pole
No sound is heard, through all the wide domains,
But Roman scourges and the clank of chains?
And now, lest persecuted Freedom hide
Some secret eyry from thy impious pride,
Where, fenced by rocks, her chosen brood she forms,
To face the sun, and mount upon the storms ;
Thy pride impels thee on this favour'd seat
To rouse her eagle in its last retreat.—
For this thy banners flutter on the wind ;
Oaths lose their power, and treaties cease to bind.

This fills thy hand with sacrilegious arms,
 And shakes the Parthian empire with alarms.
 But, Crassus, pause—and hear Heaven's awful
 Its prophet I, and messenger of ill! [will;
 Heaven prompts my voice, inspires these accents
 dread,

And all the Furies menace round my head!
 Thrice, warrior, I devote thee to the tomb,
 Hear, lowest hell, and ratify the doom!
 Lo! thrice I scatter, with a baneful hand,
 Funereal flames on yon devoted band!
 These are the flames of horror and affright,
 Dishonourable death, and shameful flight,
 Snatch'd from the mournful realms of everlasting

‘ Again I rave—again I feel the god— [night!
 He rushes to my soul, and shakes the weak abode.
 Proud impious Rome! whose gilded turrets rise,
 Dreadful to man, and odious to the skies;
 Where foul corruption stains the conscious light,
 And every secret crime pollutes the night;
 Where, in the very shrines to Freedom vow'd,
 Foul Comus howls his frantic orgies loud—
 Where Tyranny erects her hundred thrones,
 And, deaf to Nature's voice and Pity's groans,
 Even mid the song, the dance, the lute's soft breath,
 Feeds her remorseless soul with deeds of death;
 And, circled with the wreath which Pleasure
 weaves,

Stains with the blood of men the drooping leaves:
 O'er thee, O Rome! and thy proud walls on high,
 Stern Vengeance hovers in the lurid sky!
 From the drear regions of the frozen north,
 Lo! Desolation calls her squadrons forth!

Resistless in their rage, I see the band
Spread like a gathering whirlwind o'er the land:
Ruin pursues their steps, War stalks before,
And Slaughter marks his way with streams of gore.
Now bursts the tempest on yon radiant spires,
And, wrapp'd in pitchy clouds and smouldering
fires,

The tyrant of the world and foe to peace expires!

' Now, chief! pursue the purpose of thy hate!

Lead those devoted legions to their fate!

Though swifter than the wind thy eagles fly,
The Parthian shaft shall reach them in the sky.

Here stand the limits of the Roman pride,
And heaven and hell roll back the swelling tide.

Thus hurling flames on yonder ghastly bands,

I blast their courage, and disarm their hands.

By this, the spear sings harmless through the gales,

The sword is blunted, and the arrow fails;

While every javelin by a foe impress'd

Shall stamp its vengeance on a Roman breast.

What are thy troops?—A weak and servile train,

Allured to deeds of death by sordid gain,

Their country's shame—the pamper'd city's loes,

Unnerved by indolence and vile disease,

Whom neither Honour warms, nor Peace and
Freedom please.

Sworn slave of lawless power, and foe to right,

Thy dark assassin rushes to the fight:

Nor love nor shame his harden'd bosom knows,

Nor tender sympathy for human woes:

But nursed in foreign war or civil strife,

Stranger to all the ties which sweeten life,

As chance directs, a guilty sword he draws
For every leader and for every cause.—

Hopes thy fond soul with bands like these to tame
 The Parthian warrior's fierce and godlike flame?
 In native liberty secure, he fears
 Nor thy bright falchions nor thy barbed spears.
 He spurs his courser, swifter than the wind,
 And leaves the terrors of thy war behind :
 Then rushes to the fight with shifted reins,
 And half thy boasted legions strew the plains.

‘What brings the screaming vultures from afar?
 They scent the carnage, and expect the war.
 Ye birds obscene, and every ravenous beast,
 Exulting come! I call ye to the feast.
 Ye clanging eagles, darken all the shore,
 And bathe your pinions in Patrician gore—
 Go, Crassus, go!—Pursue thy fatal way,
 Nor longer rob the monsters of their prey!
 No more my voice detains thee from the fields,
 The Furies triumph, and thy Genius yields:
 But when the shout of desolation roars,
 And carnage deluges the wasted shores;
 Amid the scene of anguish and affright,
 Of dubious horror and uncertain flight;
 Think on the doom thy adverse gods declare,
 Think on the Roman augur—and despair.’

DAY.

THE KISS.

FROM rosebuds yet unblown, whose orient morn
 Ope the young blush, unconscious of a thorn,
 The purest purple take: and steal from May
 The pearl that gems the lawn when springs the day.
 Crop the *chaste* violet from her scented bed,
 And spoil the primrose of her velvet head.

With Hybla's store the luscious labour fill,
Diffusing odours as the drops distill.
But search, O, search the aromatic joy!
One latent sting would all thy care destroy.
Now cheer with hope; and now a smile infuse,
Bathed by the Graces in Castalian dew:
Now Paphia thrice invoke:—with pious hand
Thrice dip the magic of her myrtle wand.
Into the nectar'd mass let Zephyr fling
The newest, earliest whisper of the spring:
Now haste to Saba; now returning, breathe
The gale that wantons on her summer wreath.
The note of Beauty's darling bird prepare,
And mix the murmur of the turtle there.
'Tis done:—and hark! the chirp respondent rhymes
With Love's dear poesy in dulcet chimes.
It breathes!—The Senses feel the bless'd control,
And joy and transport chain the charmed soul.
See! finish'd lives the spell of full delight,
And fragrance, melody, and grace unite!
But say, ye Muses, in what favour'd soil
Blooms this fair blossom of your balmy toil?
On Laura's lip resides the treasured bliss,
And poets mould the rapture to a *kiss*.

T. SWIFT.



END OF VOL. II.

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